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Lavinia Briggs

THE
GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

EDITORS:

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER, REV. E. FOSTER.

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Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1867.

NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

EDITORIAL.

A HAPPY New-Year's greeting to our friends of the higher Christian life scattered abroad! Truly, grace, mercy, and peace have abounded through the days, weeks, and months of the past year: and here we will together joyfully raise our Ebenezer; for "hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

Beloved in the Lord, let us for a few moments linger over the eventful reminiscences of the year 1866. What blessed recordings do we witness!—over one hundred thousand within the pale of but one portion of God's sacramental host, brought over from the dominion of sin to Christ, and, with names enrolled, marshalled under the unfurled banner, "Holiness to the Lord."

We do not mean to be understood, that, within one church fold, one hundred thousand have entered into the rest of faith, or, in other words, the Canaan of perfect love, but that over one hundred thousand names have been reported in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America as having been brought out of spiritual Egypt during the year, who have been committed by the Head of the Church to the heavenward trainings of a denomination whose distinguishing doctrine is "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." May these and many more be speedily brought up into

"The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness!"

"Bring all the tithes into the storehouse" is the command of God. And then follows the divine challenge: "See if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour out

such a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it." With many, we trust the command has been obeyed, the challenge met. And truly has the faithfulness of the Promiser been verified. Not only have soul and body been given to the Lord, but property to the amount of about four millions has been laid on the divine altar. The windows of heaven are being opened, and great blessings spiritual and temporal have been poured out. "Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

We spoke of the year 1866 as a *marked* year; and surely it has been characterized by extraordinary manifestations of sanctifying and converting power. Several eminently pious divines, whose attentions have been much devoted to exposition of the prophetic periods, have thought that the terminus of this world's career might be reached in 1866; but, if their anticipations have not been realized, we well know that He who said to his longing, waiting ones nearly two thousand years ago, "Behold, I come quickly," will come, and will not tarry.

"His chariot will not long delay:

We hear its rumbling wheels, and say,
'Triumphant, Lord, appear.'"

But, beloved, while his chariot lingers, let us be careful not to be of those who think lightly of our Lord's appearing, and, because he delayeth his coming, permit our minds to be overcharged with the cares of this world, and numbered with those "who mind earthly things."

Our Lord hath said he *will* come again, and take his redeemed, saved people unto himself: and let us be found with Chris-

tians of the early Church, and with the most devoted and thoughtful of every age and clime, crying, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

In the mean time, let us see if we may not do something more; during the year upon which we have now entered, for Him who hath done and suffered so much for us. Have we witnessed souls saved during the past year? let us unite our petitions, in faith, that, where we have seen one saved through our instrumentality, we may, during the coming year, see TWENTY. Beloved, do not be startled at the proposal, as though the number were large, but fix your faith steadily on the promise, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." Do not permit your faith to be intimidated. Does not your almighty Lord challenge you to ask and expect large things? Harken! Is he not just now lovingly whispering in your spirit's ear, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not"?

Oh, yes! ask for great and mighty things, for the cause of God as a whole, and for yourself and others, — things whose magnitude will quite exceed any thing that you have asked in former years. Let 1867 be signalized in your God-ward career by far more eminent and influential devotedness. Perhaps you may already have laid yourself on the Christian's altar as a ceaseless sacrifice. Upon nothing can you put your hand or eye but you are ready to acknowledge already the Lord's. Yet, though it may be admitted that you are already the Lord's, may you not contemplate a life of faith and power still beyond.

Did you ever contemplate the fact of laying yourself upon God's altar as a *whole burnt-sacrifice*, — yes, a burning *sacrifice*? That, to our perception, means something in the spirit of sacrifice beyond what we witness in many, who, we believe, are sincerely devoted to God. "Can one be *more* than *all* devoted?" says a dear reader. Perhaps in one sense we may say, "No." But there is a sense in which not a few, who feel that they are wholly devoted, might be more *self-sacrificing*. There are higher degrees of usefulness, involving more self-consum-

ing toil, more entire and conscious abnegation of worldly position and interests, where time, estate, and ease are laid on the Lord's altar, to be ever ascending, a ceaseless, consuming flame. If Paul were now communing with you, he would illustrate our meaning by an item in his letter to his brethren in Philippi. Hear him: "Yea; and, if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." Ah! there was a joyous heroism in Paul, suggested by the manner in which he separated himself to his great life-work of winning the world to Jesus, that does not find many parallels. He separated himself, not as a recluse, but as his divine Exemplar, to go about doing good in every possible way to the souls and bodies of men.

For this he was willing to suffer the strife of tongues, or to be a mark for the slinger's stone, or bear the cruel lash, or be imprisoned; or dwell in his own hired house, paying the rent for the sake of preaching the gospel. Oh! it is this earnest, common-sense, Christ-like religion that is now the want of the times, if we would speedily have the world brought to the feet of our Lord.

That man of business must feel that he is no more his own, or his family any more at his option to bring up for the world, and to amass wealth for their glorification, than is that missionary, who, with his family, has literally forsaken all, and is now jeopardizing his own life and those most dear to him in preaching the word of life among cannibals.

It is for that female, whose surroundings may perhaps be luxurious, to feel that she is no more her own than were the Marys and the other women who followed the Saviour, so gladly ministering of their substance. Not long since, we heard a devoted minister (who, though amid a circle of kneeling suppliants, seemed to be alone with God) cry out, "Oh for John Fletchers! oh for Mrs. Fletchers! oh for Hester Ann Rogerses! oh for Carvossos!" To readers acquainted with Methodist biography, I need not explain.

But what was Fletcher more than any other eminently devoted minister might be, if alike endued with power from on high, and fired with consuming zeal? "He was a tal-

ented writer," says one. Yes, but perhaps not more richly endued by nature than some whose pen now lies mostly dormant in the Master's cause, but who, if alike energized by the reception of the baptism of fire, might write and speak burning words, whose penetrating influences might be felt down to the remotest period of time. Fletcher, like his Lord, lived in the spirit of sacrifice. The same spirit that nerved his pen for burning utterances moved him to extraordinary labors among the poor of his parish, and to preach with as much zest to the colliers; rising before day, walking miles, to minister to perhaps less than half a dozen, with as much divine pathos as though he had all the nobility of the land as listeners. It was the heavenly anointing that made the man. And how many more ministers, mighty in word and deed, might we have, if they would in like manner lay themselves on the divine altar as *living sacrifices*!

The same might be said of Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Rogers. Neither of them was endued with more extraordinary ability, mentally, physically, or in view of social surroundings, than hundreds of females who may read these lines. But they sought and attained the ordination of power, such as Jesus would fain give to all his disciples. And who was Carvosso? Thousands of those who till the soil, and other ordinary business-men, have capabilities fully equal, and beyond, if we except the one great mighty endowment which is alike the privilege of all. If the wealth of this world were the needful endowment in view of great usefulness, or great mental or cultivated ability, Carvosso could not boast the possession.

He was a plain farmer; and his opportunities for the cultivation of his mental abilities must have been unusually small, as he did not learn to write till about his sixtieth year; and yet he wrote a book which has been blessed to the good of thousands, and we doubt not will live long as time endures. And whence his power? It was because he lived for a great deal of religion. Though in the world, and surrounded by its cares, he lived above the world. Christians, though in the world, are not of the world. He recognized joyfully the claims of the world's Redeemer on the

entire service of his heart and life. To this he made all earthly considerations wholly subservient. And thus he made even his toilsome surroundings subservient to heavenly ministrations, and was ever ready to sing, —

"Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace through Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile.
Joyful from my own works to cease,
I find his service my reward:
Every work I do below
I do it to the Lord."

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD" was the motto of his life, — faith, not in *himself*, but in God the Father, infinite in love and power; in Jesus as an ever-present, indwelling Saviour; in the Holy Ghost as his Sanctifier and Teacher. It was thus that the humble man became a mighty power for good; but not more so than you, dear reader, may be, if you will alike set yourself apart for the highest possible good, and rest not till endued with power from on high. Oh, what a reserve of power there is for you in God, if you will with this, the beginning of the new year, resolve to know the full power of saving grace!

"The people who do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Beloved reader, let us covenant afresh with the Lord Jehovah, that this, through grace, shall be the best year of our lives. Let us begin each day in the spirit of love, praise, and sacrifice. Perhaps you have not been in the habit of rising early. Would it not be well to rise one hour before the world, with its cares, has a claim on your time? Read your Bible on your knees. How sweet thus to render God the first-fruits of the day! It may require some *sacrifice*; but, if you will try for one year, you will need no persuasion to continue the practice during the remainder of your short stay on earth, unless physically disabled.

To sacrifice that which *costs you nothing in time or ease is not sacrifice*. When you read the Bible, God talks with you: it is meet that you should listen in reverential mood. And, when you open your lips in

prayer, you speak to God. Oh! is it not wonderful that mortals should thus be permitted to hold fellowship with God? "Go work to-day" will be the bidding of the Master. You may then ask, "*Lord, what will thou have me do to-day?*" Do not let one day pass without doing something special toward the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. Take some new subject on your mind at least *every week* to pray for. Go to that individual, and let him or her know that they are the subject of your daily intercessions. It is your duty, when you pray, to believe that God *hears* you; and with this confidence it is your privilege to go to the individual for whom you pray, and, asking a message from the throne, say, "I have a message from God to you."

If all the readers of "The Guide to Holiness" will pursue this course during the year 1867, we doubt not but a revival after the fashion of apostolic days would ensue. Yes, many would daily be added to the Lord; and, ere the close of the year, thousands would be saved. Reader, will *you* begin the first week in the new year thus, and by the aid of the Spirit endeavor to continue the effort week by week, and, and if spared till the close of the year, report, for the glory of God and our encouragement, the results of your instant in-season and out-of-season labor?

What a blessed year may 1867 be if each day is thus begun and ended right! Nearly thirty years since, we resolved that we would never rest our head on our pillow without first knowing that all was right between God and our own soul. It was a blessed resolve. Will all our beloved readers join us, on this the first of the year, in a resolve that every day shall be commenced and ended right? — and what a glorious year will 1867 be in fruitfulness! Holiness, happiness, and usefulness are inseparable.

COURAGE.

Courage, my soul: cast all thy care
On Him who cares for thee;
Think of thy Father's love, then bear
Thy cross courageously.

P.

For the Guide.

A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

In thus supplying my experience for "The Guide," will not the reader join with me to ask, in the name of Jesus, that these few sentences may prove a means of instruction and blessing to scores and hundreds?

MY PARENTS.

I cannot review my past life, and fail to make mention of my precious parents. Few have been more favored in this respect. My honored father, whom God's providence has buried in the deep sea, and my devoted mother, who still lingers on the shores of time to bless us with her counsels and example, were both faithful in the domestic sphere. As the best evidence of their influence and labors, five sons and an only daughter, the entire circle, are a united family in Christ, and rejoice in the hope and prospect of rejoining our glorified father, and so constituting an undivided household in heaven. Oh the luxury of an experience where the hearts of a large family are intimately bound to one another, and then all closely united to Jesus! Let Christian parents be stimulated and encouraged to labor for so desirable a result.

MY CONVERSION.

When just turned ten years of age, I realized clearly and satisfactorily the converting grace of God. Oh! I shall never forget the 12th of February, 1838, — the birthday of my eternal life. Connecting myself immediately with the church of my fathers, I laid it down as a rule, or principle, *always to attend my class-meeting*. To a rigid observance of this rule during my boyhood and youth I gratefully attribute the fact that I have always retained my place in the Church of God.

May I commend a similar purpose and principle to Methodists everywhere? for I am sure that their observation will illustrate the suggestion, that one, who regularly attends the class-meeting, very rarely makes shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

At the age of eighteen, I took up the silver trumpet that had fallen from the hand

of my faithful father, and began to preach, in my humble way, the everlasting gospel. Quitting, about this time, one of the happiest of homes to enter the itinerant work, my excellent mother remarked, just upon the threshold of my departure, "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." It was a cursory suggestion, perhaps forgotten almost as soon as expressed; nevertheless, applied by the Divine Spirit, it made the profoundest impression upon my mind and heart.

VALUE OF SINGLE SENTENCES.

Oh the value of single sentences which any one may utter in the ordinary intercourse of life! Sermons and exhortations are frequently forgotten; while the wish or counsel, simply and concisely expressed, will abide, to lead the soul into the clearer light. Let this fact, which will find an illustration in very many experiences, serve to stimulate and encourage even the feeblest to speak for Jesus. My mother's passing but pointed remark followed me like a good angel as I moved to and fro in my first sphere of itinerant duty; viz., Attleborough Circuit, Philadelphia Conference. Frequently I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, "It is not for me." I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and, if I might, my besetments and trials are such, I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position.

BISHOP HAMLINE.

While thus exercised in mind, Bishop Hamline, accompanied by his devoted and useful wife, came to Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, that he might dedicate a neat church which we had been erecting for the worship of God. Remaining about a week, he not only preached again and again, and always with the unction of the Holy One, but took occasion to converse with me pointedly respecting my religious experience. His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, un-

tuous manner, divinely-illuminated face, apostolic labors, and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression on my mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God; and certainly he was. His influence, so hallowed and blessed, has not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage. Oh, how I praise God for the life and labors of the beloved Bishop Hamline!

CONSECRATION MADE.

One week-day afternoon, after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity, and *do* what we had often desired, resolved, and promised to do; viz., as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin. I said, "I will; with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will." Kneeling by myself, I brought an entire consecration to the altar; i.e., Christ.

But some one will say, "Had you not dedicated yourself to God at the time of your conversion?" I answer, Yes; but with this difference: then I brought to the Lord Jesus powers dead in trespasses and sins; now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration. I would present myself "a living sacrifice." Then I gave myself away; but now, with the increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent, specific, and careful, — it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my kindred, my worldly substance, my every thing. Then I was anxious respecting pardon: but now my desire and faith compassed something more; I wanted the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in my heart.

FAITH EXERCISED.

Carefully consecrating every thing, I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar (Christ) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer, Peace, —

a broad, deep, full, satisfying, and sacred peace. This proceeded not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I had sanctified or set apart myself unto God.

WITNESS RECEIVED.

The following day, finding Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, I ventured to tell them of my consecration, and faith in Jesus; and, in the confession, realized increasing light and strength. A little while after, it was proposed by Mrs. Hamline that we spend a season in prayer. Prostrated before God, one and another prayed; and, while thus engaged, God for Christ's sake gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess, —

“’Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless:
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.”

The great work of sanctification that I had so often prayed and hoped for was wrought in me, — even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious!

FRUITS IN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus! what an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb! what a conscious union and constant communion with God! what increased power to do or suffer the will of my Father in heaven! what delight in the Master's service! what fear to grieve the infinitely Holy Spirit! what love for, and desire to be with, the entirely sanctified! what joy in religious conversation! what confidence in prayer! what illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word! what increased unction in the performance of public duties!

ANOTHER PAGE OF PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

Oh that I could conclude just here these allusions to personal experience with the simple *addendum*, that my life to the present has answered to the description of “endless progression, steadied by endless peace”! Fidelity to truth, however, with a solicitude that others may profit by my errors, constrains me to add another page of personal testimony.

Have you never known a sky full of sunshine, the promise of a beautiful day, subsequently obscured by lowering clouds? Have you never known a jewel, of incalculable value to its owner, lost through culpable carelessness? Alas that so bright a morning in my spiritual history should not have shone more and more unto the perfect day; that I should, under any circumstances, have carelessly parted with this pearl of personal experience!

THE HOLY SPIRIT EASILY GRIEVED.

Eight weeks transpired; weeks of light, strength, love, and blessing. Conference came on. I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren. Forgetting how easily the infinitely Holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour, and, after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling, realized that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labor I proceeded with consciously diminished spiritual power.

SPIRIT OF CONTROVERSY.

Perhaps to satisfy my conscience, I began to favor the arguments of those who insisted that sanctification as a work of the Holy Spirit could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration. Oh, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be “spiritually discerned,” and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people nearer to God!

A DOUBTFUL INDULGENCE.

Meanwhile I had foolishly fallen into the habit of using tobacco; an indulgence which, besides the palatable gratification, seemed to minister to both my nervous and social

natures. Years elapsed. When I would confront the obligation of entire consecration, the sacrifice of my foolish habit would be presented as a test of obedience. I would consent. Light, strength, and blessing were the result. Afterward temptation would be presented. I would listen to suggestions like these: "This is one of the good things of God;" "Your religion does not require a course of asceticism;" "This indulgence is not specially forbidden on the New-Testament page;" "Some good people whom you know are addicted to this practice." Thus seeking to quiet an uneasy conscience, I would drift back into the old habit again. After a while, I began to see that the indulgence at best was doubtful for me, and that I was giving my carnality rather than my Christian experience the benefit of the doubt. It could not really harm me to give it up, while to persist in the practice was costing me too much in my religious enjoyments.

CONSCIOUS WANT.

I found, that, after all my objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, there was, nevertheless, a conscious lack in my own religious experience. It was not strong, round, full, or abiding. I frequently asked myself, "What is that I need and desire in comparison with what I have and profess?" I looked at the three steps insisted upon by the friends of holiness, — viz., 1. Entire consecration; 2. Acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Saviour; 3. A meek but definite confession of the grace received, — and I said, "These are scriptural and reasonable duties." The remembrance of my experience in Newtown supplied an overwhelming confirmation of all this, and at the same time a powerful stimulus in the direction of duty.

"What then?" I said: "I will cast aside all preconceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and retrace my steps."

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Alas that I should have wandered from the light at all, and afterwards wasted so many years in vacillating between self and God! Can I ever forgive myself? Oh, what a bitter, bitter memory! The acknowl-

edgment that I here make, constrained by candor and a concern for others, is among the greatest humiliations of my life. If I had the ear of those who have entered into the clearer light of Christian purity, I would beseech, entreat, supplicate, and charge them, with a brother's interest and earnestness, that they be warned by my folly. Oh! let such consent to die, if it were possible, a hundred deaths, before they wilfully depart from the path of holiness; for, if they retrace their steps, there will still be the remembrance of original purity tarnished, and that will prove a drop of bitterness in the cup of their sweetest comfort.

HOME AGAIN.

Eternal praise to my long-suffering Lord! Nearly ten years have elapsed, since, as the pastor of Green-street Church, in the city of Philadelphia, I again dedicated my all carefully and fully to God; the consecration, of course, including the doubtful indulgence. I said, "I will try and abstain *for Christ's sake*. I would do any thing for his sake; and certainly I can consent to this self-denial that Jesus may be glorified." Again I accepted Christ as my Saviour from all sin; realized the witness of the sanctifying Spirit; and since then have been walking "in the light as God is in the light," have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him;" that is, as I understand, continually repeat those exercises or duties you performed when you accepted Christ as your all-sufficient Saviour. I received him in a spirit of entire consecration, implicit faith, and humble confession. The constant repetition of these three steps enables me to "walk in him." I cannot afford even for a single moment to remove my offering, to fail in looking unto Jesus, or to part with the Spirit of confession.

A CLOSING WORD.

Thus I have honestly unfolded some personal experiences in connection with the doctrine and grace of sanctification. The

recital humbles me in the dust as it calls up the memory of years of vacillating and unsatisfactory religious life ; but it also fills me with the profoundest gratitude for that abounding mercy which not only bore with me, but brought me to see again my privilege in the gospel, and now, for ten years, has been preserving me in the experience, and blessing me in the profession, of this great grace. Precious reader, I now offer you this testimony ; but remember, before it meets your eye it has been carefully placed upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and an earnest prayer offered that it may be blessed to your spiritual profit.

As you lay down this humble article, will you not for your own sake, and for the Church's sake, and for the world's sake, and especially for Christ's sake, resolve to be entirely and eternally the Lord's? May God help and bless you!

For the Guide.

JOTTINGS IN THE WAY.

No. I.

REV. G. HUGHES.

In the way! What bliss is in that word! The long, dreary night of painful watching and searching is past. The darkness is dissipated. The morning has dawned, — a morning without clouds ; a morning of clear, bright sunshine. The eye is opened to survey countless beauties, the ear to drink in celestial music, the heart to feel such touches of love and life as were never conceived before.

In the way! Happy the hour when the feet first press the narrow way, — the way of holiness, the way in which the ransomed of the Lord walk! The light in the way, the comforts in the way, the songs in the way, the company in the way, the work in the way, the prospects in the way, all combine to delight the soul, to press to the lips a cup of overflowing rapture. Never shall I forget the hour when first I entered through the narrow gate, and merged into the light of the heavenly way. The light of a new world burst upon my vision : I basked in unearthly splendors ; my soul was thrilled with the life divine. The scene in Bunyan,

where he so graphically describes the entrance of Pilgrim into the kingdom, — his joyous surprise ; his gush of joy ; his converse with the shining messenger ; the blessed inscription which they wrote upon his brow ; the roll to be carried in the bosom, — that scene, intensified, ten thousand times intensified, is the realization of a soul entering upon the way of holiness.

But I commenced to write more particularly of one feature of the way. Holiness gives a marked distinctness to every exercise and activity of the Christian life.

I. — THE CLOSET IN THE WAY.

This is the feature of the life of holiness of which I would now speak, — give your readers a single note. Holiness gives a *peculiar closet*. The communion of spiritual infancy in the closet is very sweet, — the first breathings of a babe into the ear of Heaven. How precious! But the communion of ripened manhood is glorious, unspeakably glorious! The shyness of childhood is past. The confidence of mature life is realized. How willingly the closet-door is closed, the world shut out, and the soul holds mighty audience with God! The last plague-spot of sin has been removed from that soul: the purifying blood has done the work. Now the barriers so long intervening betwixt the soul and the Holy One are removed: intercourse, precious, intimate, is now opened. The mercy-seat is written all over with promises, and the seal of blood is upon them; and the "holy hands, lifted up without wrath or doubting," grasp abundant blessings. We know how it is with the little child in its approaches to the parent. If the child harbors any thing contrary to the father's will, or has been indulging in that which is displeasing to the father, he cannot run with freedom to the father's feet with smiling countenance, and prefer his petition confidently. But when there is a clear conscience, an undefiled bosom, then the way is open. He runs joyously into the immediate presence of the father; with a smiling face asks what he will, and the father delights to give. So the believer in Jesus, the infantile believer, the simply justified believer, conscious of remaining impurity, of sinful spots darkening the

soul, cannot have full fellowship. One spot interposes a fearful barrier. But after he takes the purifying plunge into the fountain of the Redeemer's blood, and rises fully renewed in the life of God, *then*, oh! then, he can draw near. He begins to know the joy of intimate approach, — what it is to talk to his heavenly Father with unclouded brow. He has entered the realm of advanced Christian philosophy, and understands what it is to be brought out into a *large place*. He has mastered a grand problem, — a problem whose magnitude towers immeasurably above all the researches of earthly philosophy, — the problem of CLOSET-POWER; that problem of which our sacred poet so sublimely speaks: —

“God's hands or bound or open are
As Moses or Elijah prays;”

the problem which the apostle so brightly unfolds when he says, “And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; and, if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.”

Blessed CLOSET IN THE WAY! — thy hours of sweet, hallowed communion roll round with welcome frequency. No need now to drag the unwilling soul to the place of prayer. It flies with wings of faith and love under the shadow of the mercy-seat. It mounts with more than lightning velocity above stars and suns, to the very presence-chamber of Eternal Majesty, and, in the simple act of asking, lays the magazines of heaven under immediate, munificent contribution to meet the exigencies of earthly life.

Christian! enter thou into this secret, unto this assembly of high communion be thou united; know thou the delights, the bliss, of a CLOSET IN THE WAY.

“Nothing is opposite to God but *selfishness*; and all the malignity of man is in this principle, it being the source of his evil nature.”

Madame Guion.

For the Guide.

COPYING.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

“A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.”

It was a rare picture, an autumn sunset, with its most gorgeous array of crimson and gold and violet and purple tinted clouds, and the sun, like a globe of fire, sinking beneath the horizon. There was a mountain, one of the picturesque mountains that hem in the Valley of the Kenawha; and the forest-trees that adorned its rugged sides and crowned its summit were all aflame with glowing autumnal lines. A stranger, one who has never looked upon our American forests in autumn, might have said, “The coloring is exaggerated;” but we, whose eyes have feasted upon the wondrous beauty and variety of coloring which our forests present so often, only exclaim, “How perfectly the artist has copied our foliage in autumn!”

A river, the beautiful Kenawha, winds along the base of the mountain, and a road on which is seen a solitary horseman, and, half hidden among the trees, a cottage; and this completes the picture. It is beautiful; for the artist has so closely copied Nature, memory wanders backward to all the beautiful pictures we have seen, to the delicate and fairylike forms which the sculptor has brought forth from the shapeless blocks of marble. And here, too, I thought all the beauty and excellency of those wonderful productions which so thrill our souls is in the fidelity with which they portray Nature.

An artist wished to depict the death-agony: so he prevailed upon the authorities to allow a noted criminal to be tortured to death before him. He copied it faithfully: the writhing form, the glaring eye, the unutterable agony, of the dying wretch, were so fearfully depicted, that the darling wish of the artist was accomplished. He had won the laurel wreath of fame *because he so faithfully copied the expression*.

There is another class of artists who are copying, and the great study is *Christ*. Some of the sketches are very imperfect, mere outlines, with here and there only a

line that speaks of the great Original. They do not carve the cold, insensate marble, but living, thinking, immortal souls.

The passions of hatred, revenge, ambition, envy, remorse, that other artists have so glowingly pictured, have no place in their studio. The Divine Master only permits "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness," &c., to occupy their attention. Looking upon, intently studying, the great Original, more and more brightly does the copy beam with his likeness, until at last the work is done. The ever-beaming smile of the Master, the love of the good and pure, and the guardianship of the angelic band, is reward enough for the artist.

For the Guide.

THE PEARL OF PRICE.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

The world was decked with beauty
Where'er I turned my eyes :
There were sparkling gems and golden crowns,
And flowers of gorgeous dyes.

There were brilliants that so dazzled,
That my pained eyes turned away,
As I thought upon the pearl of price
I was seeking day by day, —

The precious pearl. A golden crown
Could never with it vie :
A kingdom were a price too poor
The beauteous gem to buy.

This pearl possessed a wondrous power
To make its owner blest :
Amid the fiercest storms of earth,
It gave him peace and rest.

Yet I must have the pearl of price ;
'Twas the one perfect gem :
'Twould brighter grow 'mid mists of earth,
And grace the diadem

Of those who stand before the throne,
In realms of heavenly day ;
But who can wear the precious pearl ?
Who can the purchase pay ?

"The pearl is thine," I heard a voice ;
" 'Twas bought by Jesus' blood :
'Tis thine, if thou but give thyself,
With all thou hast, to God."

The worthless gift to such a King !
How quick the change was wrought !
His, all my powers of life and soul ;
And mine, the pearl I sought.

VALLEY HOME, Oct. 29, 1866.

For the Guide.

PAUL'S DISCOURSE ON SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

When a naturalist, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, undertakes to write or speak of Jesus, he speaks of him as the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Plant of Renown : to him Christ is seen in the stately palm-tree, the lofty cedar, the flowing fountain, or the immovable rock. If the astronomer, under the guidance of the same Spirit, dwells on the same theme, he speaks of the "Sun of Righteousness," and of "the bright and the morning Star." If a military chief is heard under the strong impulses of that Spirit, he speaks of Christ as the Captain of our salvation ; of the Lord's children as soldiers ; of Christian virtues and graces as the helmet, the breast-plate, the sword, and the shield. In his own military style, he speaks of the captain, the warfare, the soldiers, the arms, the armory, the conflict, and the crown. The peculiar genius, education, and habits of thought, are, in each case, distinctly seen in the language he employs to convey his ideas ; while inspiration lends to all its guiding power and controlling energy. So, when the inspired apostle Paul writes of the certainty of the Christian's faith, the completeness of the believer's hope, and the fulness of the salvation purchased and offered through Jesus Christ, he comes to his conclusions as one who had solved a problem in mathematics, and had arrived at a certainty that cannot be doubted. How often do we find him using such language as, "I count all things," "Count it all joy," "I count not myself," "I reckon," "His faith was reckoned," "Faith is counted," "The reward is not reckoned," "Is imputed," "Which reckoned of us,"

"Hath counted the blood," "Count you worthy" ! — terms which indicate that the writer had a logical education, and had fully and fairly examined every point in the covenant of grace, and saw with clearness and vigor the relationship of the believer to the all-cleansing fountain.

In view of a previous argument on the doctrine of a full salvation, and, as a most important step, the attainment and uninterrupted enjoyment of that salvation, he says, "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin," &c.; "reckon," i.e., to count, to look upon, to esteem, to calculate, to estimate, to number, to account self as dead : as if, after having fully investigated every link connecting the sinner and the Saviour, the guilt, the sacrifice, the law, the atonement, the benefits, the conditions, the Spirit, the water, and the blood, the cross to be borne, and the crown to be won, and viewing God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and now enjoying the evidence of reconciliation, fully conscious of a complete and unreserved consecration to God of all our powers, with a firm and an immediate trust on the all-cleansing blood, realizing that God, through Christ, fully accepts all that we fully surrender to him, the believer can say, "I am the Lord's, and he is mine. Jesus, thou art my Saviour : from this moment I am thine, to do thy will, to suffer thy will. I count myself no longer as my own, but as thy property : employ me for thee, or lay me aside for thee ; let me be exalted for thee, or trodden under foot for thee ; let me be full, let me be empty ; let me have all things, let me have nothing." I am thine : I reckon myself as no longer belonging to the world ; as hereafter dead to all the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

The argument by which the apostle so clearly illustrates it as the believer's privilege to be saved from all sin is found in Rom. v. 10 : "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." If, in our state of disobedience, enmity, and rebellion, he loved us, called us, followed us, entreated us, subdued us by his grace, and brought us home, changing our relationship to him, admitting us into his family, securing to

us rights and privileges among the pure and the holy, will he not now change our nature, and make us "partakers of the divine nature" ? Having brought us out of the family of sin and Satan, will he not efface and remove the image and likeness of our former master, the Devil, and stamp his own image and likeness in its place ? Now that we are brought into a new family relationship, the work of holiness becomes a necessity ; that we have family communion, family intercourse, family rejoicings, family employments, and family sympathies. If, when orphans and outcasts and rebels, sick and hungry and faint, he stooped so low as to take pity on us, and make us his own by adoption, will he not now, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, prepare us for the white robe, and the new song, and the marriage-festival ? If he has done so much for his enemies, much more confidence may we have that he will do for his friends ; i.e., there are stronger and more striking considerations to show how much more he will accomplish for us, and in us, in washing and sealing us the children of God.

The apostle, having thus fully demonstrated the privilege of believers after their adoption, is equally clear and convincing on the nature of that higher life to be enjoyed, and the grounds or arguments by which he urges the believer to press on after its attainment.

In speaking on the nature of sanctification, he shows that it consists of two things : —

1. Mortification, or death.
2. Vivification, or life.

1. A death unto sin. Sin is a tyrant, a usurper ; is called "the old man which is corrupt," "the flesh," "the carnal mind." This tyrant has a throne in the human heart : he sways the sceptre of dominion, wields the iron rod of authority, commands submission, and enforces obedience. He holds a grand council with his allies, — the world, the flesh, and the Devil. He fortifies himself with ignorance, sensuality, unbelief, prejudice, procrastination, carnal reasoning, and vain philosophy. He uses the appetites, passions, and lusts as his artillery of defence. He employs the members of the body — the eye, the ear, the

hand, the foot, the tongue, the lips — as his most loyal body-guard. All the elements of sin are to be found in “the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.” This tyrant made the body mortal; and still, if permitted, he reigns in our mortal body. He holds dominion there, bears sway, stirs up the passions, sharpens and strengthens the appetites, controls the thoughts, darkens the understanding, alienates the affections, clips the wings of faith; and, though a usurper, he claims the palace of the human heart as his home, and he dwells there. Such is the nature of sin, that it cannot be quiescent. It is not found anywhere in a latent state. If in the human heart, it is sure to be at work there. It is never inoperative. It was said of Marcellus, a Roman general, that, whether conquered or conqueror, he was never at rest. So it is with sin. Hence the necessity of taking the sword, and putting the corrupt old man to death. Sin must be slain: we must give him no quarter. We must either die *to* sin, or we must die *in* sin. We must, through grace, give him a mortal wound. As an old commentator says, “We must hold the knife still sticking in the throat of sin, until it drops down dead.” Again he says, “We must not merely scratch his face: we must stab him to the heart.” “If,” says the apostle, “ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.”

Israel was commanded by God to drive out the last of the Canaanites, to destroy all their pictures and all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their altars, and destroy all their idols; and the word of the Lord to them was, “But if ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you, then it shall come to pass that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell. Moreover, it shall come to pass that I shall do unto you as I thought to do unto them.”

Truth never changes. The same principles are enforced now as in the days of Joshua and of Paul. The last Canaanite must be put to death; the man of sin must be consumed; the serpent's head must be bruised, cut off, extirpated. We sometimes sing,

“Oh! let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive:
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.”

It is a sore conflict, dear reader; but we must fight if we would reign. The Lord Jesus says, “And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.” The nearest and the dearest, the most pleasant or the most profitable sin must be rooted out, no matter how painful or unpleasant the process. Amputation, or mortification in all its stages, demands the deepest convictions as to its necessity, and the strongest determination as to its execution.

To be dead to a thing is to have nothing to do with it; to be totally separated from it; to be beyond its power, control, or influence. As “he that is dead is free from his former master, his former service, former companionship, employments, and enjoyments: so he that is dead to sin is free from sin; sin has no longer dominion over him. He is not what he once was. He does not what he once did. He has not what he once had. He loves not what he once loved. He obeys not what he once obeyed. “Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” Death makes a great change: it cuts the man off from all former associations and connections. He has nothing more to do with the politics, commerce, export, import, education, or religion of his country, simply for the reason that he is dead. So St. Paul shows that “he that is dead is freed from sin.” “He reckons himself dead *indeed* unto sin,” — has as truly died unto sin as Christ died for sin; and “like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.”

This “life of righteousness,” which is the second point to be considered, will be given in our next.

BROOKVILLE, C.W.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

THE CLOSET.

REV. J. MUDGE.

There are two well-defined departments of Christian life,—the contemplative and the active. To strike the balance evenly between them, awarding to each its share of attention and no more, is a task of primary importance and much difficulty. Constitutional differences of temperament are continually turning the scale towards one or the other, and disturbing the just equilibrium of duty. The neglect of the former, however, is both more frequent and more fatal. It is more frequent, partly from the intensely practical character of our age and country, partly from the superior attractions of social excitement and prominence in the eyes of men. That it is more fatal, the long-established axiom, "Backsliding begins in the closet," sufficiently proves. To us, contemplative duties seem to claim by right the first place, since they underlie and almost necessitate the others. The man who makes the Bible his constant companion, and who loves no place so well as the spot where God meets him in sweet communion,—he it is whose seat is never vacant at the sanctuary, and whose voice is always lifted up for Jesus in the social gathering. Daniel in his chamber praying is the essential precursor to Daniel untried before the lions.

To be sure, there have been extravagances in this direction. What good thing is not open to abuse? Extreme seclusion from the world, and other impracticable vagaries, have been pressed upon the Church under the name of lofty devotion. These things to-day need not to be inveighed against. Surrounded as we are by the varied safeguards of the times, and guided by the enlightened teachings of a printed Bible, there is little danger of our turning monks or hermits; but there is much cause to fear lest we overlook the importance of the principles they pushed too far.

If asked why it is that the vast majority of Christians are so fluctuating in their experience, so unstable in their walk, we should unhesitatingly reply, "Disregard of closet duties." Many imagine that there is a

short way to the heights of piety. A few camp-meetings, they think, and one or two revivals, are all-sufficient for attaining the delightful realms of religious tranquillity and power. Alas! they are like those who make haste to be rich,—despising the quiet systematic gains of the regular means of growth, which may be slow, but are always sure. True it is, that the most substantial, serviceable piety is built up by a steady increase from day to day, and week to week. The mushroom may spring forth in a night; but the storm-defying oak takes years to grow.

If statistics could be collected as to the amount of time spent by the Church in its closet, we think the figures would be extremely startling. The only wonder would be that God visits us at all when we condescend to snatch a few moments to pass in converse with him. To be sure, as an eminent writer expresses it, "it is a small matter to be devout and re-collected for an hour or half-hour, if the unction and spirit of prayer do not continue with us during the whole day;" but the latter cannot possibly be secured without the former. As well might we conclude, that, because the body is being renewed from its perpetual waste by an equally perpetual repair, therefore we could dispense with stated supplies of food. Better might the Christian do without his three meals a day than without his three seasons of devotion. Yet how many there are who cannot say with David, "Evening, morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud;" who suffer the whole long day of busy cares to intervene between their hurried, half-digested mouthfuls of spiritual nourishment! Surely, if we are in duty bound to give a tithe of our property to the Lord, that far more precious possession, our time, should also yield its allotted portion to his exclusive worship. Let the tenth of each day be thus scrupulously set apart, and the other hours will be all the more productive.

Among the exercises of the closet, prayer and Bible-reading stand pre-eminent, of course: since all acknowledge their immense importance, we need not tarry to enforce it. And yet how much might be said even on these! and how rarely do we reap from them the rich harvest of bless-

ings they are ready to yield us ! But there are in this connection two other duties, more generally passed by, which we desire to enlarge upon. The first is *devotional reading*. The many who appreciate and enjoy this means of grace will readily testify that it is indispensable to a steady advance in holiness, and a firm footing in the King's highway. If we are made perfect in love, an increase in knowledge is none the less demanded. We need deeper acquaintance with the ways of God, that we may tread in them ; and with the ways of Satan, that we may avoid them. This knowledge is best secured from the volumes which good men have left us. Our situation may prevent our listening to instructive sermons from Sabbath to Sabbath ; but we shall be little concerned at that if we can take down from our book-shelf the writings of some talented and saintly author. We may be cut off from intercourse with sympathetic associates ; but we can solace ourselves by converse with the choice spirits of the past, and nothing can deny us the privilege of their kindly guidance. In short, we have in books a recompense for lack of preacher or familiar friend ; and, even where these are granted, no earnest Christian will feel at liberty to neglect the former. Some may urge, they have no taste for reading : will they, then, give up their Bible ? or will they not rather cultivate this taste, since it is proved so great a blessing ? Others may plead want of time ; but such have yet to learn that time is of no value, except when used in preparation for eternity.

A few months ago, a ministerial brother cited, in these columns, a number of books suitable for those hungering for spiritual food. To that list we would add five others, each of which deserves to stand in the very first rank of any such collection, however select. The five are, — Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "Happy Islands," "Spiritual Progress," and Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion." Did space permit, we should be glad to point out the special excellences of these works. The first two need no introduction to a Christian public. The last is probably the least known ; being a comparatively recent publication of an English author, issued in this country by

the Appletons. Its admirable style, uniting beauty with exceeding simplicity ; the practical bearings of all its teachings ; the good judgment with which the standard of piety is set at a high mark, and yet not too high, — these and other rare qualities entitle it to the attention of all who wish mental and moral nutriment combined. "Spiritual Progress" is a judicious selection from the writings of Fénelon and Madame Guion, eminently adapted for showing the glorious perfection of a life hid with Christ in God.

The second point that we wished to refer to is *self-examination*. Meditation, which has been beautifully termed "the daughter of retirement and the mother of devotion," should accompany reading, and should likewise be turned at intervals upon ourselves. The Christian has few more powerful helps than he finds in a nightly examination of the present state of his heart, — what good deeds the hours have borne with them in their heavenward flight, what fellow-creature has been made happy, what opportunity let slip to be cause of regret forever, what temptations listened to, what victories won. Put yourself to the proof in the solemn silence of the evening-hour, alone with God ; join writing with the exercise, and set down in black and white the answer to those searching questions ; push the probe about with unshrinking fidelity in the deepest recesses of your breast. Let this become an habitual practice with you, and you cannot long remain cold or unfruitful. You must give it up, or change your course. To very many, it would be a spur whose influence would make them wonders to themselves, and doubly dear to God. "Judge your own selves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord." We need such a constant reminder of the last day, prone as we are to place the reckoning-time in the dim distance, almost out of sight. We must counteract by this means the worldly pressure of the seen and the temporal, or the unseen and the eternal will be forgotten. We deem it good advice prayerfully to select one particular fault, watch against its recurrence during the day, and put down at night in our private journal all occasions of relapse. By thus following up patiently

our natural blemishes, and fighting them vigorously, we may gain a symmetrical and lovely character.

The subject is a prolific one ; but we may not trespass further on the precious columns of "The Guide." If any who read this article shall be incited to heed its suggestions, and make their closets places of delightful progress hitherto unknown ; if any be stirred to open afresh the weedy paths to their bower of prayer ; if new desires be awakened, or resolutions already formed be fortified,—the writer's purpose will be fully answered.

PENNINGTON, N.J.

EMBLEMS OF HEAVEN.

If emblems can assist you, then join in your imagination the emblems of heaven. What is the condition of the people ? That of crowned kings. What is the enjoyment ? That of conquerors triumphant, with palms of victory in their hands. What their haunts ? The green pastures beside living waters. What their employment ? Losing their spirits in the ecstasies of melody, making music on their harps to God and the Lamb forever. For guidance ? The Lamb that is in the midst of them shall lead them by rivers of living water, and wipe away all tears from their eyes. For knowledge ? They shall be like unto God ; for they shall know even as they are known. For vision and understanding ? They shall see face to face, needing no intervention of language or of sign. For ordinances ? There is no temple in the city of their habitation ; for the Lord God and the Lamb are the temple thereof. There shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun : for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

The very sense hath its gratifications in the city of God. The building of the wall is of jasper ; the city, of pure gold, like unto clear glass ; the foundation of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones ; every one of the twelve gates a pearl.

Oh ! what means this wealth of imagery

drawn from every storehouse of Nature, if it be not that the choicest of all which the eye beholds, or the intellect is ravished with ; that all which makes matter beautiful and the spirit happy ; that all which wealth values itself on, and beauty delights itself in ; with all the scenery which charms the taste, and all the employments which can engage the affections,—every thing, in short,—shall lend its influence to consummate the felicity of the saints in light ?

Oh ! what untried forms of happy being, what cycles of revolving bliss, await the just ! Conception cannot reach it, nor experience present materials for the picture of its similitude ; and, though thus figured out by the choicest of emblems, they do no more represent it than the name of Shepherd does the guardianship of Christ, or the name of Father the love of Almighty God.

MY HOME ABOVE.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As painter and poet may show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad
sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream bursting forth from
the throne
Flows on, and forever will flow :
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and
life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine in this dark vale of
tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace and the joy and the
love
Of the land which no mortal may know ?

If we would be a prosperous and happy nation, we must be a temperate and religious people.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A VETERAN.

REV. B. G. PADDOCK.

Soon after my union with the Methodist-Episcopal Church, in the year 1804, I heard the doctrine of holiness, or entire sanctification, preached. I examined the Holy Bible for its proof. I saw that justification, which I had received, changed our relation: we then become reconciled to God through the death of his Son. But regeneration, or sanctification, is a work wrought in us, changing our natures by the powerful agency of the Holy Ghost, the kingdom of God being set up within us. As our Redeemer affirmed, the kingdom of God shall be within you, embracing "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." This is eternal life. No liar hath eternal life abiding in him.

I soon commenced seeking this higher and holy state. I honestly believed it attainable in this life, if ever, as I reasoned, "We must have it to enter the kingdom of God above, as no unholy thing can enter there; and there is no work in the grave. If death and the grave are to do it, then universal salvation must follow, as all must die; then the grave. Hence, if it be ever attainable, it is now attainable." I sought it with prayers and tears for weeks and months. So distressed was my anxious soul for this salvation at times, sleep departed from me. Finally I resolved to retire to the grove, and on my knees continued to wrestle with the Holy One, in the name of our prevailing Advocate, till he should send down his great salvation. I continued in prayer till it appeared to the soul's eye the blessing was coming down from the Father of lights as a globe brighter than the sun, or as burnished gold. It seemed as large as the hemisphere: but, as it descended, it grew less and less in its appearance; and I thought God was condensing it, that I might grasp and embrace the whole. Oh, how my youthful heart beat! It came nearer and nearer. But, oh! just as I was laying hold of the greatly-desired prize, the thought rushed into my mind, "You are too young, too inexperienced, too unworthy, for so great a blessing. It is

for older and more experienced Christians." And, thus reasoning, the golden opportunity, the golden globe of light and love, disappeared. I sank to the dust in gloom, fear, and doubt. For a long time, if I thought about seeking this great blessing, a check would come over my feelings: "You might have enjoyed it; you gave away to the Enemy, to unbelief. Oh unbelief!" I believed it attainable and absolutely all-important.

I preached the holy doctrine, and sometimes as though I enjoyed it; as my faith was so firm in its truth, that it was easy and pleasant to preach it. I always felt the more happy in preaching it than in enforcing most other Bible doctrines. After some years thus spent, I greatly desired the abiding witness of its enjoyment. Thanks to God, again he enabled me to commence the struggle for this blessing; and again it descended as a globe of light above the brightness of the sun, and I was taken up into its centre: the earth and sublunary things vanished, and I appeared as light as vanity, and God was all in all; and the elementary globe, in the centre of which I seemed to be moving, was represented to me as the Deity. As God is love, and as I was basking in this globe of love, I cried, "I am in God; and he, by his Spirit, dwells in me. Hallelujah! Glory to the Lamb!"

Soon after this glorious manifestation, in which state I was as happy as I could be in the earthly tabernacle, I met a Christian brother, who, I supposed, knew and enjoyed it. From the fulness of my heart, and childlike simplicity, I cried in great earnestness, "Dear brother, God has sanctified my soul; he has made me clean and holy." He made no reply, and seemed surprised. This threw a check on the fervor of my buoyant feelings. I soon gave way to the unwise thought, "It may prove a stumbling-block to others; I will try to live in its enjoyment: let my life speak for it, — preach it as attainable, as a Bible doctrine." For scores of years, I have enjoyed more or less of this soul-saving blessing. "My dear brother, I felt, while you were at the altar in Court-street Church, in Rome, urging faith and the fulness on the part of Christ's disciples, 'Now I must speak.' You were pleased to let me do so. I said a few sen-

tences, rather broken, as my feelings were intense. The profession was made, the consecration renewed. I was greatly blessed. Since that happy day, for four weeks or more, I was confined to my bed and house. Glory to my Jesus, my soul has dwelt on Pisgah's mount! On death's brink I have cast the eye of faith: beyond the vale, all was bright and glorious. I shall go safe when called for, if my faith fail not: oh! pray that it fail not."

For the Guide.

THE BROKEN VOW.

A WARNING.

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

My dear Sister P—, the following may seem inappropriate for the pages of "The Guide;" but as it is among the incidents of a short life of faith, in which we have obeyed the command, "Go work in My vineyard," we will not withhold it.

At the Coldwater Camp-meeting we received an introduction to a gentleman of superior intelligence, and very engaging address, but noticed a sadness upon his countenance that very soon led to conversation as to the cause; by which we learned he was out of Christ, felt the divine claim, but was undecided as to his future course. As a most powerful exhortation rang through the forest, and many were turning their feet unto the testimonies of the Most High, we urged the divine claim with all the power of entreaty, and force of argument, we could command. He stood as one overwhelmed with grief; shaken like a leaf in the wind; weeping as though his "head were waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears;" speechless a while; and then said, "I sincerely thank you for the interest manifested in a stranger, and I promise to profit by it; but at present my business engagements are such as to prevent attention to the cause of Christ." Oh, how we pleaded, and with anguish of spirit strove to disappoint the Enemy of his expectations, and to rescue that blood-bought soul from his cruel power! We coveted him for Christ. As Christ said to the young man in the Gospel, we felt like saying, "One thing thou lackest:" sacrifice any engagements,

if need be, to win Christ: for "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Such intense desire was felt, we remarked that it seemed to us it would soon be decision and heaven, or neglect to the loss of the soul. "I know it all," he replied; "I know my duty; I see my danger: but *excuse me to-night*, and upon the morrow *I think I will yield*." He was "almost persuaded." The morrow came and went in the same manner, only that *many* were interested in his behalf; among the number a child, newly saved, twelve years of age. As the meeting closed for the night, and the camp-fires burned low, he sat beside the tent, with despair depicted upon his countenance; when, with angelic sweetness, this lamb of the fold addressed him with, "My dear friend, why don't you come to Christ? *Do come*; come now, just as you are, if you have the least desire; and I know he'll bless you, for he has blessed me." Her streaming eyes bespoke the intensity of her desire for him; and *his*, the powerful strivings of the Spirit.

The second night he left, after promising three who were one in Christ that he *would* yield to the divine claim, but not "to-night." Oh, how we agonized before the throne with the faith that seemed to take the heavens by storm! In the morning he again returned, and, as we were about leaving for home, in a more solemn manner renewed his promise, saying, "I now pledge myself upon my word and honor, from this time, to be *entirely* the Lord's, and am willing the world should know my choice. I'll let my business engagements go where they conflict with a religious life, and you may know from this time that I'm living an every-day Christian." With this we took the parting hand, to meet next at the judgment. At the sacred hour of prayer, he was often named before the Lord; but we had no tidings from him until yesterday. One of the three who received that promise brought the news, that, with a desire to add to his earthly treasures, he completed those engagements, and sought happiness in worldly pleasures; but little did he think that—

"Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Should Death command him to the grave,
Before God's bar his spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save."

The hand of disease was laid upon him ; and two days before the cry rang forth, "He's dead !" he said to those surrounding his bedside, "The promise made to those sisters has been as a barbed arrow in my heart, a thorn in my pillow, with me, by night and day ; and the thought that it is unkept fills my soul with anguish ; and, if I live, I will immediately set about the work." He retained his consciousness to the last, but left no evidence of hope in Christ.

"God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

COLUMBIA, MICH.

For the Guide.

EARNEST COVETINGS.

BY ELLA.

"Nearer, my God, to thee :
E'en though it be
A cross that raiseth me, —
Nearer, my God, to thee."

I am trying to get to God anew. My birthday, Oct. 3, was a day of humiliation and tears. Oh, how I saw my life ! I am one year older than Hester Ann Rogers when she died ; and it was said of her, she walked twenty years with God in white. Had I been faithful, I might have had pure garments, and been a living flame of holiness, for at least *thirty years* ! No one has had clearer light than I from early childhood, and no one more pressed by the Spirit to high and holy things.

I have thought my peculiar temperament and trials were such, that it was impossible I could *reach* and *retain* that saintliness, that devoutness, and closeness of walk with God, that my soul was pressed to attain, and beneath which it has *ever* been restless and unsatisfied. But, when low before him, I saw God could keep me ; that the furnace was a necessary part of the refining process, and was to be accepted and rejoiced in. Oh ! I saw his hand in all, and was enabled to supplicate, with the Spirit's intercessions urging on my plea, until I felt that upon

God's altar I lay as a whole burnt-sacrifice. My consecration included the spirit as well as the letter of the law in a broader and deeper sense.

I have had no sensible revealments of love, nor special zeal in labor, but a spirit of intercession for the perfect work to be wrought anew, and more complete than ever before. I must mount to a labor I have never reached, and look from a Pisgah that my feet have never pressed. I must know a love in depth and power to me all unknown before, and see fruit in labor beyond all the past. I care not what this baptism may lead to in the form of duties ; what it may require in point of sacrifice : so do I desire God in his fulness, I would choose a beggar's portion or a martyr's crown ; only let me have the indwelling Godhead. Gifts cannot suffice ; usefulness will not satisfy ; the graces of the spirit cannot fill : but, oh ! —

"Give me Thyself, from every boast,
From every wish, set free :
Let all I am in thee be lost ;
But give thyself to me !"

Lady Maxwell said God tried her with prosperity ; he gave her what the world could proffer to see if she would be satisfied with this : but still her soul cried out for him ; and, when he saw she would accept nothing in his stead, he gave himself. I am just there : I turn me from every thing, and cry out for him. Long years ago, I gave up the world : it has no hold upon me. I have no ambitions or interests apart from the cross and cause of Christ. All centre here. My associations are within his Church : it is my world. My labors and cares are here, and all my joys.

But though I have a place among the laborers ; though he has permitted me to gather sheaves, and rejoice often in harvest-time ; though he gives me sweet access to him, and folds me oftentimes in his embrace, whispers words of encouragement and love, — yet oh for his indwelling, his constant presence, his ever-speaking love ; for that which shuts me up in him ; which covers me all over with his righteousness, and hides me in it ; which makes me walk softly, and keeps me so near him ; so one

with him as to hear the least whisper of his love, the least intimation of his will ! Often in my pleadings I cry out, " Give me the Fletcher kind of salvation ! " That holy man has always been my human model. I never see the engraving of his blessed face but it thrills me, and forces a prayer for his saintliness, his oneness with God.

And now my soul is all intent upon its object : these soul-breathings are held up by constant intercession, — up between the wings of the cherubim, fast by the throne of God. And shall they not prevail ?

For the Guide.

"THE LORD SAID NO."

REV. J. W. YOUNG.

Several years ago, in a conversation with my beloved friend, the venerable Father Yard of Philadelphia, on the subject of entire sanctification, he told me how he received the blessing. After seeking in vain a good while, he went from his home in Trenton to Philadelphia to attend a session of conference, hoping he might obtain it there. At first, he met with great and unexpected hinderances ; but, feeling so much the need of the blessing, he would not yield to discouragements. One morning he attended a prayer-meeting, and thought, as he entered, " Perhaps this is the time and place." He kneeled down, and asked the Lord whether there was any reason why he might not now receive the blessing. The Lord said, " No." So he asked, and received it on the spot.

I will not dwell as he did on the abiding heaven he enjoyed within, but notice the salient point.

He gave no heed to the difficulties sure to be suggested at that time by the Tempter, or to the stubborn depravity of his own heart, nor considered his former failures, but simply asked the Lord whether there was any reason why he might not receive it *now*. How reasonable ! how scriptural ! If there had been reasons, the Lord would surely have shown them to him, and have given him grace to remove them, till no reason remained to oppose the mighty reason of God's command and promise. Then, greatly desiring it, how could he help asking and receiving it at once ?

RAHWAY, N.J., Nov. 14, 1866.

SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. ROWE.

O Jesus ! let eternal blessings dwell
On thy transporting name ; let every tongue
In heaven and earth conspire, above, below,
Where'er creation stretches out its bounds ;
Let them with me unite to praise my King,
My Lord, my Life, my gracious Ransomer,
Who bought my soul from hell at the high price
Of his own sacred blood. Amazing love !
Unutterable grace ! Here let me fix
My soul in an eternal ecstasy ;
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour ;
Let thy loved image be forever present ;
Of thee be all my thoughts ; and let my tongue
Be sanctified with the celestial theme.
Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name !
Dwell on my lips till the last parting breath !
Then let me die, and bear the charming sound
In triumph to the skies. In other strains,
In language all divine, I'll praise thee then,
While all the Godhead opens in the view
Of a Redeemer's love. Here let me gaze,
Forever gaze : the bright variety
Will endless joy and admiration yield.
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
Fly from my soul, all images of sense !
Leave me in silence to possess my Lord.
My life, my pleasures, flow from him alone,
My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.
Thy name is all my trust. O Name divine !
Be thou engraven on my inmost soul,
And let me own thee with my latest breath,
Confess thee in the face of every horror
That threatening Death or envious Hell can raise,
Till, all their strength subdued, my parting soul
Shall give a challenge to infernal Rage,
And sing salvation to the Lamb forever.
To him, my glorious Ransomer, I'll sing ;
To him my heart shall gratefully ascribe
The crown of conquest, his unquestioned right ;
While listening angels pleased shall hear me tell
The wonders of his love, the strange event
Of his surprising grace. Transporting theme !
Where shall the song begin ? Turn back the rolls
Of vast eternity ! — still, backward still,
The dazzling records turn ! Where shall I find
The glorious point, where fix the shining date,
When Everlasting Love designed my bliss ?

COTTAGE HILL, IOWA.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

For the Guide.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

REV. H. LAW.

The news of battles fought, and victories won, have filled our land with rejoicing; while long and continued have been the shouts echoing from north to south, and from east to west, of triumph over a vanquished foe.

Of a greater, more glorious battle fought, and victory won, we write.

"Oh the burst gates, crushed sting, demolished throne,

Last gasp of vanquished Death! Shout, earth and heaven!"

We speak of one, who, for twenty-four years, has gone in and out before us, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, exemplifying by life and precept the beauty of holiness; loved by all, as the many on the different districts and charges where he has toiled, "sowing beside all waters," with tearful remembrances are testifying; of whom the cry of mortals all over our State has been of late resounding, — "Brother L. is dead!" while heaven has been echoing back to earth, "He lives!" only crossed over from the Church militant to the Church triumphant; the alpha and omega of his one desire on earth realized, — "forever with the Lord!"

On Sabbath evening, Sept. 9, he went from his conference, then in session at Hillsdale, to M——, a previous field of labor, where he preached with unusual unction and power from "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ;" at the close of which, with his soul overflowing with desire for an unsaved world, as given him from the throne, he made an affecting appeal to the young people present, exhorting them most earnestly to an immediate acquaintance with Christ; and then with outspread arms breathed forth this desire in "God bless this people!" When yielding to the superior attractions of the better land, as his triumphant spirit was bursting through its prison-house to comprehend perfectly the results of this triumph in Christ, he shouted back to the loved of earth, "Glory be to

His name!" and "was not," for "God took him."

"Victorious his fall; for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell.

He has passed o'er the sea; he has reached the
blest coast:

For he fell like a soldier; he died at his post."

As the slow procession followed the remains of this holy man of God back to the conference from which he went in usual health and vigor the night before, wondering at the mysterious Providence, we exclaimed, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And who can tell upon how many fell the mantle of this ascending Elijah, or by how many the banner of holiness fallen from his hand shall be regrasped? As one after another of these able ambassadors of the cross addressed that tearful multitude, no doubt hundreds resolved to preach and live and labor as never before, that like Brother L., with a "full report," and work well done, they, too, should fall at their post.

This triumph is being manifested in the experience of Sister L. in this sudden bereavement. She writes: "The Lord has wonderfully sustained me in this hour of deep sorrow; and, though my heart has been riven as never before, the Saviour has been so precious near, and sometimes I have had so sweet an earnest of the glorious rest, that my sorrow has melted away in the blessed sunlight of the better clime. The Lord has been preparing me for weeks for this trial. I have had glorious victories: such pantings after God, such consecration, such pure, ardent love for the cause of Christ, I had never known before. But I need it all. I had been praying that my dear, precious husband might do more good this year than ever before in any of his life. I asked with tearful pleadings, 'Anywhere, any sacrifice,' so God might be honored, souls saved. The Lord heard my prayer: he answered, oh, how mysteriously! But I knew it was the twofold answer to our prayers. When they lifted his bowed form from the altar (for he fell upon it), the whole truth was plain from the first look. I said, 'It is the answer to his oft-made prayer, that he might go from labor to rest;' and in his thus going, I knew, was the

For the Guide.

answer to mine. Words cannot express the feelings of my heart in this *glorious hour*; for it was heavenly. I had never heard him so clearly portray the triumphs of the gospel as at this time; and to see him thus triumph over death with the waving of his hand, and a 'Glory be to God' upon his lips, was glorious. He was gone as soon as the ebbing blood could cease to flow; gone to his reward. I knelt near him to commend to God my interests, and say, 'Thy will be done;' to know that my consecration was perfect now, so suddenly tested. The first words that escaped my lips were the last that fell from his, — 'Glory be to God!' Oh the victory of that hour! Earth faded, sorrow melted, heaven and earth strangely commingled, while with shouts of victory I joined with the redeemed around the throne, — 'Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood.' Heaven came to earth; earth rose to heaven.

"At times, the waves of sorrow pass over my soul; and, if Jesus did not come quickly to strengthen, I could not endure it. This holy Sabbath morning, I *missed* him so much! The books were ready for prayer. It seemed, for a moment, I must hear *his* voice. I could not see the words, and gave the book to Sister Caroline. No need now of the clean linen: no; for they are *always* clean and white. No need now to pray that physical strength may be given, the Holy Spirit's power imparted, that another Sabbath's labor may be done to the glory of God; for 'he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.'"

"Father, to us vouchsafe the grace

Which brought our friend victorious through:
Let us his shining footsteps trace,

Let us his steadfast faith pursue,
Follow this follower of the Lamb,
And conquer all through Jesus' name."

MICHIGAN, October, 1886.

THE LAND OF THE DYING.

The land in which we live might more properly be called the land of the dying than the land of the living. Where are Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the truly good and holy of every age? Where is that dear departed one whose memory you so much love? He has gone to the land of the *living*, and left you in the land of the *dying*.

P.

LOVE.

O. R. GURNEY.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law:" for that my heart rejoices. For long, weary years, I struggled to serve God for duty's sake. Sometimes I looked earnestly to the "hills from whence cometh our help;" and help came. I would rejoice, and gain a march toward the kingdom. Thank God for those cheering, heavenly rays! they kept me from being utterly discouraged. For four years, I have lived on higher ground. Sometimes I have forgotten to look away from self to my dear Saviour, and have fallen into the Slough of Despond; but, oh! I could not go back. Having tasted the good of this holy land, all else is as husks. Now I serve God *because I love him*. My heart is full of love to Jesus: this love beautifies all my life. Does the path I tread lead off with an obtuse angle from the one I had so earnestly hoped to tread: Jesus leads me there. He sees the end from the beginning, and is taking me the surest, safest route to "that land beyond the river." Does my heart grow faint, my feet get weary: Jesus wipes away the gathering tears, and whispers, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and *I will give you rest*." "God is love." I see it written over all his beautiful world; I hear it continually; and my own heart shouts back, "God is love."

Life is one grand field of labor to me now. I am willing to work anywhere that Jesus shall appoint. There is no smallest portion of the vineyard aught but *holy ground* to me. It is all beautiful. The labor is all joyful. I wish to work exactly where I can, in this short life of mine, accomplish most for the Master. I do not always know, if I were to choose, where that right place would be. The future is a closed book to mortal eyes; but there is One to whom it lies open. He is my guide: —

"He leadeth me.

With fearless feet the path I tread,
O'er desert, plain, or ocean-bed,
Piled high the waters o'er my head;
His love a guiding light doth shed:
He leadeth me."

For the Guide.

HOLINESS NECESSARY.

BY, REV. AMOS NORTON CRAFT.

The final triumph of Christianity is an event to which we look forward with intense interest. When the three hundred and thirty million shrines of Central Asia shall be forgotten; when the sacred vedas, under the influence of whose superstitions one-half of earth's inhabitants are now laboring, shall have ceased to mislead the mind; when the honored gods of wood and stone shall have fallen to decay, and the "glorious gospel of the blessed God" shall have illumined humanity's dark mind, and a redeemed world, sanctified by the blood of Christ, still occupied by railroad and car, shall be "diligent in business, yet fervent in spirit, *serving the Lord*,"—it will be a period in human history in which the intellect, untrammelled by superstition, will be bold to invent, and the heart, set free from outward foes, will be constant in its love, and ardent in its praise. For the accomplishment of these results, God will not step out of the ordinary ways of his providence. He will not lay hold upon the nations, and change their hearts by arbitrary power, independently of their own effort or consent. There will be the same relation existing between the prayers of the church and the conversion of the world then as now. The command, "Ask, and ye shall receive," shall never be abrogated. The office of faith shall never be destroyed.

Hence we conclude the final triumph of the Church will be preceded by a more complete consecration of the Church to God. And I imagine the reason why Christianity, after an existence of more than eighteen hundred years, has accomplished no more than it has accomplished, inasmuch as the vedas of the Hindoo influence directly more minds to-day than the Christian's Bible, is because, in the past, the doctrine of holiness has not been clearly defined and boldly professed by the Christian world. The religious condition of the Church in general is as that of the individual: *it either grows in grace, or retrogrades*. The student of ecclesiastical history is familiar with two distinct retrograde movements by the Church. The first was

that which resulted in Papacy, which was corrected by the Reformation of the sixteenth century. The second was the rationalistic tendency of the Protestant world previous to the English Reformation by the Wesleys in the *eighteenth century*. We of to-day stand upon the eve of another period, either of corruption and decay, or of bold and decided movements on the part of the Christian Church. The great question now to be solved by the religious world is, not how to form a zealous church, but how to continue that zeal unabated. When a church is established, party enthusiasm ceases, and its *after* progress and development is by spiritual causes rather than natural. But I believe the leaven which is now in the Church will prevent its corruption. The doctrine of holiness is the Church's safeguard; and, as long as that doctrine is proclaimed in its purity, there will never again be repeated in the history of the Church the heart-rending scenes presented by a corrupt church previous to the reformations of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; but the future history of Christianity, I imagine, will be characterized by a steady growth and constant and unrivalled progress.

TIONESTA, VENANGO CO., PA., Oct. 1866.

For the Guide.

MASTER'S ERRAND.

A Christian brother in New York, on entering a car, felt it his duty to speak to a gentleman respecting his soul. The gentleman seemed restive, and soon said, "Sir, will you cease speaking to me upon that subject?"—"As soon," said the devoted brother, "as I have done my Master's errand;" and went on until the Holy Spirit assured him he had. Months after, a gentleman grasped his hand on the crowded street. He was surprised.

"Do you not recognize me,—the man to whom you would do your 'Master's errand' on the cars?"—"Oh, yes! now I do."

"Well, that conversation was, by the blessing of God, the means of my soul's salvation," said he with tears of joy; and together, in Mammon's thoroughfare, they gave praise to God.

GLORIFYING GOD.

For the Guide.

MRS. H. HOLBROOK.

"For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

The valuation of an article is generally estimated by the price of it. The price with which our redemption was purchased infinitely exceeds all which was ever paid for any earthly commodity: therefore it is but reasonable that all honor and glory should be rendered to our great Purchaser by our bodies and our spirits, which are his. It is unnecessary to ask *how* we can glorify him, since God by his Spirit teaches us that there are so many ways.

There is one way, we regret, that is too little appreciated, and too often neglected; that is, religious conversation. It is as truly a means of grace as any other exercise which has the effect to promote personal heart-piety. That there are benefits derived from it, all who *habitually* engage in it can testify, from its happy effects upon their own minds and hearts. How often it occurs, in the order of Providence, that we meet with our friends in a social capacity where the entire number are professors of religion! With the heart all aglow with the love of God, we want to tell of it, we do so long to talk about Jesus (for, if we talk *with* him in the closet, we shall not want for an abundance to talk *about* him in public).

At a suitable time, we introduce the subject of personal religion. Too often there is only a monosyllabic reply, or, at most, a few cool, brief remarks made; and the subject is changed for a more congenial one. There is a manifest disrelish for it: we have evidently mistaken the topic: it fails to interest. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to maintain the conversation, we are compelled to let it drop, and remain in silence on that subject.

Then commences a spirited discussion and comments upon the latest styles of the different articles of dress and their material, which, together with gossip and some unimportant items of matters and things in general, make up the conversation; and thus the visit terminates with little or no good being accomplished. Instead of a

"feast of fat things," it is only "husks" with which we have been fed. In both cases, it is equally true, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." In such cases, a rich opportunity is lost; and are we not accountable for *every one*? and are we not guilty before God? Not only he is not glorified, but is he not really "wounded in the house of his (so-called) friends"?

How often do we hear Christians remark, "Oh, how much good religious conversation does me! I always feel so strengthened and encouraged by it, that it seems as if I can bear the trials of life so much better." In the social interchange of heart-experience, many times the fitly-spoken word is uttered, which is owned of God, and made effectual in reclaiming the wanderer, or arousing the lukewarm to newness of life. The tried and tempted one is inspired with new hope; the drooping spirits are revived; the desponding heart is cheered, and made to rejoice; the afflicted one is comforted; and, by thus "bearing one another's burdens, we fulfil the law of Christ;" and God is "glorified in our bodies and in our spirits, which are his."

There is another inducement over and above the *present* benefits of religious conversation. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Not merely once or twice a week or month, not alone in the class or prayer-meeting, but in private and social conversation, as often as they met. "And the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for *them* that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

IONIA, MICH.

DIVINE CONVERSE.

When we pray, we talk with God; and, when we read the Scriptures, the High and Holy One talks with us. How high and ennobling the privilege of thus holding converse with Heaven! The believer holds his citizenship in heaven. Though in the world, he is not of the world: not of the world; for Christ has chosen him out of the world.

P.

Editorial.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

We take pleasure in saying, for the encouragement of lovers of heart purity, that "The Guide to Holiness" is rapidly rising in favor with the Christian public. We now issue about thirty thousand copies. This certainly indicates a growing interest in the precious theme; and most sincerely do we give all the glory to the Triune Deity.

When we took upon ourselves the responsibilities of sustaining it, two years since, it was a serious question whether it could be sustained without danger of pecuniary loss. The small sum of twenty-five cents had been raised on the subscription-price, and its size had been reduced eight pages, while the price of paper and every thing connected with publication had trebled in cost. And, while most other periodicals had at least doubled the price of subscription, we resolved to continue the publication with the rise of twenty-five cents, knowing that not a few of those who desired the visits of "The Guide" were not of the rich of this world, and earnestly wishing that its ministrations might be extended to the greatest possible number.

By the good hand of our God upon us, "The Guide" has more than doubled its number of readers; and still, with every passing month, its numbers are rapidly increasing. Though the change has been so slight, in regard to the high price of every thing in the publishing line, as scarcely to be perceptible, yet we now give eight pages more of reading-matter than the magazine contained when we first entered upon our editorial career; and, with the opening of the present year, our patrons will observe decided improvement in the style of paper, &c., without any extra charge.

This change for the better we purpose shall be abiding. The only hope of financial remuneration on the part of the publishers is from the increasing activities of the friends of the cause in adding rapidly to the list of subscribers, which we anticipate will, during the present year, reach at least fifty thousand. Not only has the Lord in these regards helped us, but our pages have been enriched as never before by most able contributors from every part of the land, who, for the sole purpose of doing good, keep our columns supplied with spirit-stirring, original matter.

With the new year, our patrons will observe some new and gratifying changes. Our list of

contributors, as announced on the cover, will encourage the friends of holiness to expect an increase of interest in our pages; and our unceasing effort shall be to make this precious magazine, whose object is to diffuse light on the highest possible theme that can occupy the attention of a redeemed world, as useful and attractive as our humble ability will allow. In the mean time, let us thank God, and take courage.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be observed that our magazine is, and for a long time past *has* been, made up of original articles. Many thanks to our numerous and excellent contributors! Some may perhaps be grieved that their articles do not sooner appear. The fact is, that approved valuable articles are often laid over from number to number, on account of a press of matter: still we hope our helpers will not yield to discouragement. Much excellent matter is still on hand, and in due time will appear. Allow us also to say, that we cannot publish all the articles sent us. There are various reasons why we cannot be faithful to our responsible trust as editors, and do so. Some are far too elaborate. With the present size of our magazine, we *cannot* publish long articles, however good. Some send us sermons. We beg to be excused. What we want is short, pithy articles, written expressly by the dictation of the Spirit of wisdom and knowledge, with heart and mind ablaze with Pentecostal fire. Others, and not a few, send long experiences, telling all about the *minutiae* of early life, with many other particulars about church relations and defects, that are not proper for a magazine whose holy mission is to spread light on the doctrine and experience among all evangelical denominations, irrespective of sect. We might mention other particulars why some articles possessing a degree of merit are not published; but our space will not allow.

WALKING AT LIBERTY.

No one can stand fast in that to which he has not attained. Christ would have his people free. He came to release them from bondage. The service of sin in all its varied forms, however specious, is bondage. The express object for which Christ laid aside the "glory that he had with the Father before the world was," was to deliver us "out of the hand of our enemies, that we might serve him without fear, in holiness and

righteousness before him, all the days of our life."

Christ has purchased freedom from this bondage at the price of blood. Freedom is the calling of the Christian. "For, brethren, ye are called unto liberty."

What would you think of one enslaved to a cruel, vile master, who, on being told that his freedom had been purchased through the munificence of a deeply-interested friend, should refuse to assert his liberty? Christ has not only purchased our liberty, but he bids us *assert* it, and glory in the freedom purchased by his blood. He has redeemed the *whole man*.

D vid exclaims triumphantly, and with holy decision, "I will walk at *liberty*; for I seek Thy precepts. Thou hast commanded me; and, according to the precepts of Thy *Word*, thou *requirest* it. I *WILL*, therefore, *walk* at liberty." Can any one be said to walk at liberty, if any sin, however small it may be called, has dominion over him?

A man might have every portion of his body pinioned, — his head in a vice, his hands manacled, his feet in shackles. A friendly hand releases his head, then joy begins to steal over him; next he finds one of his hands at liberty, and in this his joy is increased; presently he finds another hand released; then one of his feet is unshackled; and now his friend, leaving *one foot* closely pinioned to the floor, says, "I must leave:" would not the still captivated man cry out, "Why leave me thus? What does it avail that the bondage of head and hands has been removed, if I may not walk at liberty?" Is Christ such a deliverer as *this*? Oh! we will not insult our loving almighty Saviour by asking the question.

A bird may get freedom from its cage with the exception of one delicate little limb; but there it is held by the small wire; it is small; but it detains that beautiful little bird. Its bondage is galling. It would fain be on joyous wing. I need not ask you whether that little longing creature is at liberty. By the will of its loving Creator, it was made to be at liberty. It is but a little thing that holds it from its native air: still, so long as it is held bound, it is as effectually withheld from its native element as though the most massive iron bar were interposing between it and liberty.

Oh! this is not the sort of liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. Little sins, as they are misnamed, bind the soul to earth, and keep

the redeemed soul from walking at liberty. Oh, how many things that still fettered professors of religion would do, but some sin, perhaps some indulgence of the flesh, some unsubdued appetite, still wars against the soul! Perhaps it is love of the world, love of the creature more than the Creator, perhaps the shrinking of nature from the cross of Christ. We might enumerate, but will not dwell longer on the subject, since every bar may now be broken. P.

JOYOUS EMOTION NOT THE CRITERION.

"A heart thy joys and griefs to *feel*,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell;
All praise, all meekness, and all love."

A destitution of joyous emotion does not always suggest a destitution of holiness. On receiving an increase of faith, or of any other grace, we ought to expect the trial of the grace received, whether it be of faith or any other blessing given. God permits the grace he gives to be tried; that is, put in the *crucible*. If a valuable coin were put in our possession, the quality of which had been disputed, and one should say, "I will take the coin, and it shall pass through the crucible, and, if it comes out pure gold, all questionings will be at an end," would we not regard the proffer a favor rather than otherwise? Surely the *trial* of our faith is precious, — more precious than of gold that perisheth. God takes his chosen children to try. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." "Glorify ye the Lord in the fires." It was because Job was a perfect man that the Lord permitted him to be tried. And now that he has been centuries in the heavenly world, where knowledge is made perfect, does he regret a single pang he endured? Ah! he now sees how all his various afflictions were as so many hands at *work*. "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Taken singly, and viewed only in the light of time, they seem disastrous; but, viewed *together* in the light of eternity as one great whole, we see that *every* pang, though in no way *meritorious*, has added its quota to the eternal weight of glory. And yet it must be acknowledged that these afflictions are not for the present joyous, but grievous. It is true, "the flesh dislikes the way; but faith approves it well." P.

Revival Miscellany.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

Since we last communed with our readers through the revival department of "The Guide," we have been almost continuously abroad, laboring in various parts of our Lord's vineyard.

Several days were spent at Rahway, N. J. Here the two M. E. churches, pastors and people, united as one in heart and effort, and the Holy Spirit was poured out most graciously. Many new witnesses were raised up to testify of Jesus able to save to the uttermost; and the altar was at every service encompassed by earnest seekers, some pleading for pardon, others for sanctifying grace.

Some remarkable victories were achieved, which we may not now specify, but for which a grateful record has been made of our heart's acknowledgments of praise before the throne of God. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! Three meetings were held daily: first, an early meeting for prayer and testimony, from half-past five to half-past six; again, in the afternoon, from three till five o'clock; and each evening at half-past seven, preceded by a prayer-meeting. The devoted ministers, Rev. Mr. Graves and Rev. Mr. Youngs, were most self-sacrificing and energetic in helping forward the interests of the work, and will probably share about equally in the spoils gathered from Satan's dominion. The work was still going on with undiminished power at the time we were constrained to tear ourselves away to meet another engagement. At this point, the Rev. B. W. Gorham, of the New-England Conference, being on a short visit to these regions, entered upon the work with characteristic zeal and power; and the work progressed most graciously.

Our next visit was to

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Here our excellent brother, Rev. A. McLean, is laboring to build up Zion's walls. The Lord has prospered him; and, during the few months since he has been appointed to this field of labor, he has been cheered by witnessing a continual rising of his people toward the higher life of the Christian. During our stay of over one week, nearly all the official board, and

prominent men of the charge, with their wives, and others, came forward to the altar, presenting themselves as definite seekers of the great salvation. One evening, five trustees were kneeling side by side, most of whom were raised up to testify of Jesus as a full Saviour. After this the work went on with power among sinners, and convictions and conversions were being multiplied up to the time of our leaving. We trust the work still goes on. At the time of this writing, we are at

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

It is now Tuesday morning. We arrived here late on Saturday evening, and have spent two days in precious toil for Jesus. We are praying and trusting for the mighty things of our Almighty Lord. On Sabbath morning, after we had addressed the people in regard to the importance of seeking at once and earnestly the full baptism of the Spirit, we invited all, who were resolved to be of one accord in seeking the grace with unyielding faith and purpose, to come and surround the altar of prayer. The house was much crowded; but, as far as opportunity allowed, there was a ready response, and the altar and its surroundings were filled with earnest seekers. He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was in our midst; and we trust many felt the energizing, penetrating fires of the Spirit quickening them for the great work of bringing sinners to God. In the evening, we addressed sinners on the importance of an immediate decision for God. On asking that all who would obey the divine admonition, and "choose this day whom they would serve," and if resolved to choose the service of Christ, to rise to their feet, hundreds rose, both of those that had chosen Christ, or had resolved that they would now do so. We then sang the hymn, the congregation still standing, —

"Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace, —
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity:

The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform:
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend."

Ere the close of the service, some who surrounded the altar were blessed; but a deeper work on the hearts of God's professed people is evidently needed before we can expect to witness a large ingathering of sinners.

KANKAKEE.

Rev. Joseph Hartwell writes us, "The work in Aurora still prospers. Nearly sixty have been added to the church there within a fortnight. It is made a part of this charge. The whole number added to the church is over two hundred and sixty within the past twelve months. Within three weeks past, the revival has, in some respects, exceeded any thing that I ever saw. I am aware that this is saying much; but, on some occasions, I could think of nothing resembling it but a tornado in a mountain forest. Every age has been converted, from seven to sixty years. A large number are young people of promise; but a large majority are heads of families. I am putting into their hands "Faith and its Effects," and "Way of Holiness;" and several of them are reaching after higher attainments.

PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent for "The Pittsburg Advocate" says, "God is with us in Philadelphia. Many of the churches are visited with gracious revivals. Tabernacle, Siloam, Salem, and Nazareth Methodist-Episcopal Churches have gathered not far from one thousand souls who profess to have been converted. At Siloam Church (Rev. Brother Sisty, pastor), the interest is wonderful. Hundreds have to go home because they find the church already full an hour before the time for service. The Lord has also revived his work in our German mission on Girard Avenue: twelve souls have been converted, and we have still a number of seekers."

EAST TENNESSEE.

God is still visiting the churches in East Tennessee. On Knox Circuit, under the care of Rev. J. P. Milburn and Rev. Brother Hughes,

revivals have been extensive and sweeping. At Palestine, early in the year, these brethren held a meeting nine days, at which between fifty and sixty professed conversion, and thirty joined the church. At Fountain Head, five miles from Knoxville, a camp-meeting was held for ten days. Some sixty souls were converted. Forty joined the Knox Circuit, and ten or twelve the Knoxville Station. At Boyd's Schoolhouse, on the same circuit, a meeting was held for nine days, resulting in twenty-five conversions and twelve accessions. At Stony Point, on same circuit, a protracted meeting is now in progress, at which many are turning to God.

On Dandridge and New-market Circuit, Brother A. J. Green, pastor, some forty or fifty have been brought to Christ.

On Strawberry-plains Circuit, a hundred souls have been brought to repentance, and, we trust, to saving faith. Brother John Cox is a supply in this work. On Sevier Circuit, under Brother Lawson's care, about fifty have professed conversion; a like number on Jacksborough Circuit, under Brother B. Little's care. Little-river Circuit has received scores of accessions: probably a hundred have been added to Christ. Brother Daniel G. Carter is in charge.

Clinton Circuit, under care of Rev. R. O. Ayres, has shared in a gracious shower. Some fifty have professed religion. Maynardsville Circuit has been graciously visited. Brother John Mahoney, the preacher in charge, has received some seventy into the church; and more than that number have professed religion.

East Knoxville, under care of Rev. J. J. Manker, has had gentle, continuous showers of blessings. Probably forty or fifty have been added to the believers here.

Last, but not least, Knoxville Station, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. B. Ford, has been greatly quickened and revived. Some fifty have been converted, and nearly sixty have joined the church.

This work in Knoxville is especially gratifying, as there is no point in Knoxville District nor in East Tennessee of so much importance, and none where the influences against us are more potent and malign. During the Conference year, thus far, our conversions approximate a thousand; and our accessions will not fall much, if any, behind those figures.

THOMAS H. PEARNE.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., 1866.

Our exchanges report revivals all over our land, and large accessions to the Methodist-Episcopal Church. Other churches are also enjoying seasons of refreshing.

At the revival in Hebron, a church-member had three sons converted, — one fifty, one thirty-five, and one thirty years of age; and a wealthy manufacturer stopped his mill, and used all his teams to carry his help three times a day to meeting.

At Ebenezer Station, Washington City, D.C., Rev. R. H. Robinson, pastor, a great revival has been in progress. Seventy have united with the church, and the altar is still crowded with anxious inquirers after Christ.

In the North-Auburn Methodist-Episcopal Church, Maine Conference, Rev. G. W. Ballou, pastor, about fifty have recently professed religion; and the good work continues. In some instances, whole families have been converted.

For the last few weeks, a revival has been in progress in Athens, Ga.; and for the past two weeks there has been a wonderful display of divine power. We learned about the middle of last week that above two hundred persons had presented themselves for prayer at one time.

Rev. D. W. Anderson writes from Washington, D.C., "I have never witnessed such a revival of religion as is now going on in my church. Twenty-eight persons came forward for prayers before we commenced holding a series of meetings. We have baptized forty, and there are fifty now awaiting the ordinance."

LATER FROM CLEVELAND.

The senior editors are still in Ohio, engaged in revival-services. Gracious news of a few days' later date than that which appears in our present issue has been received; but the crowded state of our columns will only admit of a short notice, which we copy from "The Cleveland Herald:" —

"REVIVAL IN THIS CITY. — The labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in this city have been eminently successful. The churches in the city will probably receive not less than a hundred accessions as a partial result of their labors, as more than that number have been at the altar as penitents seeking mercy. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer will hold services on the West Side, Sunday, the 16th inst."

Correspondence.

INTERIOR OF THE LAND.

We give this short, sweet testimony of one who has gone up into the interior of the promised land, having been forty years a witness of perfect love. — EDS.

I do praise the Lord for the witness of the Spirit. Now it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me; for *my* life is hid with Christ in God. O precious blood of Christ, how it doth cleanse me from all unrighteousness! yes, it preserveth blameless Infinite Love. Never did I understand the full force of "God is love" until now. Bless the Lord! I can "rejoice in tribulation." I feel that "all things do work together for good to them that love and fear God." I am daily giving myself a "living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God." How I do praise the Lord, who has kept me these forty years in his perfect love; yes, in the King's highway of holiness! Oh, how I do mount up on the "wings of faith," and leave the world and sin behind!

EUNICE COBB.

MARENGO, ILL.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY.

BY WILLIAM H. BAILEY.

Send me a copy of your blessed "Guide to Holiness."

It is sweeter to my taste than honey in the honeycomb.

The Lord is pouring out his Spirit on the various churches in Washington. Some are "inquiring for the old paths," "the King's highway of holiness." I wish to circulate a copy of this blessed work among such as I may find "thirsting for the living God." It is time we were all awake. My soul is pained to see "sin abounding" to such a fearful extent. I will pray that grace may much more abound. By the grace of God, I am "in Christ," saved from sin by simple trust, or faith, that works by love, and purifies the heart; and every moment I have the merits of Christ's death, and thus I am above the world while living in it. And I have power, oh, blessed power! to have victory, and triumph over the world, the flesh, and the Devil; always presenting my body (by faith), "cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit," a living sacri-

fice to God, (oh, how precious does that grace appear as I now write to you!) "holy and acceptable, which is my reasonable service," my duty, the duty of all. Oh, praise God! Surely,

"If the world my Jesus knew,
All mankind would love him too.
Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold.
Glory hallelujah! glory!"

This God is our God, and shall be our guide even unto death, and our portion to all eternity.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,
near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Brother I. began the blessed work of witnessing for Jesus, by expressing, as well as language could, the unutterable satisfaction he finds in Christ: "I am so satisfied with all God does for me, so content to do whatever he requires, so peaceful, I wonder not that those in other days who sought and found in God all they desired were called 'quietists.' God gives such a holy quiet and perfect peace! It is wonderful that I have been brought to know this blessedness, to have an experience so directly opposite to my own nature! Not that I have no struggles, no conflicts, no buffetings from Satan; but, somehow, my faith has taken such a hold of Christ, that, amid all, I have peace. A year ago, at camp-meeting, I heard a brother sing, —

'Must Jesus bear the cross alone?'

As he sang, my heart was filled with an unutterable love of the cross of Christ, which still remains. I love my work, every part of it; and am happy, peaceful, restful."

A BROTHER.

Jesus saves me. One year ago, I stood in this meeting, and you heard me witness that Jesus cleansed me. My wife, who had previously en-

tered into this blessing, spoke also. Since then, she has passed away; and I am here to tell how she found this great salvation her glory in the dying hour. We did not think her dangerously ill till a few hours before her death; when she said to her physician, "Can you do any thing for me? You need not fear to tell me the truth if you think I cannot live. It is nothing for me to die." Being informed that death was near, she expressed her gratitude and joy that she had given herself wholly to the Lord when in health, and been fully saved by the blood of Jesus; confidently declaring he would be with her through the valley of the shadow of death. And he did go with her. He did comfort and support her. He has taken her to be with himself in glory.

Sister L. began by repeating the words, —

"Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise."

Thus far, the exercises of the meeting have been in unison with the spirit of praise which has filled my heart to-day. Brother I. expressed a fear that he might not be doing the best thing in referring so particularly to his own experience in his testimony here. I think he is quite right in doing so. For this we have met, — to declare God's dealings with us; to get strength here to labor elsewhere. This leads me to speak more particularly than I otherwise would of an experience I had to-day. Having been necessarily occupied with domestic duties, I had not been able to spend as much time as usual in secret prayer, and reading the word of God. I felt disposed to chide myself for this; and words that my dear mother was accustomed to use when any of her children had spent time unprofitably came to my mind: —

"Were half the time thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me!'"

Though I knew I had not been vainly employed, but in the discharge of pressing duties, I was still desirous to know if it were not possible, with more wisdom, to gain more time for private devotion. Opening the precious Bible, and, kneeling before God, I appealed to Him who knew my heart and its intense love to him, and asked for a blessing from his own Word. Instead of chiding words, the first I looked upon were,

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Such unutterable joy of praise filled my heart as I read! Surely "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit," was the thought. It is impossible for me to express what God has wrought for me, to praise him as I would: I can only tell it as well as I can. Amid this rejoicing, I have so much sympathy for those who have not found this rest! and am constrained to say to them, "Come taste, and see that the Lord is good." Let Jesus have the victory in your heart: he wants the victory there. Yield to him *now*, and he will fill you with himself.

A BROTHER.

While here, I have been analyzing my present experience, to tell wherein it differs from what it was a year ago. Then I did not believe in the possibility of being wholly sanctified in this life. I did not believe there were any promises in the Bible warranting us in hoping to be saved from inbred sin. The words of the apostle, "When I would do good, evil is present with me," was the answer I gave to every thing favoring the doctrine advocated in this meeting. But the life, conduct, manners, labors, of those who profess the experience here taught, convinced me they had something of which I was not possessed. I attempted to seek what they enjoyed. I went to my pastor, and told him of my feelings, saying, "I don't believe in that doctrine." He said, "If any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God; and asked, 'Have you done all your Master's will?' I replied, I had not in some things. He advised me to consecrate all, and to obey, repeating the words, 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.'" He left me there to plod out the rest of the way alone. I tried to consecrate: but there were difficulties in the way; my heart was hard. After three months' struggling, I found myself worse and worse: then God enabled me to see that all I could do was to give myself to Jesus just as I was, and let him do all the work of saving me. I did so. Now I saw all the teachings of the Bible were plainly in favor of the doctrine of entire sanctification. The way opened before me beautifully, and I found rest in Christ.

The difference between the rest I now have and the peace I knew in justification ("for, being justified by faith, we have peace"), is best illustrat-

ed by an allusion to the condition of our country. A short time ago, we were at war: that has ended, and we have peace; but as we all know, though in peace, our land is in a state of *unrest*. So with me: there was peace without rest. To-day I have victory through the blood of Jesus; rest in him; by faith seeing him, as it is written, "The pure in heart shall see God."

A BROTHER.

We were singing, "The lone way is my choice." I do not like the expression, "the lone way;" but would say, the *right* way is my choice. The right way is not lonely. In it the Saviour is with us; the good are our companions; angels are in sympathy: therefore I prefer to sing, —

"The *right* way is my choice."

Brother A.: The Lord has been sweetly filling my heart with his Spirit. Eighteen years ago, I received this full salvation. I had enjoyed the favor of God for years previous; but, just about that time, an unutterable sense of want took possession of my soul. I went to God for the blessing of which you speak, and he gave it me. Now, after the lapse of these years, I can report progress by the grace of God. Humility is increasing in my soul. I find a constant tendency to pray: perhaps if I were to say, in the apostle's words, that I "pray without ceasing," it would not express the truth exactly, but very nearly. I pray about God's work, his ministers, his people. My love to the cause of Christ, and to Christ himself, is strengthening; my longing to be like Christ, increasing.

I was thinking, while coming to this meeting— "Accidents are not uncommon in the thoroughfares of this great city. Suppose I should now be fatally injured by some means, and had but time to say a few words as to my soul's state, what would they be? I think, these: 'I am washed clean in the blood of the Lamb.'"

I do feel Jesus precious. I have had many precious experiences during the season of rest which has been lately favored me. God has given me such views of Christ, and such nearness to him! Health having partially failed, I have had many sleepless nights, which I spent praying. Those hours of communion with God, were inexpressibly sweet. I could but shout hallelujahs of praise.

One of those nights I had a dream, which was wonderful in its effect upon me. I thought a report was heard, that Jesus would be in town

soon; and I resolved to go out to see him, saying to myself, "I wonder if he will know me." Having dressed myself with unusual care, I went to a neighboring carpenter's shop belonging to one of the trustees of my church, and telling him the news, invited him to accompany me to see Jesus. We saw the people running, and crowding toward an open square; and I asked one, "Which is *He*?" He pointed me to a person standing in the midst, — an ordinary-looking man, very unlike the Jesus I had always pictured to myself. But I remembered he is spoken of as a "root out of a dry ground; there is no form nor comeliness in him:" so I hastened toward Him to whom I had been directed. I was calm; yet there was an anxiety in my mind as to whether he would know me. I thought, "Surely he ought to know me. I have been trying to get acquainted with him for a long while. I think he will; but I want him to know me without my introducing myself."

Pressing toward the centre of the crowd, afraid of not seeing the right one, I asked another, "Which is *He*?" As my voice fell upon his ear, he turned toward me with such a smile! He *knew* me. In the delirium of joy produced by this smile of the Lord, I awoke. For some days, I felt most powerfully the influence of this dream; and hope, when I stand before the Master in the day of his coming, I may have the blessed assurance that he knows me.

Children's Corner.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

"Dear Gertrude," I said to a young friend, "why are you not a Christian?"

"I do not know," she answered: "I wish I did know. I have long wanted to be a Christian. I have prayed for it continually these three years, — ever since mother died; and I am not one yet."

"But, Gertrude, Jesus himself says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come to him, my dear; take him for your Saviour, your Master, and your Lord."

"Take Christ!" said Gertrude with wondering earnestness. "I thought I was to wait till Christ took me."

"But what are you waiting for? Christ has provided a full salvation. He has invited you by his Word; and, more than this, he has called you by his Spirit: for this earnest desire of yours is his special individual call to you; it came from him."

"And what am I to do?"

"Give yourself to him. Say, 'Lord, I am a lost sinner; but thy grace is infinite. Save me.'"

"I have said that a thousand times."

"Then you have come to him. But remember, that, when you take him as a Saviour, you must also take him as your King. Henceforth he is to be your Master, and you are to spend your life in his service."

"That is just what I want to do. Is that coming to him? Is it so easy as that? Are you *sure* that is coming to him?"

"Yes, if you do it with all your heart."

"I do; but how am I to know that he accepts me?"

"He says he does. His word is enough. Believe him. He says he will 'in no wise cast out.' He does not answer audibly, or give a visible sign. You must trust his word."

"Is this so?" said Gertrude very solemnly. "Why should I wait any longer? Why should I not take him for my Saviour *now*? It is what I have desired all these years. His grace aiding me, I will serve him all my life. It is what I sincerely wish. And am I indeed his? Already a new light dawns on all things."

That new light has gone on brightening ever since. It was the gleam of the "day-spring from on high" which "hath visited us."

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.

A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says, "I asked a little boy last evening, —

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to waken her. I didn't wish to *halloo* at grandma, nor to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and *that* woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

Do we find any thing more sweet, delicate, and lovely than this in the annals of poetry? Can conventionality improve upon such politeness, spontaneous in the heart of a six-years' boy?

For the Guide.

I AM THE LORD'S !

Words by BENJ. GOUGH.

"One shall say, I am the Lord's."—Isa. xlv. 6.

Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. I am the Lord's, Henceforth for - ev - er, Soul and bod - y, deeds and words, All I have, and all I am, Yielding to his rightful claim, Nor earth nor hell shall sev - er! Now the book of life re - cords, I am the Lord's, I am the Lord's, I am, I am the Lord's." The score ends with a double bar line.

1. I am the Lord's, Henceforth for - ev - er, Soul and bod - y,
deeds and words, All I have, and all I am, Yielding to his
rightful claim, Nor earth nor hell shall sev - er! Now the book of life re -
cords, I am the Lord's, I am the Lord's, I am, I am the Lord's.

2 I am the Lord's,
Through Jesus' merit;
Bind the sacrifice with cords
To the altar of the cross;
Now I count all things but loss,
And yielding to the spirit,
Watch and wait for heaven's rewards;
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

3 I am the Lord's,
Forever cleaving;
With the Lord my will accords;
Loving, gentle, self-subdued,

Washed in the atoning blood,
All humble, all believing.
Oh, the rapture this affords!
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

4 I am the Lord's,
This watchword glorious
Clears my way like flaming swords;
Satan, sin, and death o'ercome,
Soon I gain my heavenly home,
Eternally victorious!
Angels strike your loftiest chords!
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

For the Guide.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

REV. E. W. PEIRCE, OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

THROUGH the repeated solicitations of valued friends, I am constrained to offer a brief article for publication. I am not aware, that, in my experience, there is any thing *peculiar*; and from this circumstance it may be of value to thousands of persons whose experience has been like my own up to the eventful hour of my life.

At the age of eighteen, in my native State (New York), through the preaching of a devoted servant of God, I made a surrender of myself to Christ. For some fourteen years subsequently, seven of which as a travelling preacher, my course was a variable one. I have no doubt, if I had followed the leadings of the Spirit given to every convert, I might speedily have become possessed of full salvation; but looking to the waves of untoward circumstance, instead of looking to Him who bade me walk upon them, I fluctuated in my experience.

In the winter of 1864, then resident in Wisconsin, God set me at perfect liberty. We had just closed a delightful class-meeting, on a Tuesday night, at a private house. We were loath to depart. While conversing, incidentally the subject of entire sanctification came up. The leader of the Sunday-noon class, who was present, rather abruptly asked me, "Brother P., do you enjoy the blessing of a clean heart?" — "I do not." — "Then you are not prepared to preach the gospel." — "As to that, the Lord has owned my labors, in some measure, in the conversion of sinners, the promotion of

Sunday schools, the erection of churches, &c. Still, I agree with you, that, without a conscious and continual consecration of my whole self to God, I am not living up to the full measure of my duty and possible usefulness." I inwardly resolved then and there, that, come what would, "*Holiness to the Lord*" should be my motto and experience. Notwithstanding I had met with and been perplexed by counterfeit professors of sanctification, and that I might have keener trials, graver responsibilities, my mind was fixed. As a means to an end, and with a view to doing others good, I appointed a prayer-meeting each Friday night, at the parsonage, for the promotion of holiness. At the first meeting, my soul was set free. As the hour of nine o'clock came on, I gave opportunity for any to retire; and then shortly remarked, that, for one, I felt that I had Satan at a disadvantage; that the house, for the time being, was my own; that the lights need not be extinguished, or the meeting dismissed, till victory came; that I was resolved to wrestle and pray till the morning's dawn, but what I would come off triumphant. In supplication, I kept such passages as these continually in mind: "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" "If we walk in the light;" &c. In an hour, God gave me the desire of my heart; others also claimed Jesus as their uttermost Saviour.

From that time to the present, I have had many serious responsibilities, arduous labors, mental and physical sufferings, but a continual consciousness that *I was all the Lord's*; glorious victories; large success in doing good. God has given me clearer views of his character: he has enabled me

to lay aside habits, which, unconsciously to myself, abridged my usefulness. I have been continually learning much *in the way* of holiness, as well as how to enter it.

I wish to say, that the secret of whatever success I have had in pointing souls to Christ as a complete Saviour has been owing, under God, to my insisting upon holiness as (1) a *definite* object of search; something *specific*: not simply "more religion," "more of the Holy Spirit," &c., but a specific blessing, and therefore that we are to have the *witness* of the fact given to us of God. And (2) to be expected *now*.

I ardently pray for the time to draw near when scriptural life-holiness shall be the accepted belief and practical experience in every denominational branch of the Christian Church.

BRIDGEWATER, VA., 1866.

AMAZING LOVE OF GOD.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." — EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

The whole work of the Son of God was nothing but an exhibition to the whole creation of the intense longing with which our Maker desires to see his alienated creatures return; to snatch them from the regions of alienation and shame to the regions of acceptance and favor. Oh that human speech were not so feeble; that there were an alphabet of golden things to embody the pleasure it is to God when sinners return to their Creator! He is a God who loves all men.

Why, oh! why, is it come to pass that preachers and writers have cast out of sight this truth (being as it is a colossus of knowledge), when no system of theology can prevail save one which makes Deity as partial as ourselves? As surely as I feel that there is a God; as surely as I feel that I am a living creature; as surely as I feel that yet a few more days, and the only sermon which I can preach will be the epitaph on my gravestone; so surely do I feel that the love of God towards men is a universal love, and that the being shall never be born of woman who shall not be enclosed in its vast solitudes.

That God should love all men, and yet that he should not save all, we confess to be a mystery, and refer the solution to the august day of the great white throne. But there is less inconsistency in those who hold this doctrine, that he should love, though he may not save all men, than in those who hold what is called reprobation. You had better take a scorpion to your breast than any such God-dishonoring system. God is a being of gratuitous love, and therefore he may elect some to live: he cannot be a Being of gratuitous hatred, and therefore he elects none to death. Let us, therefore, settle it in our minds, that, inasmuch as Christ died for all, — yea, for *all*, — where is the man excluded from the benefit of Christ's agony and death, save him, who, with suicidal hand, excludes himself? You shall take the wings of the morning, and make the sun your chariot, and traverse the earth in its length and in its breadth, and find not the being of human lineage for whom Christ died not. Inasmuch, then, as Christ died for all, let us settle it in our own minds that God loves all with a love whose proof is the gift of his own Son.

"Did Jesus die, but not for me?

Am I forbid to seek my God?

Is there no pardon rich and free

Proclaimed through Jesus' precious blood?

Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul

From thee, my God, to black despair?

Who has surveyed the sacred roll,

And found my name not written there?

I own my guilt, my sins confess:

Can men or devils make them more?

Of crimes already numberless,

Vain the attempt to swell the score.

Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,

To thee reveal my guilt and fear;

And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,

I'll be the first who perished there."

ANONYMOUS.

Shadows rested upon my heart; but they are now flying fast before the rising Sun of Righteousness. Earthly clouds often become my telescope of heaven. "In our pilgrimage here, we must have the bitter herbs with our passover lamb."

From Drops of Water.

For the Guide.

PAUL'S DISCOURSE ON SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

(Continued from page 16.)

The next step in the apostle's argument on sanctification illustrates most clearly the *life* believers live, the *source* from whence that life is derived, and the *motives* or *arguments* urging on to its possession and enjoyment. It is called "the life of faith," "the life of God in the soul," "the new life," "the life of Christ," "the life of holiness." As there is a "death unto sin," so "there is a life unto righteousness." As the believer is to reckon himself dead indeed unto sin, so also is he to reckon himself to be alive unto God; and both the death and the life are "through our Lord Jesus Christ." This death unto sin is inseparably connected with the life unto God; and the moment the believer can "reckon," "count," or "look upon" himself as dead unto the one, so he is that moment to "reckon" or view himself as alive to the other.

Mr. Wesley says, "A man may be dying for some time: yet he does not, properly speaking, die till the instant the soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the life of eternity. In like manner, he may be dying to sin for some time: yet he is not dead to sin till sin is separated from his soul; and in that instant he lives the full life of love. And as the change undergone when the body dies is of a different kind and infinitely greater than any we had known before, yea, such as till then it is impossible to conceive; so the change wrought when the soul dies to sin is of a different kind, and infinitely greater than any before, and than any can conceive till he experiences it."

The reign of the old master, the tyrant, Sin, has passed away: the man is no longer under the government or dominion of sin. The new master, Jesus Christ, furnishes new life, new principles, new motives, new aspirations, new joys, new songs, new employments, new enjoyments, new paths to walk in, new companions to walk with, new leaders to follow, new commands to obey, a new heart, a new spirit, a new service, and

a new reward. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." In the service of this new master, all the elements of life and activity are necessary. We must have live men in all the walks of science, in all the wide fields of commerce, in all the councils and cabinets of war, in all the investigations of the chemist and the philosopher, in all the enterprises of the mechanist, in all that aspire to political distinction. We want, and we must have, real live men. As a Christian is the highest style of man, so the Christian has the strongest motives to activity and energy. What are the incentives that prompt the scholar, the merchant, the warrior, the statesman, when compared with those that energize and strengthen the humble follower of the Lord Jesus? He has motives drawn from heaven, gleaned from earth, and raked from the undying embers of perdition, calling upon him to arise and put on his strength. The apostle says, "Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive," as lively, active, earnest co-workers with him. And again: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." To present a dead carcass to a living God would not please him. It would insult him. He could not accept it. A Jewish father sent his son Eleazar to the field to bring a lamb for the evening sacrifice. In a couple of hours he returned, bringing a dead lamb, — one that had been partly torn by the jackals. "I found it," said he, "in the woodlands, where it had strayed. It will do for the evening offering. It was a fine lamb. I refused ten shekels for it a few days ago. It has been missing now two evenings. Its flesh is not much torn. It will save a living lamb. We can't afford to part with two. Lay it on the altar: it will do as a sacrifice." Will the pious Jew bind it to the altar? Will he ask Jehovah to accept from his hand what the foxes had left? Never! Oh, no! "My son, haste thee; bring a 'living' sacrifice; bring a *live* lamb. The Lord forgive thee, my son!" How many worshippers bring the Lord a dead, cold, lifeless, formal service, songs that have no soul in them, prayers without life, dead things! Those persons are live men in the office, in the market, in the

caucus, in the senate-chamber, in the workshop; all alive down town; but in the closet, or the prayer-meeting, dead, cold, motionless, speechless.

It was a terrible reproof sent to backslidden Israel: "Ye have brought that which was torn, and the lame and the sick. Shall I accept this at your hands? saith the Lord."

The believer, in "yielding himself to God as one that is alive," must not forget that he is the Lord's child, the Lord's servant, to do the Lord's work, and to do it in the Lord's way, and at the Lord's time. There must be the willing ear, ever ready to hear the voice of command, and listen to the call of duty; the active hand, ever ready to be employed for God; the nimble foot, ever ready to walk with steady step in the pathway of duty; the tongue, no longer an unruly member, ever ready to speak the truth in harmony with the law of love, glad to be employed in prayer and praise; the eye of attention, of interest, and of submission, every ready to anticipate the will of Him whose will is done in heaven. The members, as Paul calls them, are all instruments of righteousness unto God; all willing to think or speak or act for God.

The very life and being of holiness consists in yielding or dedicating ourselves fully to God as a free-will offering; not as the conquered yield to the conqueror when they can hold out no more, but as the willing servant yields to be taught and governed by the master whom he loves. As the warm wax yields to the seal, receiving the impression; as the melted metal takes the mould into which it is cast: so the mind, pliant and ductile, should yield to the impress of Christ, and receive his image, as the ship, true to her helm, yields to the motion of the hand on the wheel; as the well-tuned piano yields its wonted harmonies to the touch of the player; as the swift-winged ones on the ever-green shore yield obedience, fidelity, and love to Him who is crowned Lord of all. Such was the spirit of yielding in Paul, when he cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6;) such the spirit of the Heaven-commissioned Isaiah, when the fire from the altar had touched his lips, and he said, "Here am I; send me." Such ought to be

the spirit of our entire Methodism as she enters upon the work of another century to spread scriptural holiness through all the earth.

This life of righteousness, or right-doing, is derived from or through our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the source of all spiritual life. Apart from him, there is no life in any kingdom or in any land. He is the fountain from whence flow all the streams of vegetable, animal, intellectual, or spiritual life; the root from which all the leaves, flowers, and fruits of grace derive their sap and nourishment; the true vine, giving support and sustenance, strength and beauty, to all the branches; the foundation-stone, elect, precious, broad, firm, secure; one upon which we lay our living confidence and our dying hope; a corner-stone, promoting unity between man and man, and between men and God; the Sun of Righteousness, giving light, life, warmth, attraction, beauty, fertility, and loveliness to every department of his spiritual vineyard. He is our Father, our Husband, our Brother, our best Friend, our King, our Prophet, our Priest, our Advocate and Counsellor, our Shepherd, our Physician, our Mediator and Surety, our Saviour and our Judge, our All, and in all. From him, as a source of all our blessing, we derive "our wisdom, our righteousness, our sanctification, and our redemption."

The arguments by which the apostle urges the believer on to the possession and enjoyment of sanctification are presented with great clearness and force. I shall only direct attention, in conclusion, to two or three of the most prominent of them, hoping that the reader may be led fairly and fully to examine them for himself.

1. The first argument Paul presents is based on the ground of our public professions. In our baptism, we solemnly pledge ourselves "to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh." The design and intention of that baptism was to represent our death unto sin, and our obligation to walk in newness of life, or our removal from the kingdom of Sin and Satan into the kingdom of holiness and love. Then, in solemn covenant at the Lord's supper, we swear to be true to the Captain of our sal-

vation : there we take the oath of allegiance ; so that, by the most solemn sacramental bonds and engagements, we are bound to have no more to do with sin, to renounce it, to be no more under its dominion or influence ; “ dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God.” Now, shall the believer, who professes to have no more to do with sin, go and yield himself to unrighteousness ? Shall the slave, freed from his cruel task-master, go and sell himself to work again in the Egyptian brick-yards ? Shall he whose neck has been freed from the galling servitude of sin, and who has publicly, in solemn covenant, proclaimed his freedom, go and bow himself again to the yoke ? No ; never. Let the believer go on “ perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.” Let the slave, freed from Egypt’s curse, “ go up and possess the goodly land.” Let him drink at Elim’s twelve fountains, and rest under the seventy palm-trees, and feast on the manna, and press on, singing as he goes, —

“ Oh that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ! ”

Being dead with Christ, we shall also live with him ; and, being baptized into his death, we shall also be raised into newness of life. As he died for sin, so we die to sin ; and as he lived again, so we shall live with him, and to him, and in him ; shall live when sin is all destroyed ; shall live, a happy, cheerful witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

2. Our spiritual conformity or resemblance to Christ is the ground of the second argument used by the apostle. Being dead to sin, dead with Christ, we are, to complete the figure, to be buried with him ; removed from sin as fully as the man who is buried is removed from sense. We are, in profession, the property of Jesus : as such, we are cut off and removed from all communion and intercourse with sin, as the man who is dead and buried is cut off from all communion with the world. As believers in Christ, we have no more to do with the follies and sins of our former servitude than the entombed servant has with his former toils and labors ;

and, as Christ died and rose again, so we must die unto sin, and arise, and walk in newness of life. Now, shall we believers, who are dead unto sin, and are raised from the death of sin unto a life of righteousness, having come forth from the grave of our carnal corruptions to walk in newness of life, — shall *we* continue in sin ? *We* who have repented of our sins, *we* who have been reconciled to God, *we* who have mortified sin, — put the tyrant to death, — *we* who have put on Christ, and publicly vowed loyalty to him and to his cause, — shall *we* continue in sin ? No ! Paul rejects such an idea with detestation and abhorrence, with a “ God forbid ; ” and, to give his conclusion more point and power, he asks, “ How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ? ” No : we are now alive in him, our living Head, and in his name commence a life of holy activity ; praying “ that he would grant us, that *we*, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.”

3. Paul’s third argument is based on our spiritual participation of Christ, and our consequent resemblance to him. In illustrating this point, he uses a beautiful figure taken from horticulture, where grafting is fully understood, the scion being made to grow together with the new stock. “ For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.” As the ingrafted stock is “ planted together,” united together, made to grow together, into the likeness of the shoot, and partakes of its nature ; so believers are made “ partakers of the divine nature,” and united to him, and growing up in him, their living Head, are saved by his life, — saved fully, saved from all sin, saved to live a life of holiness. Our being planted in him and in his likeness was in order that we might bring forth fruit unto holiness, living a fruit-bearing life, to the praise of his glory. As the graft receives support, vitality, nutrition, life, growth, strength, beauty, and fruitfulness from the connection it has with the stock ; so we derive our life from his life, our love from his love, our strength from his omnipotence, our stability from the rock of his

immutability, our sanctification from the fountain of his holiness, our purity from his perfection, our all from him.

4. The apostle also establishes his position on the doctrine of sanctification from the promises, privileges, and blessings of the new covenant. The believer is not under the law of works, of pains and penalties, but under the law of the spirit of life, the law of love, the dispensation of grace: under this covenant, our sanctification is secured through the righteousness of another.

5. He also grounds an argument on the fulness and completeness of our former sinfulness. We were wholly sinful, free from righteousness, fully conformed to sin. Now, being saved from sin, it is a *full* salvation. We are to be *wholly* sanctified; our obedience to Christ is to be *as perfect* as it formerly was to sin. But I must not enlarge on either of these points; and I cannot even mention other strong points referred to by the apostle, as I have exceeded in length any thing I had intended. I think that Paul's discourse on this subject is not as fully appreciated as it ought to be. If my humble effort will result in directing any one to its more careful study, it will be to me an abundant reward.

BROCKVILLE, C.W.

For the Guide.

HOLD UP THY LIGHT.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

Hold up thy light, O child of grace!
Be not afraid to let it shine
On all around, but rather fear
To hide this precious light divine.

Hold up thy light: thou canst not tell,
However feeble be its ray,
But some poor soul may catch its beam,
And by it find the narrow way.

Hold up thy light with steady hand,
Though it be faint: who does not know,
Where darkness reigns, how far and clear
Even a little light will show?

Hold up thy light: 'tis God's command;
And, till with thee time cease to roll,
His voice thou canst not disobey
But at the peril of thy soul.

Hold up thy light: 'tis thus it lives;
By shining, grows itself more bright;
Thus is the Father glorified:
Then, child of grace, hold up thy light.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N.Y.

For the Guide.

SORROW TURNED INTO JOY.

REV. D. NASH.

The following account of an old disciple, which, as it illustrates the fact that the corruptible body presses down the soul, may be useful to many a suffering saint, ought not, I think, to drop into oblivion:—

"In Bishop Wilton," says the Rev. Robert Johnson, "then in the Hull, but now in the Pocklington Circuit, lived a good man, much respected; a pious, useful local preacher, with whom I was intimately acquainted about twenty years ago, when in the York Circuit. I heard that Thomas Wetherell was ill, and went to Bishop Wilton to see him. On my arrival, I said, 'I am an old friend, come to see you. I was afraid you would make your escape to heaven before I had an opportunity.' He replied, 'O dear sir! I fear I shall never get there. I have lost my way; I have lost my way! Oh, what a stumbling-block am I now, after enjoying confidence in God for forty years!'" I answered, "I am very sorry that you have turned out so badly: I imagine that my visit will not be acceptable. I suppose you have become very wicked, and fond of trifling, vain, worldly company." He immediately rejoined, "Oh, no, no! I cannot bear them; I cannot bear them!" I said, "I am glad of that; and you may be sure of this, that the Lord will not send you to hell among them hereafter, when you so much dislike their ways and company now." He was particularly struck with the manner and language in which I addressed him. "Come," said I, "let me have the history of your complaint." He proceeded, and said, "Some time ago, I had a paralytic stroke. I was very ill, but very happy in God. Every one thought I was dying; and I thought so myself, and was full of peace and joy. But, contrary to expectation, I got so far better as to be able to walk about, though unable to work. I never was married, and by frugality and industry I saved about one hundred pounds; but it occurred to me that I might live a considerable time in this debilitated state, my hundred pounds would soon be gone, and I should, after all, become a burden to my

friends. I entered into a hurtful train of perplexing reasoning, then of doubt and distress and fear. I have grieved the Spirit of God; and he has hid his face from me, and I am troubled. I have lost my confidence in God, and am now in darkness and despair."

I remarked, "My dear brother, I clearly see your case: your mind, as well as your body, is debilitated, and the enemy has taken advantage of your weakness to harass and distress you. In your present circumstances, you are not capable of reasoning with him, or of steadfastly resisting him: he is too cunning for you, and too strong. But lift up your heart unto the Lord; venture to look unto Jesus, who will soon bruise him under your feet who is thus painfully bruising your heel. You are just like a musical instrument when all its strings are slackened. If you try to play, there are only discordant sounds, not because it is a bad instrument, but because it is out of tune." He replied with great earnestness, "Do you really think so, sir?" "Yes: I know that it is so. Because you are so unhinged and slackened in your nervous system, you are ready to imagine that the Lord is disaffected towards you, and that his mercy is clean gone forever. But, oh! venture to call upon him in your trouble and distress, looking unto Jesus, who suffered being tempted, and who knoweth how to succor them that are tempted, and he will most certainly deliver you, and you shall praise him."

We then prayed together, and he was greatly encouraged. In a short time afterwards, he was completely set at liberty from all his fears, and was filled with joy and peace in believing.

A few days after this, he was so happy in his soul, and strong in his body, that he proposed going to the York love-feast, on Whit-Tuesday, to see me, and inform me of what the Lord had done for him. He rose early in the morning, took a thin slice of bread, and said, "When breakfast is ready, call me down stairs." Accordingly, his friends called him; but there was no answer. They then went up, found him on his knees, at the side of his bed, with his Bible before him, speechless and dying: so that, instead of going to York, he took

his flight to the paradise of God, to keep a feast of endless love in that holy city where sickness, pain, and sorrow are no more.

For the Guide.

THE BELIEVER'S VISION.

MRS. M. B. J. INGHAM.

Rev. W. B. Disbro, of the North Ohio Conference, rested from his labors in September, 1865. He was a useful and eloquent minister of the gospel; and, at the time of his death, was presiding elder of Cleveland District. Although suffering from severe indisposition, he left his home to conduct a quarterly meeting at a neighboring appointment; and, while preaching, fainted, and sank back upon the pulpit sofa; thus literally falling at his post. He was conveyed to his residence, and laid upon a bed, from which he rose not till angels carried him away. For several months previous, he seemed to have premonitions of departure; so much so, that he had partially arranged his business affairs. From the beginning of this illness, he seemed assured of dissolution, and most earnestly endeavored, through the grace of our Lord, to prepare himself for the approaching event. His sufferings were excruciating; but his intellect remained clear, and his articulation distinct, up to the last moment.

Toward the close of a certain day, he said to those about him, "I must tell you what I have seen. Yesterday a chariot was let down by my bedside. The body of it was low, and easy of entrance; the hind-wheels much larger than the fore-wheels. I saw it as plainly as I now see you. There were angels with the chariot, and they beckoned me to get in; but I shook my head: again they beckoned me; but I refused, saying, 'I am not worthy to go with you,' but, upon their further beckoning, entered, and was carried up into the air, through the most beautiful country I ever beheld. We went on and on, till, arriving at a gate, we stopped. The angel standing there asked me, 'Where are you from?'

" 'From Berea,' I answered.

" 'There are several here from there; but tell me, have you been a good Christian?'

" 'Oh, no! but Christ has died for me, and I come up purified as by fire.'

“ ‘You may enter.’ ”

“I went in, and cannot begin to tell you the glories which burst upon me. It far surpassed in dazzling beauty any thing I ever imagined before. But I was *so* tired! My limbs ached with this weariness and fever: so the blessed ones within pointed out to me an arbor where I might rest myself before commencing to enjoy heaven. I went into a most delightful place, and there lay down; and the repose was so refreshing! But, as I lay there, I looked down, and saw Edward and Willie walking in a field; and I thought I must come back and see them, and see, too, how ‘mother’ was getting on; so I have come” — Here failing strength forbade further narration.

From this time he made, as he was able, the minutest directions concerning his business; dictated a will, and told his family how to proceed for a year following; designated the ministers whom he wished to officiate at his funeral, and just where he should be buried; and then earnestly longed to go, often ejaculating, “Oh that the Saviour would send his chariot!” Once he was thought to be dying. His wife, inconsolable, exclaimed, “O William! I cannot let you go.”

Opening his blue eyes, he said, “Mother, mother, why did you call me back? I was full three miles away.”

A day or two after, clasping her hand, he said, “Now — mother — let — me — go.” For a moment longer he lingered, and exclaiming, “Who? who?” he ascended in the chariot.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 20, 1836.

LIVING WATERS.

For the Guide.

“The fountain for sin and uncleanness” is a sin-destroying, life-giving fountain. It is said that the Spaniards who discovered Florida were in search of a fountain whose waters could give immortality to those who drank thereof. The soul that plunges by faith into the “fountain opened in the house of David” has indeed found “living waters,” and, as it sinks beneath the purple flood, may “reckon itself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Maggie.

For the Guide.

MATTERS OF FACT IN REGARD TO REGENERATION AND ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

REV. J. A. WOOD.

21. I believe it a matter of fact, that, as a church, we are suffering more for the want of a mighty baptism of cleansing, working power, in both our ministry and membership, than for the want of any or all other things combined.

We are not suffering particularly for a want of wealth, social position, numbers, talents, doctors of divinity, or fine churches: we have all these. Nor are we suffering seriously the want of colleges, seminaries, schools, or church periodicals: we have a fair supply of these. Nor yet are we suffering for any want of better standards of doctrine, discipline, hymn-book, choirs, or sabbath-schools.

But, notwithstanding all our success and prosperity, we are suffering, less or more, everywhere, — east and west, north and south — for more efficient, evangelistic, aggressive power. With all our church paraphernalia (and it has become of huge dimensions), we are not doing one-half we ought to do in the perfection of the saints, or in the conversion of this world to God. We are not doing one-half we would do with double our present spiritual power. “Methodism builds a church a day; but what avails this (says the late Dr. J. V. Watson), if she has acres of church-room to spare all over the land, and sinners rush to hell like flocks of shepherdless sheep rushing into the jaws of the foe, because she has not in these churches altars blazing with heaven-descended fire, to arrest their attention or summon their presence.”

While we have been gaining in many things, and those not unimportant, we have failed to increase proportionately in the great item, — *spiritual power*. We have some spiritual power, but not in proportion to our other improvements.

A great error of the Church in all ages has been that of having her attention and interest diverted from the spiritual and divine to the external and human.

Great attention has been given by our church, of late years, to her external ar-

rangements ; and this is well : while it is a fact that should not be lost sight of or ignored, that many of our churches have but little and feeble aggressive power, while others are positively withering and sinking under their spiritual poverty. While we are thankful to God that we have many churches which are healthy, progressive, and prosperous, we must not close our eyes to the fact, that a spiritual consumption — ulceration at the lungs and heart — is at work in many of our churches throughout the land. Figures, facts, and many cases, might be given in proof of this.

We are prospering (as a whole), thank God ! but not as generally or as rapidly as we ought. We are blessed, thank the Lord ! but not as powerfully or as fully as is the good pleasure of our God. We have revivals ; but they are not as deep and powerful, nor as general, as they would be if the Church more generally were baptized with the Holy Ghost.

We, as a people, are too easily satisfied. We often put up with drops, when we ought to expect and obtain mighty showers. We too often stop and rejoice over the spoils of a half-fought and half-won battle, when we ought to improve our vantage-ground in pressing the enemy to a complete rout.

The preaching, praying, and pious labor of the Church are very inefficient, compared to what it ought to be, or to what it would be if our ministry and membership were more thoroughly sanctified and powerfully baptized with the Holy Ghost.

The greatest gift of the gospel is the gift of the Holy Ghost ; and he that has not obtained it is comparatively destitute of working power. It is in view of this that we have so many drones in the church, — *dead-heads*.

It is the opinion of many good men, that the Church is so engaged with her externals, her mere scaffolding, that, in many places, she is losing her original aggressive revival spirit. Certainly we are in great danger of failure, in these days of pleasure and money-making, to keep alive the working revival flame ; and, wherever this is not done, we must decrease rather than increase, or else have our churches filled with unconverted men.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

BY R. W.

Born and educated in the doctrines of the Romish Church, I was never taught of coming directly to Jesus as my Saviour, but that the Virgin Mary was the intercessor between God and man, and the Holy Spirit was given only to the pope, bishops, and priests. But, on taking a review of my life, I can see how gently the Spirit of God has been leading me on, even in my childhood, amidst all this superstition and error ; and I can trace my conversion to the reading of the Scriptures.

Unlike most Catholic families, we had a copy of the New Testament, given to an elder sister, as a keepsake, by her school-teacher. This was laid away with other books. I would often take it, and go by myself, and read it ; and the story of Jesus and the cross would melt my heart to pity and love for Him who suffered and died for us. One passage in particular attracted my attention, which I think subsequently led to my conversion. It was, "The peace of God, that passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give nor take away." In after-life, when mingling with the world and its pleasures and follies, feeling that aching void which only Jesus can fill, how I would sigh for that peace, and wonder what it was, and how I might obtain it !

I went one evening, nearly seven years ago, out of curiosity, into a Methodist prayer-meeting. As I entered the room, they were singing, —

"Cleanse my soul from inbred sin ;
Wash and make me pure within."

"This," I thought, "'to be pure within,' is what I want ;" and, as they continued singing, my heart was touched, and I was affected to tears. The minister asked me if I wished to be prayed for. I told him that I wanted that peace that the world could not give nor take away. They then prayed for me, and I returned home feeling more composed. On retiring to my chamber, I, for the first time, considered what I had done, and began to count the cost. Oh ! it was going to cost me something. What would my mother say ? And as I took a

survey of all the obstacles which stood in my way, and which now loomed up before me mountain-high, my heart began to fail me. Just then, I thought I heard a voice saying, "If thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up;" and I thought I would venture my all on Jesus, and let him take care of the consequences. Faith sprang up in my soul; and I believed that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins, and he would be more for me than all who could be against me; and for the first time in my life, although I had often been to confession, did I feel the burden roll off, and I realized what that peace was which the world could not give nor take away.

Although the priest had often said to me, "Your sins are all forgiven, go in peace," when Jesus spoke peace, immediately there was a great calm. Oh, how he has stood by me in all my persecutions and trials, and defended me! He has most assuredly fulfilled that promise, "If thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up." I mourn that I have not been more faithful, and served him better. Although I strove to perform my duty, and attend all the means of grace, I found, as time wore on, there was still the carnal mind, as pride and anger, which, by the grace of God, I sometimes overcame, and sometimes they overcame me. I read Wesley "On Perfection," "The Guide to Holiness," and found there were heights and depths which I had never attained. I learned from the testimony of others that there was power in the blood of Jesus to save even to the uttermost; and I thought, after all this religion has cost me, I will have all there is of it.

About two years ago, I learned that meetings for holiness were held in a neighboring church, and availed myself of the opportunity to attend them, and seek the pearl of great price, — the blessing of perfect love. An opportunity was given for those seeking the baptism to come to the altar. I was among the first to present myself for prayers; and as Brother R. was praying for the Holy Ghost to come down, a mysterious change came over me. I was unconscious of surrounding objects, or where I was. I was alone with Jesus; a sweet and heavenly peace filled my soul; and the language of my heart was, —

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side."

I found that Jesus was indeed a full Saviour, and can testify that there is power in the blood of Jesus to save to the uttermost, by consecration and faith. I obtained the blessing, giving up my will to God, and believing that Jesus, according to his word, received the offering of soul and body; and I feel that I have placed myself in safe keeping. He is able to keep that which I have committed to him, until that day; and although Satan has laid many snares for me since the time that I committed myself wholly to the Lord, and has desired to have me that he might sift me as wheat, I feel that Jesus has prayed for me that my faith fail not. I cling to the word of God: how precious it has been to me! When trials have come which would otherwise have crushed me, I have felt that I stood upon "promised ground," a sure foundation. When the winds blew and the floods came, I could not be moved; for I had built upon a rock. It is easy for me to believe the promises. Although most of the time I am left to walk alone with Jesus, I do not murmur or complain, believing that all things work together for good to them that love God. I feel to say with the poet, —

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

For the Guide.

MAGNIFIED.

"The Lord was with him, and magnified him exceedingly." — 2 CHRON. i. 1.

A minute object, placed beneath the microscope, does not in itself become greater thereby, however it may appear to the eye looking upon it through the magnifying medium.

God sometimes magnifies the little ones he uses, making them seem great because of the honor he puts upon them, the wonders of grace he performs by them. Happy are they if they do not therefore magnify themselves, thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think.

Maggie.

For the Guide.

OBEY THE COMMAND.

BY W. F. R.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."—LUKE x. 27.

Truly, if I obey this command, I am perfected in love, and I do enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification.

But do I not obey this command? What! am I a professed follower of the Lord Jesus, and yet am I living in daily disobedience? Then am I not heaping up condemnation against myself daily? But how can poor human nature love God with *all* the heart, soul, mind, and strength? Ah! indeed, how can poor human nature love God at all? There must be a way to obey, else the command would not be given. The fact of an obligation fully establishes the possibility and the privilege. How, then, shall I ascend this apparently high mount of difficulty? Thank God! it is an easy way to the willing heart. Here it is: "I will circumcise thy heart to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." These words are spoken to the willing heart. He will thus circumcise our hearts if we will let him; not unless. The real mountain of difficulty is our stubborn will, not the attainment. But I am trying to love God with all my heart. How long have I been *trying*? Ever since my conversion years ago? Then have I been living in disobedience all this time? But will he not accept the trying for the doing? No, no, no! He might if he had withheld the grace to obey, or if he had only given a lack of power. The power which this spiritual circumcision imparts may be mine just now, if I will only yield to be circumcised. The trouble is not in the trying, but in trying with an uncircumcised heart. And still the command rests upon me; not, "Thou shalt *try*," but "Thou shalt." Had I not better give up trying until I go and get circumcised?

NEW YORK, 1866.

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

For the Guide.

SEEKING PERFECT LOVE.

BY R. HARGRAVE.

I struggle with my sin,
And look, O Lord! to thee;
I turn my anxious thoughts within,
And yearn for purity.

Thy law demands the love,—
A "perfect love" to God:
This, conscience gladly doth approve,
When sprinkled with Christ's blood.

His blood for me was spilt,
And still its grace remains:
The blood that cancelled all my guilt
Shall wash away my stains.

The strength is all thine own
Which can the work achieve:
Relying on thy strength alone,
I steadfastly believe.

My being I resign,
My all I consecrate:
Oh for the blessedness divine
Of an unsinning state!

SOLO OF HEAVEN.

"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.' And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke."—ISA. vi. 3, 4.

"One cried," and but one: they spake but one at a time. The passage defines what is called a solo. "One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy," &c. There is something delightful in one voice, in one lark rising in the heavens, or, when the shades of evening come down, one bird, a nightingale, warbling in the woods. One voice has been known to replicate miraculously, and to fill the ears of a vast and death-silent audience; the audience being enchanted by it, and held in the most exquisite captivation. What shall it be to hear a seraph sing? I exaggerate nothing; I come not up to the real import of the passage; for it is said, that, when he cried, "the posts of the door moved:" and they were no common posts; they were Jachin and Boaz. They had their names on account of their

stature and strength and glory; but they trembled at the seraph's voice.

On a great musical occasion in Westminster Abbey, in the reign of George III., there was one stroke, a swell so deep and so amazing, that the building shook, so that they were afraid of its repetition. But let me tell you that high anthems are sung in heaven. When they laid that stone at the building of the second temple, there was shouting which filled all heaven again.

But when Christ's great work is done; when all the myriads of the saints shall be gathered home, and all the unsinning creatures in the universe shall be gathered together to be the witnesses, — they shall raise such a chorus, they will hold such an anthem, as shall make the arches and the canopies of the universe to quiver again, as in sympathetic joy. And I do believe, that, in the heavenly world, there will be the solitary solo, and the social worship by twos, and by threes, and by fours, and the great united adoration of the immense multitude of myriads who shall come together on high festive occasions. Reader, will you be there?

High on a throne of burnished gold,
With rays of Godhead crowned,
Jehovah sat: his thunders rolled,
And glory sparkled round.

His flowing train of glittering white
The spacious temple filled:
The angels, dazzled at the sight,
With wings their faces veiled.

Around the throne, in burning row,
The six-winged seraphs stood;
While millions flying to and fro
Tuned all their harps to God.

"Thrice holy, holy Lord," they cry;
"The God of sabaoth thou:
Thy glory fills the worlds on high,
And fills the world below."

ANONYMOUS.

I am clinging to the Holy One, and carry my burdens to the cross, and leave them there.

"And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee."

From Drops of Water.

For the Guide.

A JUSTIFIED STATE.

REV. E. DAVIES.

Is it not plain that many mistake how much is involved in living in a justified state? They have been converted, made a profession of religion, joined the church, and performed some Christian duties, and are called Christians; and yet, if they would examine their hearts and lives in the light of the gospel, they would find themselves wanting in that degree of consecration, humility, faith, and obedience, that is implied in a justified state.

I. How may we obtain a state of justification? and how may we maintain it?

1. We obtained justification when we had such a view of the nature of sin, that we repented of it, and fled from it in all its forms, and solemnly pledged, that, if God would forgive the past, we would faithfully love and serve him for the future.

Now, it is manifest that we can maintain this state only as we obtained it. We must "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing." "As we received Christ Jesus the Lord, so we must walk in him," or we cannot maintain a conscience void of offence toward God and man. One known sin violates the promise of conversion, destroys our peace, and forfeits our justification; for "he that committeth sin is of the Devil." One sin is enough to destroy our souls forever. No unpardoned sinner can enter the kingdom of God. We must seek a new application of the blood of Christ.

2. We were justified, when, with our hearts, we believed on Christ for righteousness; and it is only by a constant act of faith, by a life of faith, that we can possibly maintain our justification, renouncing all dependence upon any thing that we have or can do, and trusting simply in Christ from moment to moment.

3. When we were willing to forgive men their trespasses, we found God willing to forgive ours. So, if we would continue in this state, we must be willing to forgive our enemies, yea, to heap coals of fire on their heads, and so not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. This we must do, or we are not justified before God.

4. It was when we were willing to make any sacrifices, and discharge the most crossing duties, that we found pardon; and not till then. Oh, how long we stood out against God! because we were not willing fully to submit to God, to go anywhere, to make any sacrifice, or to perform any pride-staining duty. But we had to yield or to perish.

So it is now. We can only maintain a state of acceptance with God while we hold ourselves in readiness to do or to suffer all the will of God.

II. What has this state to do with that of entire sanctification? Much every way. It leads directly into it. None can maintain a justified state who do not "go on to perfection." Christ died to "save his people from their sin," and to "destroy the works of the Devil," not only in part, but in whole; "that he might present to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;" and that all his children should come "to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Here is the grand ultimate set before all the children of God,—the mark toward which they must press, and the state in which they must live, if they would answer the end of the gospel scheme. And this must be their experience if they would fulfil the vows to forsake all sin, which they made at their conversion.

III. But what does all this imply?

1. That the young convert, when he finds any temper in his mind, or any affection in his heart, or any word in his mouth, that is not right, will at once fly to Christ for pardon, and for grace to sustain in time to come.

2. That when he makes the glorious discovery that it is his privilege to have all inbred sin removed, and to have his soul filled with all the fulness of God, he will go at once to God for this blessing, and never rest till he obtain it; that, to gain this heavenly felicity and Godlike purity, he will yield his whole heart, mind, soul, and spirit to the will of God.

If this is not done, the soul is brought so far into condemnation, and it cannot have confidence toward God; and its repeated

failures to resist temptation, and to conquer remaining lusts, bring the soul into darkness and discouragement, till at length they are tempted to give up their profession, lay down their cross, and fall into open sin. Alas that this is the sad career of so many who did run well!

There is no avoiding it, my fellow-Christian. You must go on to perfection, or you must go into condemnation. Which will you do? Oh!—

"Sink into the purple flood;
Rise to all the life of God."

IV. General reflections.

1. It is no small thing to be a Christian in any sense.

2. These considerations show us plainly where so many fail who began well in the heavenly cause.

3. They show also why so much reproach is brought upon the cause of Christ. His followers will not follow him fully. They will not love him with *all the heart*.

4. Here we see the reason why so few revivals prevail. The Church is too far from God; so unlike him in spirit and purpose, in purity and practice; so much like the world, that she loses her moral and saving power; and so thousands go yearly to hell, who otherwise would gain eternal life.

Let the Church have that spirit of sacrifice, of wrestling prayer, implicit faith, and yearning pity, which entire sanctification imparts and implies, and revivals would be her constant experience and delight.

V. How many of my readers maintain a justified state?

1. Do you hate and flee from sin as at the time of your conversion?

2. Do you live by faith on the Son of God?

3. Do you cultivate a spirit of forgiveness to your enemies?

4. Do you hold yourselves ready to make any sacrifices, and to do any duties, however hard, for Christ's sake?

UNION, ME., 1866.

For Thy righteousness' sake, bring my soul out of trouble.

For the Guide.

NEARER TO GOD; OR, EXPERIENCE IN
THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

MRS. H. HOLBROOK.

For a number of months past, the breathings of soul and the burden of prayer has been, "Nearer, my God, to thee, — nearer to thee." Our ever-faithful, covenant-keeping God has been, and still is, answering this prayer. Gradually the work is progressing in my heart, and to-day I feel that I am nearer to him than ever before: yet, all weakness and helplessness, I cry, "Nearer still;" not merely that "I may but touch the hem of his garment," but that I may be permanently hidden in the bleeding side of my blessed Jesus; that I may be so wholly swallowed up in him, that all of self may be utterly annihilated, — destroyed past resurrection.

In this sacred nearness to God, in closet communion, I get such exalted views of his infinite love, wisdom, and power, that it has the effect to produce in my heart the deepest humility and self-abasement. I see in the divine power a might sufficient to *save* me even to the uttermost, and *keep* me saved amid every kind of circumstances and surroundings in all the varied vicissitudes of life, and difficulties of the way. The precious revealing of the divine excellence and glory ravishes my heart, and fills it to overflowing with admiring wonder, love, and praise.

While it is mine to rejoice with ecstatic joy at times, it is also mine to possess that more reliable and abiding experience of quiet rest and repose of increasing faith, unshaken confidence, and fearless trust in God, and that passiveness which makes me willing to *be, do, or suffer* all the appointments of his dear will. The little infant in its parent's arms is not as helpless and weak as I: yet in this very weakness I am strong; for the strength of the Infinite is made perfect in finite weakness.

I am enabled to realize, to some extent, what it means, and how it is that God shall be all in all, and have *all* the praise for all I do. I am nothing, and of myself can do nothing; hence, in all that is done by me, it is not *I* that do it, but it is by the divine power manifested through the instrumen-

talities of my flesh. I see such amazing love and condescension in our Father in noticing such a "feeble one;" in using such a feeble instrumentality in his great and glorious work! Oh, I would be so entirely his for time and for eternity! Fain would I sound the praises of his grace abroad so loud, that all the world might hear and know that love and power that saves just now. With more than mortal tongue would I sing the preciousness of a crucified and risen Jesus, and the efficacy of his all-cleansing blood. I may not *fully* do this while in the flesh; but with the enlarged capacities of a glorified spirit, free from the infirmities of "broken thought and language lame," I can then, in a nobler, sweeter strain, join with the blood-washed throng around the throne, and sing the triumphs of redeeming grace and dying love of our ever-blessed Triune God.

IONIA, MICH.

For the Guide.

BISHOP HAMLINE.

BY PRESIDENT MAHAN.

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D.D., late one of the Bishops of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. By Walter C. Palmer, M.D."

When I received from Mrs. Palmer a copy of the work above named, I had, from my previous knowledge of the subject, a conviction that I had received a gift of great value. I had no apprehension, however, of the priceless value of the gift, until I had familiarized myself with the contents of the volume. Bishop Hamline was originally endowed with mental powers of a high order, and with a natural decision of character, and fervency of spirit, which insured the supreme devotion of all his energies to any cause to which he might dedicate his life. At the same time, his mental powers were brought to a high form of development by a finished education. When *such* a mind dedicates its whole being to Christ, and the advancement of his kingdom, and, above all, when such a mind becomes richly experienced in all the developments of "the higher life," we then have presented to our contemplation a form of Christian character and experience with

which all, who would be Christians indeed, should endeavor to acquaint themselves. In "The Life and Letters" of Bishop Hamline, such a character, and form of experience, are brought out in full and impressive and distinct visibility before the mind; a character and experience in which dignity and simplicity, calm self-possession, and a quenchless fervency of spirit, earnest zeal, and the greatest kindness and condescension, are blended in forms seldom equalled. Occupying the highest position attainable in the church of which he was a member, he was ever among the brotherhood "as one that serveth;" never shrinking from any form of labor by which he could benefit, in any degree, "the least in the kingdom of heaven." His work is also fraught throughout with the most important reflections and suggestions in regard to the secrets of the Christian, and especially of the "higher life" in Christ. Were I asked the question, "What Christian memoir would you commend to my earliest perusal?" I should unhesitatingly reply, "'The Life and Letters' of Bishop Hamline."

ADRIAN, NOV. 5, 1866.

We have received the following timely article from the Rev. Dr. Wise. We hope our readers will not fail to peruse it, and commend it to those within the circle of their friends to whom it may be a word in season. —EDS.

EASY-CHAIR PIETY.

If we mistake not the temper of the times, there is a growing tendency among prosperous Christian men and women to lower the standard of Christian duty. Christ's doctrine of self-denial is so explained as to tolerate practices which the Church formally believed it condemned. Latitudinarianism, not to say Antinomianism, is on the increase. A morning attendance at church, followed by a sumptuous dinner, a nap, and an evening of worldly conversation, is thought by some to be a satisfactory observance of the Christian Sabbath. The use of wine, not to say stronger liquors, at the dinner-table, is not unfrequent in so-called Christian homes. Attendance at the opera or theatre is no more to be classed among interdicted

amusements. The sons and daughters of Christian households are to be trained in dancing-schools, permitted to give juvenile balls, taught to play checkers, chess, billiards, and even cards. Opposition to these indulgences is pronounced Puritanism; and Christianity is to be made so tolerant, that such time-honored phrases as self-crucifixion, self-denial, keeping the body under, spiritually-minded, and the like, are to be cast out of the Christian vocabulary. Piety is no longer to be armor-clad, armed, and bivouacked in the battle-field, but is to be clothed in gay dressing-gown, slippered, and lodged in well-stuffed easy-chairs. The road to heaven is to be travelled in railway-cars, with ample accommodations for the world, the flesh, and the Devil, in suitable portions of the train.

We do not affirm that this state of things is universal, nor even general. God forbid they should be so! If they were, the Church would be already fallen; which we do not believe. But that they are not uncommon in populous cities, every man largely conversant with Christian society must admit. That this spirit of self-indulgence is cherished and defended in and by numerous Christian families, is undeniable. That it is increasing, is equally true. That it will become general, if not sternly checked, we greatly fear.

That this self-indulgent spirit is contrary to the spirit and genius of Christianity, must, we think, be admitted. The purpose of Christianity is to bring the animal, the intellectual, the affectional nature of man into subordination to the moral and spiritual. Its grand aim is to make Jesus Lord of the soul and body. Hence every thing which hinders the cultivation of the moral and spiritual nature is hostile to the purposes of Christianity. But the amusements and indulgences referred to are hinderances to the unfolding of the divine life. Who denies this? Is the atmosphere of a theatre, opera-house, or ball-room, favorable to piety? Do the fumes of wine excite love to God and man? Does a man grow holier by eating sumptuous dinners, or by sleeping and trifling away his hours on Sunday afternoons? Nay, verily. These things tend rather to strengthen that stubborn self which the gospel called upon its followers to cru-

cify, to make the body master of the soul, and to grieve the Holy Spirit of God.

Either, then, this slipshod piety is wrong, or the Church has hitherto misinterpreted the gospel. We believe the Church to be right, and that her life depends on her opposition to the latitudinarianism which is insinuating itself into her bosom. She must subdue it, or it will destroy her.

Does the reader agree with me? Let him join his protest against these things to mine. Let him stand up for a strictly-interpreted gospel,—for the gospel of self-denial, of separation from the world, and of heavenly-mindedness. If he cannot stay the tide of growing evil, let him at least keep out of it, and do what he may by word and deed to keep those out who are under his personal influence.

For the Guide.

PROVOKING GOD.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

How? With the unfelt prayer that He
Will feed and clothe the poor,
While worthy calls for charity
Go empty from our door.

How? With a heart of discontent,
And lips that oft complain
About the weather; since 'tis He
Who giveth sun and rain.

How? With that cruel unbelief
Which questions more or less
His holy word, his dying love,
His perfect faithfulness.

How? With a heart whose carelessness
Heeds not the Spirit's voice,
Or stubbornly declines to yield,
But treads the path of choice.

How? With a proud and haughty air,
Vain thoughts and vain desire,
Affections wedded to the world
And Fashion's gay attire.

How? With that cloak of piety
Which masks the man of sin,
Whose pious words and pious face
Befit the heart within.

How? With that mean excuse which keeps
Us from the house of prayer
When Duty's faithful, earnest voice
Commands us to be there.

How? With that selfish stewardship
Which never has to spare;
Is not content to pay its rent,
And take a steward's share.

How? With that sleepy worship which
Cold formalism shows;
Which makes His solemn, earthly courts
A temple for repose.

How? With our grudging sacrifice
When but a part we bring,
And think that we may please Him with
A blemished offering.

How? With those hands which often lay
Their Master's weapons down,
And, seeking to evade the cross,
Still hope to win a crown.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N.Y.

For the Guide.

GOD'S INTIMACY WITH HIS CHILDREN.

I. N. KANAGA.

Man forgives; but he seldom forgets. Often he cherishes ill-will in his heart against another to the very end of life. Even if man forgives, he often holds a grudge against the one forgiven,—keeps him at a distance, treats him but coldly, and talks of him with indifference, or want of due regard.

Not so with God. He forgives even his greatest enemies, and eternally forgets all their iniquities and misdemeanors. What wondrous compassion and love is this! Then he invites them to his house, feeds them on heavenly manna, defends them with his own mighty arm, walks and converses with them. He is intimately associated with his children. He causes them to lean upon his own arm, and recline upon his bosom. He guards them, compassionates them, blesses them, saves them. God's children are his bride, his jewels, his glory. Oh, what intimacy and love in our glorious Redeemer! Let us see that we love him in return with all our hearts, and walk worthy of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

NEWARK, N. J., 1866.

For the Guide.

GIFT OF POWER RECEIVED.

MRS. A. M. KNAPP.

When a little girl of eleven summers, I gave my heart to Jesus, and my name to the Methodist-Episcopal Church, in whose cradle I have been rocked from my infancy. For some time after my conversion, I was very happy in the love of my Saviour, but soon was convicted of the need of a deeper work of grace. I thought that a few of my classmates enjoyed something which I did not possess; but, not having been clearly taught the doctrine of holiness, I scarcely knew what was wanting. Thus Satan often tried to make me believe I was deceived, and had no religion at all. Oh the agony of my soul during such severe conflicts! But Jesus knew my heart and its desires, and did not forsake me, but often cheered my drooping spirit. After living in this way for several years, I was enabled by some means to ascertain that that which I had so long been needing was the blessing of entire sanctification. But still a want of a correct knowledge of what God required of me in order to receive the blessing kept me from obtaining it. Many times did I retire to some secret spot, and there wrestle and agonize for hours before God for deliverance, but, not knowing the easy way of faith, would go away sad and disappointed. Thus more than fourteen years passed away from the time I started for heaven until I was fully enabled to trust in Christ, chiefly owing to a want of knowledge. God only knows how much I regret this loss of time, and how I praise him for leading me in a way I knew not. I fear too many of God's sanctified children fail to do their duty by not speaking personally and very plainly to the young convert on the subject of holiness. We have reason to believe there are many sincere Christians in the Church (both young and old) who realize their need of a deeper work of grace in their hearts, but need light on this all-important subject. They have not the courage to come to us; but we must go to them. Ought we not freely to give to others of that which God freely gives to us? Oh that we who are *all* the Lord's may do our whole duty, and not keep others in the

dark as I have been, until God in merey placed me under the care of one of his holy ambassadors! After my marriage, we removed from the State of Pennsylvania to the northern part of Indiana, where, for more than a year, we were deprived of attending public religious worship, none being held in the district in which we resided. Situated thus, I had almost concluded that I could not grow in grace, but was still endeavoring to retain what little religion I had. In the midst of these surroundings, the Lord, I believe in direct answer to my prayer, sent our devoted pastor to make me a visit one afternoon during the holidays of 1864, to whom I was enabled to reveal the desires of my heart, and longings of my soul, for the blessing of holiness. He endeavored to point out the way plainly to me, which he knew by blessed experience; and then gave me three or four numbers of "The Guide," among which, *thank God*, was the October and November numbers, containing the "Act of Faith," by which the blessing of holiness is obtained and retained, written by Sister Palmer; from which, *blessed be God!* I was enabled to receive the needed light. I continued to struggle about two weeks before I found peace. The great difficulty with me was, I wanted the *witness*; then I would believe that the offering was accepted. It seemed too much for me to come down to the simplicity of faith, and venture out upon the word of God. The awful sin of unbelief was so clear to my mind, after receiving Sister Palmer's instruction, that I sometimes feared and trembled before God. Still I refused to believe, on account of not having a certain state of feeling. I wanted to receive the blessing in my own way; but, glory be to Jesus! on the 11th of February, 1866, I was enabled to come to the point, and say, "Lord, I *must*, I *do*, believe, in spite of frames or feelings; for thou hast promised, and thou canst not deny thyself: thou dost now receive me." The moment I began to believe, peace began to flow; and, as I continued to believe, peace continued more freely to flow, until it flowed like a river, and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Oh, what a blessed change was wrought in my entire being! The Bible seemed like a new book.

It was now indeed *life* and *spirit* to me. Prayer was turned into praise; and I was so filled with the presence of God, that I could scarcely eat or sleep. Jesus was my *all* in *all*; and I felt like praising him day and night. I did not enjoy this ecstatic bliss many days: these joyous emotions in a measure subsided. Soon the Tempter came. He told me I was deceived: God had not accepted my offering. It was all a delusion. I told him the change was too great: he could not make me believe that God had not accepted. The next suggestion was, if God did accept, he does not *now*, or that ecstasy of joy would still continue. I had almost formed the idea that a sanctified person would always have joyous emotions: so the Tempter gained some ground. A great struggle began, which continued about ten days. The conflict was severe; but my determinations were strong. My prayer was for a mighty baptism, that I might have a complete victory; and one morning, while engaged in household duties, the victory was given. Oh, what a baptism! It seemed to fall direct from the throne of God, penetrating my entire being. As well might I *now* have doubted my own existence as to doubt my acceptance with God. The Spirit was bearing direct witness with my spirit that I was wholly the Lord's. From this time I was enabled to grow in grace, and see new beauties in the way from day to day, in the midst of all my privations. I found holiness was just what I needed. "Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song." My happiest hours and sweetest moments were when all alone with God; although I so much loved to be with God's chosen ones, and worship in his sanctuary. Such was my all-consuming love for Jesus, and anxiety for the salvation of precious souls around me, that I longed to go from house to house to urge sinners to come to Christ. The dear children and youth were also laid upon my hearts. Oh, how I desired to have them gathered into a Sabbath school, that they might be instructed in the way of truth and holiness!

An effort was made to organize a school, and the Lord crowned it with success. Last spring, our devoted pastor formed a small class, and reported it to Confer-

ence. Since then, *thank God*, we have the gospel preached here statedly; and we are looking for the mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God during this season. May the God of all grace fulfil our earnest desires in the salvation of every unsaved sinner in this whole community, and the sanctification of every believer! Let the reader say AMEN and AMEN! I dearly love the cause of Christ, and to labor for him. I have severe conflicts; but they prove glorious victories; and I have learned to trust God, whether I have joyous emotions or not. That sweet abiding peace which Jesus has promised to his disciples, he grants to me continually. Glory to God! holiness is power. Oh, how I long to see the Church possess this power! Then would we see rebellious hearts brought low at the feet of Jesus. My heart rejoices in view of the fact that she is coming up out of the wilderness, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. God speed the day!

"The Guide" is a great help to me. I prize it next to my Bible. Am desirous to have it placed in the hands of every Christian. May it prove as great a blessing to its many thousand readers as it has and does to me! May we become a mighty army for God, each one being baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire sent down from heaven! and may its editors receive a double portion of the Spirit of God! The language of my heart is, —

"Oh that the world might taste, and see
The riches of his grace!
— The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

For more than eighteen months past have I had a longing desire to see dear Sister Palmer; and, to the praise of God, I wish to say that my desires were fulfilled in a way I had not looked for. During the month of August, at the Lima Centenary Camp-meeting, we were permitted to listen to the holy teachings of both the venerated Dr. and Sister P——, and witness the power of holiness as never before. Much of the presence of the Triune God was felt. The Holy Spirit was present in mighty power. We were permitted to see scores of seekers in the altar at a time, some for

pardon, and many others for purity. We do not know how many were saved through faith : but we trust many realized the power of Jesus to forgive sin, and many more his power to fully cleanse ; while many who for months past have tested the grace so freely offered realized the simplicity of faith, and power of holiness, as never before. May the feasts of tabernacles greatly increase all over our land ! and may the Head of the Church crown them with glorious success !

LIMA CIRCUIT, IND., September, 1866.

For the Guide.

SPIRITUAL EMOTIONS.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

It is supposed by many who are anxiously and earnestly seeking the blessing of Christian holiness that it consists principally in spiritual emotions : and per consequence, in seeking a clean heart, they seek and earnestly pray and struggle to get happy ; concluding, from this stand-point of their own setting up, that to get a great happying blessing is to possess holiness, instead of sinking down into all the will of God in simplicity, and fully trusting his promise : " I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean ; from all your filthiness and idols will I cleanse you ; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you," &c. (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.) That kind of trust, in connection with entire consecration, will bring you the blessing of full salvation. For the blood of Jesus cleanseth every heart that is given to God in entire consecration with full trust. Now, — just now, — just as you are, and without laboring to prepare yourself, provided you are in a justified state. If not, you are not prepared to seek Christian purity, but must first seek a clear state of justification. Then the steps we have named may be immediately taken with an assurance of success ; and as for the emotional, which you so much desire, which is extra, and more properly belongs to heaven, you will have more or less of after you have believed God in his Word, and done your duty in definite confession. And be very careful you do not deny what God has done for you by your silence, and allow

Satan to assist you in explaining away the blessing God has given you by saying that was not it. But, remember, Jesus says, " What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe ye receive them, and ye shall have them." " Then, if ye ask bread, he will not give you a stone ; or, if ye ask a fish, he will not give you a serpent." " For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth."

Then we must testify ; " for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." But rest assured, if you are merely seeking the emotion, instead of trusting God, you will have a dark and tedious time of it. Or if you are trying to work yourself up to a certain point in your experience which you think is preparatory to your receiving light and influence sufficient to enable you to fully trust the cleansing power of the precious blood of Jesus, you are mistaken, and will have to labor on in vain, like a dear brother in Mount Holly, who had been for two long years seeking this blessed grace in this manner, with whom the writer was privileged to spend a very pleasant Sabbath a few weeks ago, at which time he gently stepped into the fountain of cleansing, and was made whole immediately by faith, and from whom we have just received a very precious letter, part of which we give, in hope of doing good to others : —

" It is all love, brother, — a sweet rest of faith. Oh, what glory has filled my soul since I entered the promised land by faith ! What a pleasant country I behold before me ; all the crooked places made straight ; and the rough, smooth ! I wonder now, when I review the past, and see how I have struggled for light, when I might have received it just by believing God's precious word. Thus far, God has enabled me to testify to the cleansing power of the precious blood of Jesus. Praise his holy name ! " Thus we see God does give glory (emotions) at his pleasure, when we fully trust him with or without feeling, and testify in definite experience. But these emotions of joy in the soul are beyond the cleansing, not this side of it, and are additional blessings. They are some of the rich fruits of the land of perfect love. Now, beloveds, let us be en-

tirely willing to trust God for all the hereafters, and consecrate them all to him, and he will do just right with us, and all we have and are, or ever expect to be; and we will be cleansed and kept pure in heart, and consequently safe and happy. Want of space in this valuable periodical (which should be in every family in the world) will not allow me to give in detail all that should be embraced in entire consecration. The Holy Spirit will help you to do it. The blessed Holy Ghost will show you all: listen to him. But let me say in conclusion, Gather up every thing in and around you and connected with your being, and make up one complete package, and tie it up with the will which has control of all we have; and lay the entire bundle on God's altar, which is Christ, as a living, willing sacrifice which God accepts now, and you are cleansed. Hallelujah! Amen!

For the Guide.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

REV. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our deceased brother was born of pious parents, members of the Wesleyan Church, in the north of Ireland, who brought him up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and to their godly instruction he gave good attention by showing much earnestness of mind respecting religion, even when quite a boy, so that those who were acquainted with him foretold that he would become a minister of Christ.

His parents, with their children, emigrated to this country about forty years ago, and settled on a farm at La Chute, in Canada East. As our brother grew up to manhood, his mind was greatly troubled on some doctrines of the Bible, especially respecting the deity of Christ; but, while he was thus perplexed, he was not known to receive or avow the cold and hopeless theories of infidelity.

In 1832, he attended a series of religious services conducted by the late Rev. William Squire, in the old Wesleyan Chapel of Montreal. Brother Campbell became deeply concerned for the welfare of his soul, and attended those services with great regularity; and one evening, as the congregation were singing the doxology at the close of the service, God spoke peace to his soul, and he was able to "rejoice in hope of the glory of

God," and to "walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." He then began to exercise his talents by engaging in public prayer; and, such was the confidence and esteem in which the "Official Board" held him, that he was shortly afterwards appointed a "class-leader." He attended to the duties of his office with great punctuality and conscientiousness. From the time of his conversion to God, he felt a strong desire to preach the word to his fellow-men; but he was afraid of being presumptuous, and consequently did not make known to others the feelings and convictions of his mind. But a discerning church believed that he had talents for usefulness, and appointed him a "local preacher;" and after laboring for some time in that capacity, and giving himself to study, he was called to travel as a probationer of the Wesleyan ministry in Canada East, and engaged upon his labors in 1837. He passed through his four years of probation with credit to himself, and satisfaction to the church; and was ordained in 1841.

Shortly after his ordination, he was married to Miss Harriet C. Burrell, a pious young lady, who has been to him as a minister, a "helpmeet" indeed; and she and their surviving children remain to mourn the loss of a husband and a father.

Brother Campbell was stationed on several circuits, both in Eastern and Western Canada; and, in all of these, sinners were converted to God; and, in some places, glorious revivals of religion occurred, when hundreds of precious souls were brought to the knowledge of Christ as their Saviour.

In 1860, in consequence of declining health, which incapacitated him for our itinerant work, he was superannuated, and took up his residence in the city of Hamilton, where he lived until he entered into his rest. On retiring from the duties of a travelling preacher, he became agent for "The Guide to Holiness;" and, by diligent and conscientious fidelity to the duties of his office, he succeeded in extending the circulation of that useful periodical; and thus, even in retirement, his labors were made a blessing to thousands.

Our departed brother had a slight attack of paralysis about five weeks before his death. This partially deprived him of the use of his left side, and made the impression upon his mind that he would not recover; and so he arranged his temporal affairs, and in this respect prepared to die. He had been accustomed to talk to persons about

religion as opportunity offered, and he continued to do so as long as he was able. To a friend who visited him he said of himself, "The vessel is wrecked; but the cargo is insured." He made very clear and satisfactory statements respecting his own condition as a Christian. He said, "I have no ecstasy; but I have abiding peace. When I was justified, and when I was sanctified, I had much joy; but now it is settled and undisturbed peace. I have no doubts, fears, nor temptations: all is peace. And, now that I am walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil: for God is with me; yes, God is with me."

A friend said to him, "The dark valley is lighted up."—"Yes, all is light," he replied. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, the glorious victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He reasoned of the folly of those men who talk of the soul sleeping when the body is dead. "Lazarus was not asleep," said he; "no, nor the rich man either. 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' The thief was not to be asleep, and Jesus would not be asleep. 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Yes; and what would heaven be without Christ? I would not wish to go there if Jesus was not there." These quotations and sayings show the state of his mind just before he became unconscious: they were the last words of the dying Christian minister.

All that remains for me now to do, in this brief obituary, is to make a few remarks upon his character as a Christian and a minister. He was remarkable during his life for industry: he was never unemployed, nor triflingly employed; he tried to make the most of his time as his health and circumstances would permit. He was a man of integrity, and strictly conscientious in his dealings: he would not take advantage of the ignorance nor circumstances of a fellow-being. Whatever appeared to be his duty, he attended to, although sometimes at very great personal inconvenience, and in despite of the remonstrances of friends. On one occasion, when his daughter was supposed to be at the point of death, he said, "I must go to my appointment, and the Lord will take care of you and our dear child:" and his faith was not misplaced; for, contrary to all expectation, she recovered. He was a Christian of more than ordinary trust in God. His was not merely a passive submission, but an *active faith* in God. He laid hold of the promises,

and grasped the blessings held out to faith. He said the study of geology had established his faith in God: the more deeply he studied the subject, the stronger his faith became.

Early in the morning of his last Sabbath on earth, he went into convulsions; and, to those around him, he seemed to suffer exceedingly: but, when they passed off, his mind was clear and calm, and his last interview with his family was all that we could expect to see in a Christian husband and father. He was eminently devotional: he breathed an atmosphere of praise and prayer until he fell into a sweet sleep, which was followed by spasms; and from that time he was no more conscious, so far as his friends could see, until his immortal spirit was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

He expired on Monday evening, 12th November, 1866.

For the Guide.

MRS. A. H. CRAMER.

REV. J. S. INSKIP.

Mrs. Anna H. Cramer departed this life in blissful hope of a glorious immortality, Aug. 24, 1866, in the forty-first year of her age. She was converted to God, and joined the Kensington M. E. Church of Philadelphia, under the ministry of the Rev. H. G. King. For many years, there was nothing very remarkable or extraordinary in her religious life and character. Her constitutional timidity and retiring habits tended somewhat to hinder her progress, and circumscribe her sphere of labor. In her domestic relations she was best known, and most highly esteemed. As a child, a wife, and a mother, her peculiar cast of mind had ample opportunity for development. There have been but few to excel her in the purity and power of her home-influence.

Sister Cramer was always in thorough sympathy with the polity and usages of the church of her choice; and in various ways, as opportunity presented, she sought to do good to those around her. Cheerful, pure-minded, sincere, and amiable, her example and influence were a benefit to all with whom she associated, a blessing to all who knew her. About two years ago, she visited the family of the writer, and, during her stay, became deeply interested in the subject of Christian holiness as a definite reli-

gious experience and life. Her spirit was enamoured with the idea of being purified by the blood of the Lamb. For months her constant cry was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" In the summer of 1865, at the Penn's-grove Camp-meeting, after a most intense struggle, she was enabled to place all "on the altar," and to realize that the offering she had made was a "living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God." Upon this assurance, there did not immediately follow the raptures she had anticipated. Yet she sweetly rested in Jesus, and the peace that "passeth all understanding" filled her mind and heart. She at once felt it to be her privilege and duty to confess Christ. On returning home, she communicated to her husband the glorious intelligence of what God had done for her soul. As soon as opportunity occurred, in class-meeting, in love-feast, in prayer-meeting, and elsewhere, she declared the "great salvation."

From this time until she passed away, she was truly a "burning and a shining light." Her life was, in the fullest sense, "a life of faith in the Son of God." She studied the Scriptures, and stored her mind with the many "exceeding great and precious promises," which she used for her own comfort and the edification of others. She read extensively the best books upon the subject of holiness, and thus prepared herself for the field of usefulness to which she was called.

Her testimony, whenever it was given, was definite and instructive. Few could present such a lucid and comprehensive view of Christian purity as she sometimes would set forth in alluding to God's dealings with her. There was a ripeness and richness in her thoughts, and a force and beauty in her manner of speaking, which made it a privilege to hear her. Thus blessed and endowed, she became profoundly interested for the salvation of others. Day and night, she earnestly prayed for a revival of the work of God. She faithfully warned the unconverted, urged lukewarm professors to arouse from their slumbers, and encouraged inquiring souls to "look to Jesus." In her spirit and conduct to all, she gave the most satisfactory evidence that she had been made "perfect in love."

For some days prior to her decease, she seemed to be unusually "filled with the Spirit." As though she were conscious of her approaching dissolution, she truly "walked with God." An extraordinary and hallowing influence emanated from her very words. Hence, when the messenger came and called her away, she was ready. When passing through the valley, she had strength to say but little. Her testimony was left in her life. Yet, in the moment when she was sinking, she said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." She added, "Death is only a sweet relief. Yes, 'tis sweet to die." After this, her husband asked, "Is all well?" She responded, "Yes: Jesus is very precious." So closed the earthly career of our much-esteemed friend. Her happy soul is at rest in the home of the blessed. She "overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

BEARING FRUIT.

I have heard Mr. Cecil mention with much feeling, says his biographer, many deep and secret conflicts of mind with which he was exercised while at college; added to which, he had many insults which profligate young men offer to piety. Under these depressing influences, he was one day walking in the Botanical Gardens, where he observed a very fine pomegranate-tree cut almost through the stems near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong, that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and, when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." The gardener's explanation of this act conveyed a striking illustration to Mr. Cecil's mind, and he went back to his room comforted and instructed. Truly does our Lord say, "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

"For God's correction render praise;
He gives it for thy good:
The lash is steeped he on thee lays,
And softened with his blood."

DIVINE PRESENCE.

R. M. A.

While walking to-day some distance from home, I was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower. The moment the rain touched my face, I felt such a glow of love in my heart, that I said aloud, "Praise God!" Immediately I felt that there was a sacred Presence with me, a Presence of power and life and light and love; and though the thunder rolled nearer and nearer, the storm came harder and harder, the Presence manifested itself all the more sweetly. I passed house after house, but could not stop until arrived at my own door. Oh that glorious Presence! I think I shall never forget it.

Welcome storm or sunshine, only let me have the *Presence*. I covet trial, adversity, or *any* storm, so that the Divine Presence may be manifested to me. Why should I not, when He is continually saying to me, "My presence shall go with thee, and give thee rest"? Blessed rest! Jesus! — the soul's sabbath! — let me cling to thee

"Till the storm of life be past"

JACKSON, MICH.

GOD'S LOVE.

For the Guide.

I. N. KANAGA.

Ah! we should love God because he first loved us. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" What manner of love! It is a free gift; unceasing, stupendous, undying love!

God's love to man surpasses the love of all beneath. It far transcends all our conceptions. This is love indeed that will cause a man to lay down his life for his *friend*. Greater love hath no man than this; but God laid down his life for his *enemies*.

This is transcendent love, — love all love excelling! Seeing, then, God has so loved us, we ought to love one another. We ought to love God, and love him supremely. Let us love him with all our heart.

"Oh! for this love let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break;

And all harmonious, human tongues

Their Saviour's praises speak."

NEWARK, N. J.

DROPS OF WATER.

REV. J. S. INSKIP.

I want to suggest about "DROPS OF WATER," that it deserves to be designated SPRINGS, FOUNTAINS, AND RIVERS OF LIVING WATERS.

I have not for a long time met a book so full of the quintessence of religion as this in its statement of deep communion with God. Then, too, it is so unpretending! Everybody should get it that can. I love to peruse it.

Editorial.

CANDIDATES FOR THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Life's journey, at the longest, is but short. But we shall all meet again; yes, we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ to answer for the deeds done in the body. These bodies shall sleep in the tomb; and then, —

"Waked by the trumpet's voice,

We from our graves shall rise,

And see the Judge with glory crowned,

And see the flaming skies."

Oh, what scenes shall we then witness not as mere *spectators*; but every one who has lived since the days of Adam down to the remotest period of time shall rise from the dust of the earth, some to shame and everlasting contempt; others to glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life.

Daniel says, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." But who are the wise? Infinite Wisdom informs us: "He that winneth souls is wise." Oh! these are the truly wise. But we need grace to do this work. If he that winneth souls is wise, then he that is not an adept in winning souls is not wise. And it is only the wise that are to shine as the brightness of the firmament. But may every disciple of the Saviour learn this holy art of soul-saving? May all receive the gift of power delegated to the male and female disciples on the day of Pentecost? We have heard of water-baptism; but

we may all have the thing signified, that is, the baptism of the Holy Ghost; without which, water-baptism will avail us nothing.

And may this baptism be received now? Why not? Is there not One in our midst who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire? When candidates for water-baptism receive that ordinance, they let it be publicly known that they do desire; and then at the time appointed they present themselves as candidates, and receive baptism. When is the Lord's time to administer this ordinance? Is it now?

Of too many of Christ's disciples of every denomination may it not even in this remote period of the age of the world be said, as was said to some disciples in the days of Paul, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? (Acts 19.) What is water-baptism to us, whether of sprinkling or pouring or immersion, if the thing signified is not met in our experience? Though we know that circumcision may be considered as a sign of baptism, yet neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.

Peter might have joined in earnest and angry debate in regard to the mode; but how small a matter would this have been, so long as the baptism of the Spirit, the inward and spiritual grace, of which water-baptism was a type, — so long as this was wanting, what did this or any other form or ceremony avail? Had not Peter sought and obtained the baptism of the Holy Ghost, his baptizing others or being baptized himself would have signified nothing but to increase his responsibility. Before the reception of this baptism of the Spirit, he could quarrel with his brethren for the pre-eminence; and though, in his fitful endeavors, he might manifest zeal to build up his party, as when he cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, yet he could cruelly forsake his Master in his hour of greatest anguish and deepest peril. He could be ashamed of his precious Master, and even deny him with oaths and curses before a servant-maid; but, after the reception of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, what a steady, unquenchable flame of self-sacrificing zeal do we behold in the case of Peter!

Instead of denying his Master before a servant-maid, he could now boldly and nobly acknowledge and defend the cause of his crucified Lord before the whole Jewish sanhedrim, and before congregated hundreds of the betrayers and murderers of the Just and Holy One, and charge home the

death and suffering of the Son of God. Oh! surely nothing less than a new creature in Christ Jesus will avail.

Nothing but the circumcision of the heart will insure conscious purity of purpose and a rectified Christian life. What is circumcision, unless it be a circumcision of the heart? What will water-baptism avail us, unless the thing signified, which is the baptism of the Holy Ghost, be received? If this has been received, then the recipients of this baptism, in all their daily walk and conversation, will show the power of this baptism of the Spirit. What a different man was Peter after he received this baptism of the Spirit from what he was before! Before this, though he might have been baptized with water himself, and himself have baptized others (and this doubtless he had done; for it is written, "Jesus baptized not, but his disciples," showing evidently that this was not one of the weightier matters of the law), yet how little did this water-baptism avail, so long as the thing signified remained to be accomplished!

P. P.

EXPLANATION.

Some time since, our excellent correspondent, an honored minister of the Wesleyan body, residing in Canada, told us he had sent us Dr. Chalmers's experience on the subject of entire sanctification; having, as we supposed, made extracts from portions of the works of that eminent divine.

At this time, we were abroad; and, on our return home, the looked-for paper was, as we imagined, placed in our hands, with simply the heading, *Experience*, without any name; but the narration so far exceeded our anticipations, that we hesitated in publishing it till we might again hear from the Rev. W. H. Poole, not doubting but this was the article he had sent.

His reply was, that it was the experience of Dr. Chalmers of Edinburgh, referring to the piece he had written, and not to the one we had supposed was his. His article on Dr. Chalmers has not come to hand: hence our mistake. We have since learned that the article that appeared as Brother Poole's was written by Rev. W. H. Boole, being the experience of a Baptist minister instead of Dr. Chalmers. We think a similar mistake will not be likely soon to occur again.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

REVIVAL IN RAHWAY, N. J.

REV. DAVID GRAVES.

In the kind providence of God, the First M. E. Church in this city has been favored with twelve days of the faithful labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer; which labors have been, through the divine aid, a very great, and, I trust, a lasting blessing to this community. The power of the Church, namely, Christian holiness, has taken a deep hold of the members of the Church. The blessed Saviour has followers here that can and do testify that his blood cleanseth from all sin. The writer of this would be very ungrateful if he did not acknowledge, through the great mercy of God, that he and his dear companion are enabled to say that Christ saves now, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. Oh! how my soul melts under the divine influence as I make this acknowledgment, as I do, in honor of my blessed Saviour! This is the sixth week of our extra efforts to save souls. One hundred and six have professed to have obtained the pardoning mercy of God. The work is still progressing. To the name of Jesus be all the glory!

For the Guide.

Your readers will be glad to know that the work of holiness is going on in this region. We have holiness-meetings every Monday night, and give lectures on the subject, and relate our experience, and pray for more of "the beauty of holiness." And so the subject is kept up before the mind, and pressed home upon the heart, and exhibited in the life; and, as a sure result, a deep feeling is manifest for the salvation of sinners, and they are being converted every week, and sometimes every day. I believe that holiness-meetings might be held with profit on almost every charge.

We have had two watch-meetings already to pray for the sanctification of the Church and the conversion of sinners; and these have been special seasons of power and profit, and the results of these continued hours of earnest prayer are already seen all around. Glory be to God!

E. DAVIES.

UNION, ME.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

"MOUNTAIN OF HIS HOLINESS."

MRS. D. S. G. JENKINS.

For several Sabbaths, my husband has read to me in your beautiful "Guide to Holiness." As he finishes each paragraph, my soul involuntarily exclaims, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings!"

My soul rejoices that the mountain of holiness is covered with illustrious footprints; and all along the shining path the devout follower of Christ sees on either hand inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Humble reader, do you ask, "Is it a mountain that we have to ascend?" Yes: it is the mountain of holiness. Do not fear: your head will not be dizzy. Place your hand in Christ's; look confidently into his face, all radiant with celestial love; and in a voice full of heavenly melody he will teach, "Be ye holy as I am holy." What he has said unto all, he has said unto you: "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." What is not of faith is sin.

Do not turn away, dear brother or sister, and say, "These are hard sayings: who can bear them?" You have sought Christ, and found him. Now the word of truth will be a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path. This will direct you to the highway that is thrown up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in.

At the door of regeneration, at its entrance, stands the cross of Christ, stained with the blood of Him who was offered. You have accepted the sacrifice, and are now within the fold. You feel that you are an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ.

You rejoice: you have reason to rejoice. Angels have rejoiced over your redemption, and the Church has been made glad; yes, fathers and mothers in Israel have been made glad: their feeble voices have made the place vocal with their praises, their tremulous hands have been lifted up, and their feeble knees have been strengthened.

Fathers and mothers in Israel, God has especially honored you by giving into your

hand these precious souls. You are to nourish and cherish, and by precept and example teach them, that, without holiness, no man can see God. The work of the Christian, indeed, is complicated: we should be as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

It is necessary that we should study the character of our young brother and sister. The skeptic asks why; for, if he is a child of God, old things have passed away, and all things with him have become new. They have been born of God, but not yet fully clothed with his righteousness.

Let us with great care lead them to that fountain that will be in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Dear reader, will you be surprised when I tell you that I rejoice with trembling over a large ingathering of souls? And why should one who has enjoyed the blessing of sanctification for nearly thirty years tremble at such an ingathering? It is because Zion is not fully awake: she has not come forth in her strength. How long, how long, O Lord God Almighty! will thy chariot-wheels delay? When will she break forth on the right hand and on the left? When will she come forth in her strength? Not until she goes forth in a living faith, and "Holiness unto God" is her motto.

I would that every sanctified reader of "The Guide" would select a young convert, and look upon him as a student under God; one that you are to teach the way of holiness as it is taught in the Holy Scriptures.

Teach him that it is not only his privilege, but his bounden duty, to accept each promise as a precious jewel from the casket of heaven. Do not leave this great work, this delightful work, entirely to your pastors.

Pray much for young pastors, that Christ would sit upon their souls as a refiner of silver, purging and purifying, until each minister of the gospel shall reflect the image of Him that has called him to declare not only the counsel, but the whole counsel, of God, including the great and precious command of our adorable Redeemer, "Be ye holy."

Pray that he may have a living faith, a sanctified faith; a faith that is like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast; that entereth within the veil, whither our Fore-

runner has gone. And gone for what? Not for an idle purpose, but in love: he has gone to cement each link of that chain that holds on to the anchor, that anchor of hope. I often think, that, if there is any class of Christians neglected, it is that of the ministry. You do not rob them of dollars and cents, but of that which is of more value. Your words to them should be as theirs should be to you, — like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Plead earnestly for the spiritual growth of your beloved pastor. Zion will not come forth in her strength until the watchmen upon her towers shall together lift up their voices. "Holiness unto God" is our motto; for, without it, no man shall see God.

MICHIGAN.

For the Guide.

CONSISTENT PROFESSION.

BY J. J. CALDWELL.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

I realize it to be no common matter to confess holiness of heart. To profess "Christ formed within, the hope of glory," is an important and seriously responsible profession; but to profess that nearer approximation to the divine image where the soul is lifted above the world into the vestibule of the presence-chamber of the Most High, where the world, the flesh, and the Devil are drowned in the sea of his glory, and the soul basks continually in the light of his smiles, — to profess this holy state of being is as much more important as the divine idea is more sacred and sublime.

The world, indeed, expects much of the Christian who has but passed from death unto life; but it expects greatly more of him who steps into that glorious affinity with the Father.

Now, as the expectation is natural and just he who takes this step is an injury to the cause of Christ if his life does not prove a counterpart to his profession; and, although we call the world exacting and uncharitable, it demands no more than God requires.

Holiness, then, is not a profession merely, but a living, demonstrable reality, which, if we undertake, we must exemplify. What, then, shall we do?

Having "come out from among them," "keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

If, then, we hold the world as dear as before, we have not advanced. If we hold to the world

with one hand, while we endeavor to lay the other upon the altar, we are yet foreign to a condition of holiness. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

If we daily lay down Christ to take up the world, amuse our immortal minds with the vain fooleries of the carnal nature, indulge in light, trifling conversation, perhaps for the amusement of friends or the gratification of our own vanity, we are not in a salvable condition; at least, not in the enjoyment of the sanctified relation: we are upon dangerous ground.

"God is not mocked."

Judas, indeed, sold his Lord for "thirty pieces of silver;" but we would thus barter him for emptiness, and gain for ourselves damnation: for God will bring into judgment every word and work.

To be holy, then, is to live holy; to live as in the immediate presence of God continually. It is said it is an awful thing to die; but, oh! it is a more awful thing to *live*.

EVANSTON, ILL.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

RESTING IN THE PROMISES.

Rev. Brother H. said, —

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

God had forgiven all his sins, and Christ's blood had cleansed his soul from all its pollutions. He was enabled to walk in the light as He was in the light, and found a halo of glory surrounding his soul. He found himself doing two things: first looking in to see whether he was entirely free from sin; and then he looked away to Him who is the head of all principality and power, to find himself complete in him. God had been blessing the people of his charge, and pouring out his Spirit among them, and he had heard shouts going up from them. During the protracted meeting, the church had been so crowded, it was difficult to get into it; and God

had been converting sinners and conferring purity. Again and again, the altar had been crowded with both these classes of persons. He had been much exercised about the promises; such as, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, it shall be done unto you." Standing upon such promises, he had felt he could not doubt, when he came before him, that all he had to do was to wait for him to answer; and he had received some wonderful answers. In the Sabbath school, his soul had been drawn out in a particular manner; and, in connection with their meetings, every one that he had been led to pray for had been converted, or was deeply convicted for sin. The Lord had been wonderfully working upon them, and he did not find any doubt in his mind that there would be a great revival in answer to prayer. He found in his own soul, as in the word of God, strong evidence, that, giving himself fully to God, he was admitted to intimacy with Jesus Christ. He found himself so relieved of all his fears that had torment! As a minister and pastor, he had to do sometimes what was not pleasing to flesh and blood, and some such persons who required disciplining did not like what he had to do; and, in other days, such things would have troubled him very much, but they did not now. He took counsel of God, and left himself in his hands, and knew he was able to keep what he committed to him until that day. He said it without boasting of himself; but all his boasting was in Christ, that he found himself walking every moment in the presence of Christ; and he was all around him, and he walked in the light, and the way seemed lit up with the glory of God from the reflection of his own Spirit. He was looking forward to the day — though he was not in a hurry — when he should enter the city of which the Lamb is the light thereof.

PURIFYING FIRES.

A sister praised the Lord she found it good to abide in Jesus. She was sweetly abiding in him. Oh, how Jesus saved her then! Glory be to God! Jesus had power to give the witness of purity. This was the first time she had been at the meeting since God had taken her down to the gates of death. While there, he gave her to see what a soul needed in order to have an abundant entrance into the kingdom above. She saw we must be saved from self and from all sin, and from seeking the honor that comes from man, and that we must take Jesus for our

all in all. After showing her this, he put her in the furnace and purified her, and so gave her a knowledge of purity. Oh! it meant something to have the eye of Jehovah looking deep down into our hearts, and there see that it was all pure,—that we were saved; but it was all through Jesus. Oh, hallelujah! For three weeks she has had this sense of purity, and she was saved by the moment. She found it paid to leave all and follow Jesus, and let self be crucified. Now she knew what it was to have the Holy Ghost come and take up his abode in her heart, to the destruction of the selfish nature.

A sister praised God that she could so clearly and fully testify that the blood of Christ cleansed her from all sin. This had been her experience for about sixteen years; and glory be to God that she had not fallen away, but had been kept! She had been giving herself away all that time, and Jesus had kept her. She had perfect love and full salvation, and was saved through the blood of the Lamb.

CLEAN THROUGH THE WORD OF JESUS.

Sister O. realized that Jesus was there, and felt the quickening power of the Spirit while his word was read. She had not thought of speaking there, but felt strongly drawn by the Spirit to give them her testimony. About nine years ago, she had the privilege of reading, for the first time, the sermons of John Wesley, and especially his sermons on Christ's Sermon on the Mount. The perusal of these led to very deep feeling. Satan had long tempted her that she was not a child of God; but those sermons strengthened her faith, and she was enabled to believe that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her sins, and that she was a child of God. By reading the Word afterward, the Spirit showed her her inward depravity; and for eight years she fought with her inward foes. How she wanted all the mind of Christ! Then she did not know it was holiness or sanctification that she wanted. But last year, about this time, she was satisfied; and when she heard a sermon from the text, "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision," she cast herself on Jesus, and realized that he gave her a clean heart. Satan had tempted her since that she was not clean; but she knew better, because she was presented faultless to the Father through the blood of Jesus.

"This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died."

And through the sprinkling of the blood she was clean, praise the Lord! It rejoiced her heart to hear of the spread of this work. What a work might be done if we were all clean, and inhabited with the Spirit!

ASKING FOR REST, AND NEVER TAKING IT.

Rev. Brother W., said one of our leading ministers, has been in a great deal of mental worry, seeking this higher life. Yesterday, while he, Brother W., was talking with him, a clear-headed brother minister drew nigh, who had been thinking of and praying for him for a week; and the first brother said, "Oh! I wish I had rest;" and this brother of culture said, "Well, suppose any one should come to your house, saying, 'I wish I could have rest,' when there was a bed in each room in the house; you would say, 'Throw yourself on one of these beds, and rest.'" It came in such power, he, Brother W., thought the brother would have thrown himself at once upon Christ.

We go blundering all the time, as though we were trying to fight Jesus off. It had been the blunder of his life, until he had become almost morbid, going through the house, asking for rest, and never taking it. He believed we had, in some degree, a misunderstanding of that passage, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." No kind of violence, except the violence of desire, is necessary. If you hunger after righteousness, the word of God makes it sure you shall be filled. Can we not cease this struggling? "Oh! I am trying to come to Christ," say the troubled. Will you please to stop trying, and come to Christ? He was doing it in his soul. He had the other day an impression of an old fact, that came to him with such power, that it looked like a new fact,—that there was strength in Jesus, and nowhere else. We talk about power, sometimes, that our work may come to something; that we may be strong where we are weak. All human hearts need is to come to Christ. Let the branch have the connection between itself and the vine, let the sap go into the branches that are scraggly and partially fruitful, out of the parent stalk to the branch, and that branch is strong and fruit-bearing. But alas, alas! we will not yield in this way. We want to do a great deal in ourselves. We want an experience more than we want Christ.

We want something that we can take hold of with our hands. Oh for the death of self! then should we be clothed with Christ.

COMFORT IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

A sister had been feeling, for a little more than twelve hours, the Lord is a stronghold. She had felt it many times during her Christian experience, and it had been a great comfort to her; but she had never experienced such power coming into her soul from those words as then. As she returned to her rooms last evening from the house of death, and when, at the hour of midnight, she prostrated herself before the Lord, she gained an experience that her dear brother had just spoken of. She had not been able to talk much, and she felt like being still and quiet. Indeed, she was getting an experience she could not say much about; for there was such a sinking into His will, such a resurrection in Christ, as she had never felt in seven years' experience of holiness. Purity is power. Here is a satisfying portion. Oh, hallelujah! She had it that hour. Jesus had bought it for her, though she was unworthy; and she claimed her purchased inheritance that very moment. She went again to the house of death that morning, and it was impossible to tell of the sweetness that pervaded her entire being as she went around the room where she had sung and prayed with that now triumphant spirit; and she said, "Blessed be God! another saint safely housed; another saint introduced into the paradise of God. Let them go; for 'God takes the workmen, but carries on the work.'"

We read, "Where our treasures are, there will our hearts be also;" and her heart had been in heaven for a few days. She was only staying here. Her citizenship was more than ever on high. She desired that every unsatisfied soul would sink into Jesus this hour. Without any longer trying, she sank into Christ; and she laid her down to rest in Jesus, because he had promised it. Sometimes, when going out to work for Jesus, she would say, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not hence," and had often realized the power of the words, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

CHRIST OUR MERIT AND REST.

A sister thought it was the greatest consolation that there was no merit in what we do.

We need not be burdened with having any merit; for it is by Him and through Him that we do whatever is possible for us. Oh, how she praised the Lord she might work for him! And yet there was no merit attached to her. There was a time when she did not want to think she had been doing any thing very creditable; and yet there was a thought which would cling to her, that she was something; but now she was graciously relieved of that. If she prayed to or worked for Jesus, it was the same: all the merit was in Christ. Her soul was full of glory, and she was resting in Jesus. She heard a minister say, about a year ago, that he was restless. "Oh," he said, "if I only had rest!"

A dear sister who was present, and who thought she was one of the least of the disciples, looked up, and said so tenderly, "I think the brother is more careful about rest than about Christ." "That's it," said the minister. "Who is that sister: I want to have her name." He had been sighing and looking for rest; and now he saw it was Christ who was to give him rest. She thanked God he gave her rest; and she felt so fearless about what God would have her do in the future; for she lived by the moment. Two years ago, when going to camp-meeting, she was restless; and, on speaking to Sister Langford about it, she, Sister L., took out her little Testament to see what the Word should say. "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," was the passage opened to. "This," said sister L., "is a commandment to be strong." That text floated through her mind all through the camp-meeting, and has been precious ever since; and she saw that she must be strong in the Lord.

"LET HIM THAT IS WEAK SAY, I AM STRONG."

Sister L. felt there was a class of persons who needed to heed the words of the Bible where it says, "Let him that is weak say, I am strong." Let us be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. But do you say, "How can I, so weak, be strong?" Is there nothing in that to encourage you, "Let the weak say, *I am strong*; let him that hath no might," &c.? The man that had no strength in his hand, when told to stretch it out, did not say, "I can't; I have no power." And just so sure as that withered hand is stretched out, just so sure it will be made whole. Let us be definite. Let some soul that feels

itself weak consider itself strong, since God commands us to this. Oh, how much she had been blessed practising upon this command of the Lord, "Be strong" now!

ALL VIRTUE IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. Brother B. was very glad for the many good things that God had given us to feast upon. He was glad that God gave the word, by brother W., that rest is very near. There is a room here wherein there is rest. His thought had recently been turned to the passage, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." There were things known in chemistry that have such efficacy, that however deep may be the stain, however saturated the cloth may be with the densest oils, upon application of the chemical substance, the cloth is instantly cleansed, and the stain is taken away. So it matters not about the stain of the spiritual garment, — how deep, or of how long standing. It is that which is applied, — the blood of Jesus: all virtue is in that. Now mark; for it is not at all disputed that all virtue is in the remedy. If that is disputed, let it be between those who dispute it with God. This blood of Christ — will *you* dispute right there that it cleanseth? He had found his own mouth closed; for it was not a controversy about church doctrines; it was between his soul and God: and, oh, what a deep abiding consciousness he had to the fact that the blood of Jesus Christ, even to him who knew the depths of depravity, the curse of sin, the enormity of offences, and without trying comparisons of guilt, cleanseth from all sin! This was enough for him. He wanted to know whether there were not, in that room, hearts seeking the rest of which our brother spoke. And have you not in all your seeking been deterred from applying where the remedy might be found from considerations which so dreadfully weigh upon you; as that, "I am so sinful!" "My heart is so black!" and "What kind of a creature am I, that I should be taken to the heart of Christ?" He simply wants you to turn to Jesus, that this hour, and now, this rest, so long sought and not found, may be attained, and that you may go away saying, —

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away."

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

EDDY'S MISSION; OR, "A LITTLE CHILD
SHALL LEAD THEM."

MRS. M. E. PAGE.

Upon a mission on earth, bringing joy and sunshine, with little feet pattering from morn till night, and joyous laugh ringing everywhere, came little Eddy, — pet Eddy; while fond parents and three maiden sisters clasped him tightly in their grasp of love. But a mission hast thou, darling boy! — not only to bring joy and gladness, but to wring hearts with anguish. Why this?

In childish glee, he climbs upon the knee of one he loves; and, throwing his tiny arms around her neck, says, "Grandma, Eddy's got wings growing." — "Hush, darling! Grandma will need wings first." "Grandma will have big wings; but Eddy's most big enough now." In a few days, Death opens the door for "the caged bird," and little Eddy joins the warblers above. His body rests in a short, narrow bed in the city cemetery. His wings, if needed, have carried the spirit up to the bright elysium. From that hour of dark sorrow to these bereaved parents, an unconverted father hears ever a little voice saying,

"Come this way, my father;
Steer straight for me:
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

'Tis the hour of worship. In a crowded city church, a man of influence arises, and, with subdued utterance, speaks of the slighted opportunities of years; of the repeated grievings of the Spirit of God; of the late, perhaps last call, in the removal of a cherished idol; and, with deep contrition before that congregation, pledges the remainder of his life to the cause of Christ. Strong men are touched, and weep; and one after another arise, and alike pledge themselves to "go to their Father."

Thus the work goes on, until a hundred, from a life of sin and wandering, have turned their feet unto the testimonies of the Lord. Was Eddy's mission upon earth,

though so short, a useless one? Will he have any stars in his crown? Mourners weeping beside little mounds, listening in vain for the pattering of little feet, joyous prattling, look upward! List for the voice, and thou shalt hear it, and the mission of thy *now angel-babe*. To bring thee nearer God and heaven, to link with golden chain thy spirit near the throne, shall not have been in vain; and, when thy work is done, with harp and crown, thy darling, standing on the evergreen shore, shall welcome thee home.

CHRIST'S COMPASSIONS. — Jesus is always moved with compassion. His compassions fail not. Surely it is a prayer which the Spirit would inspire in every disciple, —

“Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.
In me thy spirit dwells,
In me thy bowels move:
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flower of love.”

Publishers' Department.

BOOK NOTICES.

DROPS OF WATER FROM MANY FOUNTAINS.
By Mira Eldridge. New York: Foster, & Palmer, Jr.

This is a deeply devotional and most excellent work, and brought out in the best style of the art. We hope thousands may sip at this fountain of living waters. It is made up of short articles, all redolent with heavenly sweetness and unction, suitable to take up at any moment when the thirsty soul, turning away from earth's unsatisfying streams, seeks for divine refreshing. Under eight distinct headings, it treats on the following subjects: 1. Introductory; 2. Faith; 3. Self-consecration; 4. Cross-bearing; 5. Prayer; 6. Patience; 7. Waitings; 8. Longings. In the Introduction, the author says, “Many are thirsting for the higher life; but the well is too deep, and they know not how to draw from its mysterious depths. We have aimed, in giving these desultory passages of experience, taken from letters

received and written by the writer, to suggest the way of holy living,” &c.

COUNSELS TO CONVERTS. By Rev. Augustus George. Cincinnati: Published by Poe & Hitchcock, 1866.

We have not yet had time for a careful perusal of this work; but as far as we have had opportunity to consult its pages, and our knowledge of the excellent minister whose counsels are here given, we believe it to be among the best books of the kind offered to the public. The copy before us does credit to the publishers. It is printed on beautifully tinted paper, and bound in an elegant style. We open the book at random, and our eye glances over the following: —

FINAL SUCCESS.

If you would meet with final success in your Christian career, you must resolve that you **WILL** succeed. A firm purpose will put bone and muscle into your manhood, and enable you to stand erect in the name of your Master. . . . True Christian character has a sort of fixedness and indomitableness which render it almost impossible to be moulded or subdued by earth or hell. If you are capable of being discouraged, your great Enemy will find abundant reasons for discouragement. No man need expect success who does not count all things loss for the excellency of Christ. . . . Whosoever refuses to give up all that he hath cannot be Christ's disciple. His consecration must be complete. Father, mother, wife, children, houses, lands, every thing which he possesses, must be bound on the sacred altars of his God. He must be willing to do and suffer cheerfully and heroically, whatever may be required of him in the order of God's providence, that he may inherit the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. There is an ancient medal, says a brilliant essayist, which has been adopted as the seal of a modern missionary society, that has for its device a bullock standing between a plough and an altar, with this inscription, “*Ready for either*,” — ready either to drag and swelter in the furrow, or to bleed at the altar of sacrifice. This is the position of the resolute and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. Intent on the realization of his grand purpose, — the glory of God and the salvation of his soul, — he goes where duty bids, and suffers what the cause requires, without reluctance, without repining, and without any regard to worldly interests or personal consequences.

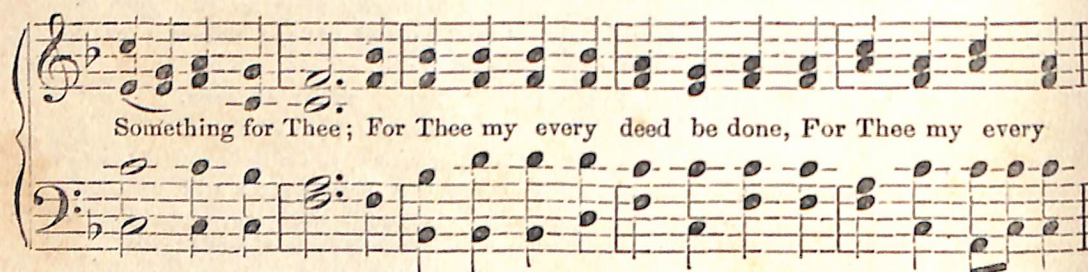
For the Guide.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. Some - thing, dear Lord, for Thee, Some - thing for Thee, }
In all I have or am,



Something for Thee; For Thee my every deed be done, For Thee my every



victory won, And tri - als glad - ly borne, Dear Lord, for Thee.

2 Something, dear Lord, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
In every hope or fear,
Something for Thee.
With weeping ones I lift my voice,
With those rejoicing I rejoice ;
Led in my ways by Thee,
Dear Lord, by Thee.

3 Something, dear Lord, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
Something each passing hour,
Something for Thee.

In consecrating all I am,
And trusting in that precious name,
My all I give to Thee,
All, all to Thee.

4 Something, dear Lord, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
What am I, but by Thee ?
Naught, but by Thee.
Then take me, seal me, all Thine own,
And bind me to Thy spotless throne,
A sacrifice for Thee.
All, all for Thee.

Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1867.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

For the Guide.

REV. B. F. CRARY, D.D.

It has always been a cross to me to relate my experience as a Christian; and, to my surprise, the older I become, the more disposed I am to keep silence upon the subject, unless an imperative sense of duty requires a profession of faith in Jesus Christ. Impelled by such a sense of obligation, and encouraged by the advice and invitation of very dear friends, I write as briefly as possible some points in my experience.

In respect to the subject of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, I never had any opinions contrary to scriptural teachings. I never had any doubt about the divinity of Jesus and his word; and, when convicted of sin, I sought for pardon through Christ, and, after a long struggle, found complete rest in him.

I was in my eighteenth year when I thus sought and found pardon. I was a student, and intended to pursue the study of the law as soon as possible, and to make that my profession. Before my conversion, I had always prayed to God in every time of difficulty or trouble of any kind. I do not remember any time in my life when I did not pray daily.

MY CONVERSION was a wonderful change, affecting my whole nature, and new-creating my heart.

I awoke in a new world, filled with new ideas, hopes, fears, and ambitions. The work was instantaneous, overwhelming, convincing; giving me peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This first joy remained with me for about a year, without any interruption, except when I thought of

the future and of my profession; and then I always thought I should be obliged to preach. Various hinderances to my plans about this time perplexed me some; but Christ was so precious, study so sweet, my heart so free of distrust, that I greatly rejoiced. My first great trial was the fear of losing my hope in Christ, and becoming an outcast. One or two backslidden Christians presented to me the horrible example of falling from grace, and created an alarm, and kind of distrust of my piety, which greatly distressed me. Then came a season of temptation beyond any thing I had before met. My hopes of this life seemed blighted; and I passed through four or five years of indecision and unhappiness. I was not always unblessed and unhappy. I had times of refreshing, when my soul would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and then I would relapse into unbelief, coldness, and exceeding unrest, bordering upon despair.

All this time I studied hard, and tried to convince myself that God would permit me to enter my chosen profession, and enjoy life. I pictured to myself eminent Christian lawyers, and hoped to be one myself some day. The struggle continued for weary months, until I finally and fully made up my mind to obey God, cost what it would.

I studied my profession, and exhorted the people to repent. The license to exhort was followed by a license to preach as a local preacher, and that by a recommendation to the Annual Conference. This was not presented to the conference, on account of the great number of applications; and I hoped it would be the last of it. I applied myself more closely than ever, and began the

practice of the law. In the fall of 1845, being required by my presiding elder to talk at a camp-meeting, I took for my subject the words, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

The sermon, or whatever it was, I do not remember, nor the effect of it, except the overwhelming conviction that I had not kept my own heart, and was in danger of death. I determined then to preach all the time; to give up forever my profession, and every thing else if need be, even to life. I said, "I will again ask admission to the conference, and my acceptance or rejection will be the test. On this I will stand. God help me!" I was again recommended, and received under such peculiar circumstances as to leave no doubt of the interposition of Providence. I felt it then, and believe it still, and will never cease to labor as a Methodist preacher until I die, God being my helper.

My religious experience then assumed another phase: it was that of extreme sensitiveness in reference to *doing* all that was required by the Church of the Lord, and an earnest yearning for *power* to do the whole will of God.

The first year of my ministry was one of incessant labor and study, and of much trouble and little fruit. The next year, I had a better time generally. The third year, I succeeded better, and had a deeper distress on account of my want of power with God and men.

I read the Life of John Fletcher, and was so humiliated by the contrast of his life with my own, that I stumbled, and nearly fell. I sometimes wished myself dead, unless I could gain the victory and have *power*,—power to walk with God, power to rejoice always, power to preach without making sad failures. I prayed and read as I rode along through the woods, and often wept as I went to my appointments. Sometimes I gained great strength, and preached with great satisfaction to myself, and with some effect. Then I would rejoice; but, when I failed, I went to the borders of despair. Part of this contest was with my pride, and part for want of constant, humble trust in God. I cannot say whether I gained or lost during the year. I think I came out

about even, except that I knew a little more about the devices of Satan, and did not become unsettled quite as often as before.

In 1849, I was conducting a revival meeting, where God displayed his power and mercy in a wonderful manner. I was on the full tide of joyous success; I was freely justified; and, if ever I rode on the sky spiritually, it was then. I occasionally feared that I would relapse into doubt, and lose my hold of this haven of bliss. I had often been happy before, and I remembered how I had gone from summer to winter in one dreary hour. I fully believed in holiness of heart and life, but knew I had neither. I had not the slightest doubt of the doctrine of perfect love; but I did not exactly believe it was for me. I had freely conversed with one aged sister, who professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. She had given me her views; but I had not even sought the blessing. I had told her my struggles and fears. I dreaded the evil day when I should lose my hold on God. I expected the contest to last to the end of life.

One day, while pleading with sinners at the altar to believe in Jesus,—believe at once that he was *able* to save, *willing* to save, *ready now* to save, and then to believe that "*he doth now save*,"—this good sister, who was kneeling near me, said,—

"Brother Crary, suppose you try that faith yourself." My inconsistency at once arrested me. I saw all; knew all. The gates of life were open: Jesus was ready to welcome me. Immediately I said, "Certainly: I *do* believe. I am Christ's; all Christ's. I have the *power*."

I do not know that I was any happier than often before; but I had a secret sense of invincibility and triumph, that exalted me at once above the humiliating weaknesses that had beset me.

For six years from that hour, I could say, "God is with me: my sky is clear." Difficulties only nerved me: contest was nothing. I rejoiced in conscious strength, and knew I would have victory through Christ. I had no seasons of darkness sufficient to drive me from my stronghold. I did not feel the want of trust in my gracious Redeemer.

I tried to do the will of God; and, as far

as I knew, did it. I hesitated at no cross, murmured at no trial; cared but little for obstacles, insults, or opposition. I delighted to do the will of God; and, the harder the task, the more joy I took in performing it. I did not spare myself, but went through every labor with a joyous consciousness of power.

My security was in Christ. I trusted him. I hoped never to fail again for want of faith. I often prayed, "Thy will be done," and would have gone through flood or fire to do the will of God.

The question of *suffering*, patient, silent, long-continued, terrible suffering, had never come before me. I had not armed myself against it. I had health, friends, every thing.

The way to suffer I had to learn, and I have learned it. One joy after another departed, one scene of gloom after another came, until I stood amid the wreck, broken. God pity and forgive me! I faltered beneath the weight; I did not stand; I ceased to confess Christ as a full Saviour. I deeply regretted the loss of spiritual power, and the hours of despondency which darkened my soul. That I might have done better, that I ought to have endured the trial by fire, I have no doubt. If I had confessed Christ more fully, had clung to him more tenaciously, I would have done better; but, after all, can we learn except by experience?

I once thought I was armed; so do many think of themselves: but one cannot conceive of desolation, nor provide against it. I do not mean that God cannot keep us. He can; but he does not give us strength before the trial, but only in it. Let any father or mother who now reads this try to conceive what would be the state of feeling if a darling child should this moment be *burned* to death. One may pray for strength; but this would crush him. So this and other sorrows oppressed my heart; and the wound is still there, and the shuddering horror of the hour comes back once in a while to deepen my disgust of merely human hopes. I stumbled along through these months of fiery trial. Hell seemed only a step from me. I feared the awful temptations of Satan. The end is this: The state of melancholy and distrust has passed, and a subdued, settled feeling of rest in Jesus Christ has come, and with it a kind

of longing which seems to overcome the fear and dread of death. As to loving God with all my heart, I deem it a privilege and a pleasure to say I do. Always hesitating and timid about professing any thing, I do not feel I am compelled to confess this for Jesus' sake. I yet desire to express my fullest concurrence in the doctrine of Christian perfection, and my humble trust that all I have is Christ's. Of late, I have uncommonly sweet communings with those who love God, and a peace which flows like a river, and can say in faith that I am willing now to *do* or to *suffer* the will of God. If this paper is worth publishing, I am willing, because it may keep some from stumbling who have not passed as far through life. I would close by saying a few things in reference to seeking perfect love.

1. We should enjoy justification by faith, and have peace with God, when we seek for the higher grace of perfect love. It is not right to seek for this grace without pardon. It would be better always to ask for holiness when we are sure we do now believe in Jesus for pardon.

2. Holiness is the being as good and as happy as we can be under all the conditions. It is not being an angel, nor a saint freed from temptation. A sinner, with all the infirmities of flesh and blood, may be saved through Jesus, so that he will please God, and enjoy his favor.

When one does the will of God, and suffers patiently, trustfully, he knows the doctrine, and enjoys the blessing. I know I cannot be like others, nor equal to them: hence my standard of holiness is consciousness of rectitude and obedience. What I myself can be, and ought to be and do, is holiness for me. Others have their limits and responsibilities.

3. What Christians specifically want is cleansing from sin, and power against it. I said in my early experience, "If God can keep me one day free from falling, and fully blessed, why not all the time?" He can keep us always. He can endue us with *power*. We wish to be no more fickle, but always true; to be no more despairing, but always rejoicing in hope. Power is the great matter; maturity, strength, decided character, unwavering faith that meets all obstacles and overcomes them.

4. Most of all things, this world needs holy men and women, — people who really represent Christ, and who are recognized as faithful servants of God. Such people may be misrepresented, abused, slandered, and even put to death, by their neighbors; and yet they will be believed, trusted, and imitated. With an impressive sense of obligation to God and his Church, we say that all Christians should be holy. Let not the delusion of mere seeking satisfy any; but let us *be* holy; walking with God as Enoch did, being crucified with Christ as Paul was. A holy church only can save the world. The common, worldly, faltering, hesitating piety, only distracts and discourages sinners: holiness convicts them. On all things be written, “*HOLINESS TO THE LORD.*”

For the Guide.

OVERFLOWING LOVE.

REV. A. C. GEORGE.

It has been said, that if the Church should receive full gospel measure of holiness, pressed down, shaken together, running over, that which would run over would convert the world. And this is the promise of God: “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” And what the Church is not able to receive is for the admonition and salvation of the world. How was it on the day of Pentecost? A little company, after a protracted prayer-meeting, received a mighty baptism of the Spirit. It was too great a blessing to be retained: it overflowed, and three thousand were converted in a day. The power of the apostolic church was in the experience of a present salvation. Believers walked in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost; and the result was, the edification of the Church, and the conversion of many sinners: they were “multiplied.” For the *comfort* of the Holy Ghost cannot be concealed: it demands expression; it beams from a radiant countenance; it flashes from eye and lip; it trembles in word and tone; and it charms the world to Christ.

Those who walk with God in the constant light of his reconciled presence go about in the world as revelations of their Lord and Master. Moses, it may be, did not know that his face shone; but the people, as they gazed and were dazzled, knew that he had been in the thick cloud where God was, and they could not endure the divine splendency. Stephen dying, the first martyr for the faith of the gospel, saw the glory of God, and Jesus, the glorified Saviour, at the right hand of God; and those who beheld his look in death could never have forgotten the revelation which they received. If “all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel,” how must it have glowed now in the full sunburst of the divine presence and glory! Saul consented to his death, and stood guard over the clothes of his murderers; but what he saw and heard prepared him for that more marvellous appearing which dimmed the brightness of an Asiatic sky at noonday, and led him to cry out, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

In every age, an increase of holiness in the Church — greater nearness to God, and keener spiritual perceptions — has led to awakenings amongst sinners and to widespread reformations. And this has not been so much the result of direct and predestined labors for the salvation of sinners as it has been the result of a more vivid experience, a clearer testimony, more power in prayer, and more sympathy with Jesus and for perishing souls. The sun shines, not because it resolves to shine, but because it is full of light; the flower throws off its fragrance, not because it feels that it is its duty to be fragrant, but because it is laden with delicious odors, and can but fill the air with balmy smells. And Christians, in addition to that usefulness which is deliberative and predetermined, exert an immense moral power in the world from the fact that they *are* Christians; that they hate sin, love holiness, honor God, and yearn for the salvation of sinners. It is this which makes Christian testimony such a power, and the recital of experience such a charm to win souls to Jesus. It is the overflowing of a heart full of love, and conscious of the saving presence of God.

Said a minister, "I was a student at the seminary, proud, godless, infidel. A powerful revival was in progress. Many appeals were made to me by schoolmates and professors, but thrown off with scorn. One day, I met in the public hall a young man of ordinary scholarship, whom I had looked down upon with considerable contempt, who took me by the hand, and asked me to seek the salvation of my soul. I responded with a profane jest; but the flowing tears and trembling frame of this sober-minded and intensely spiritual man arrested my attention, and I inquired, 'N——, what is the matter with you?—have you been drinking?' He answered, 'Yes: I have been in a prayer-meeting in yonder recitation-room, and I have had a draught of new wine fresh from the Father's vintage.' I went away wondering, and feeling that from the brother's overflowing soul some drops of the vintage had touched my lips; and, by the grace of God, I never rested till my own heart was gladdened with the wine of the kingdom."

Let us heed this lesson, and live so near to God, that our *overflowing* love may refresh and save some weary souls.

For the Guide.

PERFECT LOVE ATTAINED.

REV. R. HARGRAVE.

How rapt was the hallowed hour
That brought in the fulness of love,
The spirit of faith and of power,
And sealed my affections above!
No earth-born event could control
The rapture that then I enjoyed:
The comfort that greeted my soul
My hours and moments employed.

Contrition had melted my heart;
Submission had moulded my will,
Bade anger and pride hence depart;
And *love* my whole being did fill,
In prayer what access I find!
In praise, there was heaven below;
And faith my affections inclined
The way my Redeemer did go.

Communion of saints!—oh, how sweet
To mix with the worshipping throng,
And bow at Emanuel's feet,
And join in the praise-giving song!

And Jesus was all and in all,—
Beginning and end of my bliss;
To join with the great and the small
The same, in devotion like this.

From militant labors released,
My soul shall ascend to its rest;
'Mid "spirits made perfect" though least,
I'll lean on Emanuel's breast;
Arrayed in white linen and clean,
Made white in the soul-cleansing blood,
Keep pace with the Lamb, in the scene,
Thrice "filled with the fulness of God."

For the Guide.

OUR GAIN.

MISS A. MILLS.

See that disciple of Jesus, groaning after full redemption! The sacrifice is being laid upon the altar. An inventory is being made of all that body, soul, or spirit have called *mine*. All is being lost now. That *all*, which seemed so great, is where the Holy Spirit's rays are revealing the worthlessness of the offering; and heartily now the prayer is uttered, —

"Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do;
Take my heart, but make it new."

Jesus hears, enters, and fills the emptied abode; and that soul, which a moment before felt so poor, so stripped of all, exults in treasures found. He knows that in Jesus all fulness dwells, and Jesus is his. No more can he plead his weakness; for his abiding guest has strength: where he leads, he dares to follow.

If that way is filled with obstacles, he fears not; for, if the conflict is severe, the joy of victory will be the greater, and brighter glory will be to Him through whose might he conquered.

Success is certain while the Spirit of power dwells within. If he had before been ambitious, but knew not how to secure the fame he sought, he now sees the path open before him, — one in which there is no

liability of failure, while he seeks through living faith for treasures of grace, souls for his hire, and fame as undying as eternity.

Light divine has discovered to him greater truths than any that have occupied the philosophers of earth. Those with only earth-born aspirations may deem him mad; but he pities their blindness, knowing in whom he has believed. He works and waits for the sure reward. Even amid toil, he is cheered by successes that betoken final triumph.

And now, as he presses forward, rich in faith, giving glory to God, how does the sacrifice appear which once seemed so great?

Unworthy to be compared with the sufficiency he has found in Christ. He wants a trumpet-voice to tell all who have found justifying grace to press forward with eager steps, and enter "the land of rest from inbred sin." Especially would he temptingly display the fruits of this land to those who have just been liberated from the bondage of sin, and assure them that they may at once be made holy, and thus fitted to glorify God in their bodies and spirits which are his.

For the Guide.

THE DRESS-MAKER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

In the city of New York, a few years since, there lived a pious dress-maker, who became reduced to want by lack of employment. She felt her necessity, and made her appeal to God. With strong faith and urgent cry she besought her covenant-keeping God to send her work.

Just returned from the mount of communion, a lady seeks admittance, asking for a dress-maker's assistance. Now joyously in heart she gave thanks, and praised the mercy which so signally had heard her plea. The lady was evidently one of intelligence and position, and stated she wished two dresses made; and others, if the execution of these was satisfactory.

She opened the package; and our humble friend saw at a glance, by the material, trimmings of spangles, jewels, &c., that they were designed for the ball-chamber or such like associations. Her heart, for a

moment, sank within her. Here was a dilemma. She had prayed for work: it had come to her almost miraculously; but conscience interfered. Could she employ her hands in *such* labor? Her hands which had been given to God and his cause — should they be employed to promote *worldly pleasure*? The fear of *want* no longer influenced. But here was the difficulty. She had prayed for work: it had immediately come to her from a source hitherto unknown. She had rejoiced in answer to prayer as the lady entered; and now, to refuse this apparent providential assistance, will *God* be *pleased*? Will it not be *rejecting* what *he* has sent? And yet could she conscientiously employ her skill in the creation of *vanities* to promote and foster *pride* in another, and to be devoted to the goddess of pleasure? Soon her temptation vanished; and she said to the lady, "I have been praying for work; but I cannot do such as *this* without prayer." Then, in the lady's presence, she knelt to ask direction. While engaged in prayer, a gentle tap upon the shoulder caused her to look up; and by her side was the noble lady in tears, who in broken accents said, "Pray for me." Together they wept and prayed, and then arose. The lady, rolling up the material, said, "I do not wish these dresses made; I shall have no use for such again;" and then, with much emotion, bade her adieu.

It will be well if we pause here, and inquire, "How would *I* have decided under such circumstances? Would *I* have been as true to conscience and the spirit? Would *I* have *stood up for Jesus* then? Many professed Christians, we fear, would have wavered in principle; and many more would have accepted the work without a thought of wrong or inconsistency, and only rejoiced in the privilege; forgetting God demands strict account of the *kind* and *manner of our employment*, and *use* of the *powers* he has given us. Alas for the hopes of thousands, if this be true! they are baseless as a vision, and will be swept away by the coming storm. What havoc would this rule make with the business of multitudes who now draw nigh to God with their lips, and approach him with solemn words! What a wondrous flight from the Church of God would it give to hazardous

speculations, useless employments, and extravagant expenditures! How would it lessen the time-wasters, luxury-lovers, and vanity-producers, who now crowd the table of the Lord! How would God's sanctuary then be cleansed! and so wondrously, so gloriously, would he come to take possession, filling it with his presence, that all the people would say, "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him!"

The question may arise from some careful, prudent Christian, "Was it meet for this dress-maker to kneel in the *lady's presence*?" We ask, "Why not?" An earthly counsellor might have been consulted, and created no question or surprise; and shall we crowd our Sovereign, whom we profess to obey, from our business associations and interests, into the secret places, and keep him there secluded from every eye? Oh! it is this shutting up our religion to our Sabbaths and churches, this locking it within our closets and folding it in napkins, that causes the infidel world to triumph. He is so hidden, that those who seek him come inquiring, "*Where is He* who is born King of the Jews?" and look almost hopelessly for the manger where they laid him. It is this entombment of our Jesus that makes the world cry out, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? for it is very great." Alas! how is our Christ banished from our halls of commerce, and marts of trade! How is he debarred from our social circles and family interests! How are gods many enthroned in sight of all the people, while he is left to certain times and seasons for special access and communion!

How many think religion has to do with the *heart* only!—an indefinable, unexplainable, mysterious something hid in the recesses of the soul, to be kept for a dying day and the judgment-scenes. They little dream it has to do with *every-day acts*; that it must permeate their entire being, and breathe in all their life; that their *bodies* must experience religion as well as their souls, so that they will not be employed in that which will not glorify God. It is this ungodly marriage of the world with our religion that is sapping the foundations of our piety, and drinking up the life-blood of our souls.

What a wicked world needs is a practical exhibit of the principles of the gospel. They are already, most of them, as orthodox as St. Paul, and need that no man teach them the doctrines and principles of Christianity; but they want to see religion lived out before them in broad daylight. They want to see it in trade and at hotels, on steamers and in rail-cars, in the place of sociality and shop of artifice, everywhere standing out peculiar and unlike themselves. They want to see the living, breathing representatives of the Lord Jesus living as he lived,—going about doing good. Let there be a resurrection of our Jesus in the lives of his professed followers, and soon would there be heard great voices saying, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

The sequel to the dress-maker's prayer we add in a few words. It tells its own story, and has a voice for each. "Go thou and do likewise," "Sow beside all waters," "Be instant in season and out of season," are the lessons taught. Shall we not heed and obey?

That she pursued the *right* path is proved by the result.

This pious dress-maker was with a friend in a dry-goods store. Her name was spoken, which attracted the attention of a gentleman present. He approached, and inquired, "Is this Miss —, of Allen Street,—a dress-maker?" An affirmative was given; when he replied, "I was in a public meeting in Boston yesterday, and heard your name in connection with the conversion of a leading, accomplished actress who called on you about a year since. That prayer led her to the cross; and she has been instrumental in guiding several of her profession to Jesus. And besides, at this moment, among the stage professionals, there is quite an extensive awakening, all the direct result of your devotion to God, and faithfulness to principle and duty." Who does not covet the results of that prayer? Who would not desire that dress-maker's crown?

That life is the longest which answers life's great end,—devotedness to the glory of God and the good of man.

A MINISTER'S DILEMMA.

The following excellent and characteristic article is from a work just issued from the press, entitled "Sanctification Practical," by Rev. J. H. Boynton.—Ed.

Reader, are you a minister? and are you living in an unsanctified state? Is it true that you still know nothing of sanctification by experience? Is it true that you, to whom your people look for instruction, need yourself to be taught in the way of holiness? If so, let me ask you, How do you expect to make full proof of your ministry if you are but *partially* saved? How can you lead your flock into the green pastures and by the side of the still waters of full redemption?

We learned an important lesson on this subject in the spring of 1855. A brother of an adjoining conference came to assist us a few days in a protracted meeting. In his first sermon, he urged all believers, young and old, to seek the blessing of sanctification immediately. The church was already interested in this subject, and some were enjoying the blessing. In every prayer-meeting, and in every public service, he had much to say on the subject, and tried to instruct seekers how to lay hold of the rich grace. (As this was the twelfth week of the meeting, we had but little else to do.) He became deeply interested in the case of a lady who had been for many years in the church, and at this time was earnestly seeking purity of heart. She left an afternoon prayer-meeting, saying that she should soon die if she did not receive the blessing. We were accompanying this brother to church in the evening; and, meeting the lady on the church-steps, he said to her, "Now, sister, go in here resolved never to leave until you receive the blessing of perfect love."

The evening meeting closed; but the lady left as she came. The brother spent the night with the family; and, after family worship, the lady said to him, "Brother, I wish you to tell me what the exercises of your mind were when you sought the blessing of sanctification." After pausing a few moments, he said to her, "Sister, I have never experienced the blessing." This announcement came like the shock of an earthquake to her. "Why!" said she, "is it possible? You have been three days trying to teach me how to attain the bless-

ing, and you know nothing of it yourself! How dare you preach on the subject, and urge others to seek it, as long as you are destitute of it?" And, so saying, she left the room.

This sent pungent conviction to the heart of the preacher. He passed a sleepless night. Coming to the writer early the next morning, he said, "I am going home." "Why, what is the matter?" we asked. He then informed us of what had occurred the night before: "And," said he, "my mission here is ended. I can do no good if I stay. I must go home; and I will never preach another sermon, or say any thing more on the subject of sanctification, until I am sanctified."

What a lesson to other ministers! How his confession shook the faith of that sister! How it wounded her heart! And how much good he might have done, had he been able, from his experimental knowledge of sanctification, to have led the inquiring soul into the enjoyment of the blessing!

And, reader, if you are a minister, you know not how soon you may have an opportunity to instruct some earnest seeker how to attain to perfect holiness. And how can you do it if you are unholy? How can you lead the membership of the Church on to the higher attainments in divine life if you can do nothing more than theorize on the subject of holiness?

In our humble opinion, we have had mere theorizing enough on the subject. We need something practical and experimental. "If the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch." If you are not sanctified, will it not be like the blind leading the blind for you to attempt to teach others the way of holiness? Whom does the mariner wish to pilot him into a strange harbor?—one who, like himself, is an utter stranger; who knows not the channel? *No, indeed.* He seeks a pilot who is acquainted with every rock and shoal, and hence able safely to guide the ship into the harbor. So the seeker, who longs to be freed from all sin and filled with love, desires some one to guide him who is acquainted with all the little particulars in experience, and can successfully lead him into the haven of perfect rest.

For the Guide.

THOUGHTS ON THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

1. The baptism of the Holy Ghost is not to be confounded with regeneration, or the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost. It is everywhere in Scripture promised to believers as such, and not to sinners as such. When Joel (chap. ii. 28, 29) foretold this blessing, he distinctly specified that upon God's "servants and handmaids" the Spirit should be "poured out." Peter (Acts ii. 17, 18) brings forward the same limitations of the promise with emphatic prominence. It is true, that, in both the above passages, it is said, "I will pour out my Spirit *upon all flesh*;" but the "*all flesh*," so far as the baptism is concerned, is to be limited to the covenant people of God, or rather to all true believers, as the scope of the passages and the unmistakable historic fulfilment show. The "*all flesh*" comprehends the Gentile as well as Jew, but still is limited to the believing portion as such.

So when John Baptist renewed the promise made by Joel, calling it a "baptism," he spoke to those who by profession were already God's own people, and who had now specially reformed, and set themselves apart by his "baptism of repentance," that they might be ready to receive the announced Messiah, who alone should baptize with the Holy Ghost. John Baptist never reiterated this promise to careless sinners, nor even to penitent sinners as such, but to the now newly-quickened, reformed, expectant children of the covenant. The same view is historically developed in Acts vii. 5-17. Philip went down to Samaria, and preached Christ to them. The people "with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake; . . . and, when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." After this, the apostles Peter and John, being deputed by the college of apostles at Jerusalem, came to Samaria to inquire into the genuineness of the work of God there, and to confirm the disciples; "who, when they

were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: for as yet he had fallen upon none of them, only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." Now, it is not to be supposed there was a deficiency in the form of their baptism, as if the name of the Holy Ghost had been omitted in the formula. The apostles Peter and John did not rebaptize with water these new disciples, but simply "prayed for them *that they might receive*," and then "laid their hands on them, *and they did receive*, the Holy Ghost." In Acts xix. 1-7, a case is recorded where the water baptism was defective, the disciples having received only John's baptism. In this instance, the apostle first baptized them with the Christian baptism, and afterwards "laid his hands on them, and the Holy Ghost came on them." But it is noticeable here, that, when Paul came to these disciples, his first inquiry was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost *since ye believed*?" assuming that the gift or baptism of the Holy Ghost was due only to believers, — i. e., to persons already regenerate, reconciled, and accepted. Their not having heard "whether there be any Holy Ghost" is to be understood of their not having heard whether the promise of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, made by John Baptist to them when he baptized them, had as yet been fulfilled. Immediately then, upon their having learned more fully of the Messiah, and that he had fulfilled this promise, and having been fully brought into the Christian faith and covenant by baptism "in the name of the Lord Jesus," they received the grand and crowning blessing of Messiah's gospel. "And, when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them." The preparation for this blessing was not *moral*, but doctrinal and ritualistic; not repentance, but an advanced degree of Christian instruction, confession, and faith. And the Spirit's baptism was not a regeneration, but an advanced privilege and duty of an already regenerate heart.

2. The baptism of the Holy Ghost is the descriptive title of a blessing which is not temporary or occasional, but permanent and perpetual. It was not limited to the

apostolic age, but distinctive of the gospel dispensation throughout all ages. As such, it was the theme of prophecy. As such, it became matter of history, as we have seen in the apostolic church. As such, it was the distinguishing prerogative of Messiah: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." "This Jesus . . . having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear" (Acts ii. 33). On the perpetuity of this gift I need not dwell. Take this out of the gospel, and it dwindles back to the level and dimensions of Judaism.

3. But the *nature and effects* of this baptism deserve a further notice. First, why is it called a *baptism*? The fundamental idea of this title is found in the word *purification*, or *consecration*. As water cleanses, so its emblematic sense is that of *purity*. This was its ancient, ritualistic sense in the Mosaic economy, where purifications were by water or by blood, or by both. Expiation was by sacrifice; purification, by water and by blood. Expiation was made upon the altar; purification, performed on the person. In the time of Christ, through the prevalent influence of the Greek language and culture, baptism, when used in a religious sense, had come to be used synonymously with *purification*; as in Luke xi. 38, 39, where "*washed*" (Gr. *baptized*), in ver. 37, answers to "*make clean*" (Gr. *purify*) in ver. 38. Also John iii. 25, 26; a marked and decisive instance. The same idea is carried forward and intensified in the word "*fire*:" "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with *fire*." Fire, more intensely than water, is a purifier. When Malachi (chap. iii. 2, 3) speaks of Christ as a purifier, he uses the symbol of the fierer's process: "He is like a refiner's fire. . . . He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Awful thought! The prophet was so overwhelmed with the vision, that he exclaimed, "Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?"

John Baptist further carries out the idea of purity, as the grand aim and object of Messiah's office, under the figure of winnowing the threshing-floor. "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly *purge* his floor." To John, as to Malachi, this office-work of Messiah seemed at once ter-

rrible and glorious, — terrible to godless formalists, glorious to the meek believer.

But what purifying process is that which is subsequent to regeneration; which is the special promise of the gospel to the believer as such, and the crowning glory and the distinguishing trait of the blessed Messiah's dispensation? Believers in Jesus, consider this well. For you and for me, here is a point over which we may well pause. Have we fully comprehended the Saviour's plan of salvation? Do we now as steadily look forward for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, after our conversion, as did the instructed disciple in the first age of the Church? Be not deceived: it was not a mere "getting happy;" not a transient rhapsody; not a new impulse merely to the inner life; not a simple "growing in grace:" it was distinctly a "second blessing" sent down from heaven, with all its appropriate evidences; an act of completion of the work of grace in the believer; a dispensation standing out in its distinctness, its glory, and its unlikeness to all preceding manifestations of God; promised, prayed for, waited for, believed for, received instantaneously by all classes of humble believers, and on all hands taught to be the permanent heritage of the New-Testament Church.

But, secondly, the simple idea of *purity* is not comprehensive of all the effects of this blessed baptism. Two classes of effects followed this event in the first age: the one miraculous, and confined to a few, and perhaps limited to the earliest age of the Church; and the other non-miraculous and ordinary, and intended to be co-extensive with the gospel history. Of the former I need not speak: all will readily understand that. But of the latter I may speak as a part, an essential part, of our blessed gospel. Peter promised the blessing on Pentecost to all, indiscriminately, who would "repent and be baptized for the remission of sins." So do we hold it out to all believers in all ages.

Next to purity, one of the first effects of the baptism of the Holy Ghost was to enlighten the mind upon the spirituality, design, and import of the gospel scheme. How suddenly were the disciples at Pentecost transformed into spiritual expositors of the mysteries of prophecy and promise, precept and penalty, relating to Christ's

kingdom! The same enlightenment Paul prays for in behalf of the Ephesian Church: "That He may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him [for the acknowledgment of him]; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened" (Eph. i. 17, 18). Ah! this is a great enlightenment; greater than that of Gen. i. 6, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." It is by the Holy Ghost. "Even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." "Now we have received the Spirit of God, that we might know [understand] the things that are freely given to us of God" (1 Cor. ii. 10-12). No adequate insight into the "deep things of God" can be attained without that measure of the Holy Ghost denoted by this "baptism." The perfect *cleansing* and the *enlightenment*, or "spiritual mind," must go together. The latter cannot be given without the former. Read 1 Cor. ii. 6-16.

Another effect of the Spirit's baptism is to rouse and heighten the *activities* as well as the spiritual perceptions of the mind to the sublime office of declaring and making manifest these divine realities. The "full assurance of understanding" is given, according to Paul, in order to the "*acknowledgment* of the mystery of God" (Col. ii. 2). The gift of utterance is the proper accompaniment of the gift of "wisdom and spiritual understanding" (Col. i. 9). The "*spirit* of wisdom" is followed by the "*word* of wisdom." The relation of language to thought is intimate and natural; so is the relation of *gift* and *grace*. The grace is the primary, higher, and essential requisite; but it must have a channel, or method of manifestation, in order to the edification of others. The lighted candle must shine abroad. The outbeaming is as necessary to the profit of others as the inherent light of grace is to the salvation of the possessor. The gift of utterance is an important medium for bringing forth the lively perceptions, the spiritual ideas and exercises, of the spiritually-baptized soul. I am not speaking of miraculous gifts, as the gift of tongues, but of the power and freedom to "declare what the Lord hath done for our souls," and to speak of

"those things which are freely given to us of God," so that others may be comforted and edified. How this gift of the Holy Ghost liberates the tongue in all such as receive it! How often have the tongues of the "slow of speech" become like the "pen of a ready scribe"! Like David, too full to suppress utterance, they say, "My heart boils with good words; I speak: my works [I consecrate] to the king; my tongue is the pen of a quick scribe" (Ps. xlv. i.). My heart was hot within me; in my meditation the fire burned: I spake with my tongue" (Ps. xxxix. 3). When Jeremiah, discouraged at the ill success of his preaching, said, "I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name," he immediately adds, "But His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay" (chap. xx. 9). This is the feeling of a baptized soul. He longs to confess Christ. He welcomes the moment of opening his mouth to speak for Jesus. "The love of Christ constrains him." The reason why people are so reluctant to speak for Jesus is, that they have little or nothing to say; but when "the fulness of God" is brought in, and their hearts overflow with divine love and spiritual views of his truth and grace, then to be silent is a cross, and to forbear is a weariness. It is this grace that causeth the "tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly" (Isa. xxxii. 4). It is this that the Church must have to liberate its intralled powers, and set in exercise its manifold gifts. The Church has gifts already, so far as natural faculties and educational improvement can constitute them; but we need the baptism of the Holy Ghost to call them out, inspire and stimulate them to more than natural scope and intensity. And this the Holy Ghost will do. It is not fiction, nor theological speculation, but a blessed and glorious reality, which millions have attested; while millions more will go to the judgment to answer for talents which have remained buried in a napkin in life-long inaction, — talents which, had they been consecrated by this holy baptism, would have been a felt power in the world in bringing souls to Christ. Of other points I cannot now speak.

For the Guide.

TO THE GUIDE.

MRS. M. E. B.

I offer thanks to thee, dear Guide,
For good that thou hast done :
A blessing thou hast been to me.
Am I the only one ?

Ah, no ! I know of many friends
Who call thee food indeed
Unto their hungry souls ; 'mid cares,
A help in time of need.

Next to the Bible, what a guide
To every soul thou art !
What streams of heavenly bliss divine
Thou'st brought to my poor heart !

A guide to holiness thou art
To all who wish to know
The heights and depths of love divine,
And strive to onward go ;

A guide to the poor prodigal
Who's squandered all his store,
Clothed but in rags, and, starving too,
Knows he can claim no more ;

A guide to the poor sinner too,
Who never knew his Lord, —
Thou'lt guide him to the Lamb of God
If he'll believe his word.

PROFITABLE REMEMBRANCES.

"Wherefore remember, that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise ; having no hope, and without God in the world." So said the devoted Paul in writing to his brethren of Ephesus.

A custom is said to prevail at Munich, that every child found begging in the streets is arrested, and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is taken in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, this portrait is given him ; and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may

be reminded of the abject condition from which he has been rescued, and of the obligation he owes to the institution which saved him from misery, and gave him the means by which he was enabled to avoid it in future. Let the disciple of the Lord Jesus often compare, or contrast rather, his former with his present state, and be excited to gratitude and praise for the happy change God has wrought in him.

"My Saviour, how can I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show."

Anon.

For the Guide.

SKETCH OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MRS. MATTIE S. MARSH.

I remember to have had pious influences thrown around me from my infancy. My father, Dr. E. M. Forshee, was a local minister in the M. E. Church sixteen years. Owing to ill health, he never entered the itinerancy. When I was but five years of age, the Bridegroom summoned him to the marriage-feast.

My mother still lives, and has been a member of the M. E. Church forty-six years.

Through the instrumentality of my parents, I was early taught to "fear God, and keep his commandments." After the death of my father, my mother continued to sustain the family altar, and to assemble her children in the closet to direct their minds and hearts to "Him who seeth in secret." My spirit was light and happy : all was confident hope and humble trust. Thus passed my infancy and my youth. But, in the revolutions of human affairs, I became estranged from the parental roof. With one whose lot I proposed to share, I set sail upon the sea of life. Storms of misfortune have since arisen, and our bark has been driven well-nigh upon the rocks of despair.

My husband, feeling a call to the ministry, was recommended, and received into the Ohio Annual Conference at its session in 1865, and was sent to Gallipolis Circuit. We then thought, that, in this capacity, we should devote our lives to God. The future loomed up before us bright, as

we viewed the harvest of souls we trusted, by the grace of God, we should be able to reap. But his energy was greater than his strength, and his zeal transcended his prudence. After travelling but three months, endeavoring to do all that he could in the vineyard of his Master, and elated with the success of revivals, he exposed himself, and became a victim to "hip-joint disease." Oh, how depressed were my spirits! My hopes were blighted, and my fortune shipwrecked. Dark clouds overshadowed my mental horizon; but, thank God! these were dispelled by the rays of light reflected from the ever-glorious Sun of Righteousness. In searching the Scriptures, my attention was arrested by this passage: "All things work together for good to them that love God." In musing upon it, the question arose, —

Do I love God? Then "all things work together for good" concerning me. I could not comprehend how this affliction could be providential, so inscrutable many times are the providences of God.

Directly this passage flashed upon my mind, — "We walk by faith, not by sight;" and this quotation from one of Cowper's hymns, —

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

I was soon convinced that what I lacked was a perfect resignation to the will of God. Accordingly, I began to seek God's help to make a full surrender, a thorough consecration of all my interests to him. I was assisted in this by the prayers and counsel of many sisters on the circuit, who, I did not doubt, enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. All the while, I was a careful reader of "The Guide," "Central Idea of Christianity," and "Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way." On one occasion, while alone, reading the last-mentioned work, I became more impressed than ever before with the duty of entire consecration. I was led to reflect thus: "All things are of God." He has created me, and has a right to my service. I am not my own; I am bought with a price: therefore I should glorify God in my body and spirit, which are his.

I should love God with *all* my heart,

mind, soul, and strength. This I had been attempting to do; yet there was a lingering consciousness that something was withheld. I resolved to try again. I at once fell upon my knees, and for one hour and a half wrestled mightily with God in prayer. I determined not to rise till I received an evidence that God accepted my sacrifice. When I felt that I fully relinquished my claim upon every thing in which my affections had been invested, the "King of glory" came in. I was relieved of all anxiety and desire. My mind was perfectly satisfied. Never did I feel my Saviour so near me. I desired only to commune with him, and sing his praise. Never was my peace so deep, so pure, and so abiding. Before, it had been irregular; now it was constant. Then I looked to God for divine assistance; now, for divine control. Oh, how inexpressibly glorious it is to feel that God overrules all things for our good!

I feel that I possess, indeed, the "pearl of great price," and have chosen "that good part which shall not be taken away." A title to a myriad of worlds like this cannot be compared to that of an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." How delightful is the association of God's children! How easy is the yoke, and how light the burden, of Christ! How sweet his communion! and how comforting is his word!

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

What a consolation in the hour of trouble! and what an anchor to the benighted soul!

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know, that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Oh! it is sufficient to cheer the heart in every trial, to know, that, where Christ is, there we shall be; and as he is, so shall we be. Supported by such truths, we can bear all things with Christian fortitude.

I thank God, that, by his grace, I can now look upon every event and circumstance in life as a dispensation of Providence, "rejoice evermore," and "in every thing give thanks."

Although I may be tried in the furnace of adversity, I will still repose my trust in God, and strive to adopt the prayer of my Saviour, "Thy will be done."

LAFAYETTE, O.

For the Guide.

DWELLING IN THE INNER SANCTUARY.

NELSON W. MERRILL.

When but a little boy, twelve years of age, God for the first time called upon me : whereupon I was not disobedient to the heavenly calling, but with an aching heart I sought, and with a rejoicing heart I found, my Saviour. I have ever been bold. Shall I call it bold? No, but obedient to his commands to take the naked promise, and claim him mine, without the feeling. So, at the time of my conversion, it was not until three days after I believed that I received the witness ; but by naked faith alone I stood upon the threshold of God's household. When about fourteen, I first heard sanctification urged by a dear brother, far away in my Eastern home. I sought ; and again, through faith alone, I received : but being young, and having none to guide me, and not clearly understanding its claims, I lost it.

A few years after, I was called away from my home to this then far-distant West ; and my lot was cast upon the borders of civilization, where churches were unknown, God's people not recognized, and the gospel but rarely preached. There I lost the fervor of my first love, but still preserved in some degree the form ; for, though sin was rife, gambling the order of the day, yet God enabled me to resist them all, and preserved me from the intoxicating cup and gambler's snare. Yet in many things I grew weak, allowing in myself that which I would not have done before or since. Thus I spent the most of my time, while wandering from place to place, for about eight years. In the first year of the war, I came to St. Louis, not knowing whether I should be sent farther with the army, or remain here ; but I had long been sensible of my backslidden condition, and

I promised God, that if he would direct my lot, so that I could remain here, I would not hand in my letter anywhere until I had found a people with whom the Lord dwelt. At the time I left my home, I was, perhaps, one of the most prominent members in the M. E. Church where I lived, a class-leader, Sabbath-school secretary, and leader of the singing, but, oh ! a backslidden class-leader to lead a backslidden church (for it was the only class in the church of probably forty or fifty members). Is it any wonder that God never owned or blessed us? But the Lord heard my prayer ; and I was true to my promise, and wandered around from church to church, from Sabbath to Sabbath, for some six weeks ; when, with the desire of getting my soul revived alone (for I was then a disbeliever in holiness of heart), I cast in my lot with a few poor and despised disciples of Jesus, and, the first evening, went forward to the altar, seeking only to return to my Father's house. God met me there, and I again renewed my covenant with him. Immediately the blessing of holiness was urged upon me. I gave them my views, but remarked, that, if there was such a thing, I wanted it. Suffice it to say, soon I sought and found it, lost it and found it again several times, because I did not clearly comprehend its duties ; and the Enemy again tempted me to disbelieve in it. Finally I said, "I will settle this matter one way or the other : " so I took my Bible ; and, by the aid of the concordance, I selected those passages which spoke of perfect love, holiness, and sanctification. Of course it is almost needless to say, that, before I was half through, I was satisfied of the truth of the doctrine. For me to believe was to seek, to seek was to find ; again claiming my privilege of believing his word without the feeling ; and I was firmly established upon the rock Christ Jesus.

This was some three or four years ago ; and, oh, how the light has shone since then ! Previous to this, I could not point to a single conversion brought about through my instrumentality. Since then, they have been like blooming roses by the wayside, and getting thicker and thicker every year. Oh ! is it not sweet to love the Lord with all the heart ? I have many times prayed, that, sooner than that I should ever take my

sacrifice off the altar, my Father would take me home to heaven above. Ever since then, I have been a happy Christian. Clouds seldom disturb my peace; and oh, how I love the sweet hour of prayer! how it doth my bosom cheer! In truth, I am getting so that I want to devote more time to prayer every day. Every spare moment, I catch the opportunity to fly away upon these dove-like wings, sweet thoughts of prayer; and many, oh! very many times, Jesus condescends to visit this poor tenement of clay with overpowering blessings. They take form in my rising thoughts. In the momentary vigilance of the day, he often seals me and stamps me for his own. It is the first arbor to which I fly, at the close of the day's labor, for sweet rest; and at my lying-down I love to examine my heart, and see if it is still in unison with my loved Redeemer. Oh! is it not precious? None can tell it. I have been, for weeks together, inwrapped in what Upham calls the prayer of adulation. My mind would constantly and involuntarily, in every leisure moment through the day, in the streets, and in my office, be lifted up with such accents as these: "Blessed Jesus! sweet Saviour! thou art my own dear Saviour!" And, whenever I would enter the house of God, it seemed as if a heavenly breeze would strike me the moment I was inside the door, and as plainly and clearly discernible as if the wind had struck me through an open window. Have I not reason to praise God? And sometimes I think, if I was brought to heaven, and the Lord asked me what seat I would take, I would say, "Just let me sit here, Lord, by the gate, and I'll be satisfied." O dear sister! if I can just catch a glimpse of you and your dear partner there, as you both stand in the inner circle, while I stand upon the outer one, around His great white throne, it will be unspeakable pleasure. But when my Jesus comes to me, and takes me by the hand, what shall I say? Oh! I can only fall at his feet, and wash them with my tears, and wipe them with my hair, and cry, "Unworthy, unworthy!" in remembrance of the many years I have spent in his service in vain. But oh the precious blood of Jesus! it cleanses me from all sin. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men!"

For the Guide.

HEALED INSTANTANEOUSLY.

BY C. K.

In reading your excellent "Guide," I have been much comforted and strengthened. By reading the experience of those who profess to enjoy the blessing of perfect love, I feel it a duty I owe to my heavenly Father for his great mercy in leading me in a way I knew not.

I experienced religion when about fifteen years of age. I tried in a very weak manner to live the life of a Christian for about eight years, but often found myself out of the narrow way. I was sometimes very happy; but, much of the time, my way would seem dark and gloomy. I attended a quarterly meeting at Emery Chapel, where that holy man of God, Bishop Hamline, preached, in a telling manner, on the subject of holiness, from these words: "I am the vine; ye are the branches." He showed that it was our duty as well as our privilege to enjoy this blessing. I resolved, then and there, to seek for it. When he was done preaching, he called upon all who would promise to seek that blessing to rise to their feet. I think there were about two hundred arose; among that number, Brother Boaring, then our circuit preacher, who, with tears almost streaming down his cheeks, said he was almost ready to say he would never preach another gospel sermon until he enjoyed that blessing. To think of preaching to others what he did not enjoy himself!

Whether he has sought and found that blessing, I know not; but, if he has not, may God grant he may never rest short of it! And, if the eye of any should fall on these lines that made that solemn vow, I hope they will renew their vow, and never stop short of this great blessing. Although I resolved and promised then I would never stop short of it, yet, strange as it appears, I never received it for twenty years after that time. I often felt very anxious on the subject, and sometimes I was almost ready to give up all for Christ. But the Enemy told me I would not live up to my professions; that I would not enjoy life and all its pleasures. But my dear Saviour, who has watched over me, saw best in his infinite

goodness to afflict me. I believed then, as I do now, that, without holiness of heart, I could never enter heaven. I was very sick with typhoid-fever. I thought I might be called away; and, oh, with what regret I looked back on my past life! I had so many calls, and had promised so often never to stop short of holiness, I almost feared to ask the Lord to save me, I felt so unworthy; but I felt I could do nothing of myself. But all my hope and all my plea was, "For me the Saviour died." My one desire was to glorify God in my body and my spirit, which were his.

And, while in this frame of mind, with the Psalmist I exclaimed, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn righteousness." In a moment I received the blessing of perfect love, and at the same time had the evidence that I was healed as instantly as the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. I praised the Lord with my whole heart.

I arose from my bed, free from pain or fever, and was able from that time to attend to my domestic duties. Oh the joy and sweet peace that filled my soul! I felt like exclaiming, "Good will on earth, and peace to man!" I bless the Lord he has brought me thus far. He has kept me four years in this high and holy way, and has promised he will keep me until death. Glory be to Jesus for redeeming grace and dying love!

GALLIA COUNTY, O., Dec. 25, 1866.

For the Guide.

PREACHING HOLINESS.

REV. A. ATWOOD.

I find by long experience the truth of Mr. Wesley's teaching, — that, where holiness is preached explicitly as the duty and privilege of all, the work of revival steadily goes on. It is my habit to keep the theme of holiness ever before my people; and they are ever at work, and fully alive to God. Our meetings are all full, and it is a luxury to attend them. Souls are converted every week; and this will no doubt continue as long as they hear and read of their high privilege. So it was in the days of the Wesleys, and so it has been since. I have

been urging my people to take "The Guide" as a means of retaining the blessing after it was realized. The eye will get turned away, and the faith become dimmed, unless the mind be daily called to it by reading or conversation with experienced persons. Fire will go out by inattention and neglect, as well as by pouring water upon it. This fact is not sufficiently kept in view; and for that reason, perhaps more than any other, many lose their evidence, and fail to see the reason for it. Some book on the deep things of God kept near, to be looked into at each leisure moment, would prevent this. This little magazine, coming in once a month, and being therefore fresh and attractive, supplies this want in the Church. I cannot well do without it myself, and therefore recommend it to others.

PHILADELPHIA, 1867.

CHRIST DIED FOR US.

BISHOP HAMLINE.

"And being in an agony."

It is vain to speculate on the nature and the intensity of Christ's sufferings on that occasion. We simply know that the agony was of the soul, and was so great, that "his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Further than this the narrative does not inform us, except that he "was heard in that he feared."

But we are chiefly concerned to understand and appreciate that this agony was endured for sin; not for his own, but for the sins of others, — for *thy* sin, O *my soul*! He drank *this* cup for *thee*. Behold him, while the Father makes the soul of his well-beloved Son, "an offering for sin," and (forget not) an offering for *thy sin*! What a sacrifice was here! Could none less than this atone for sins like thine? What sins were they, then, which demanded such a sacrifice, — the crucifixion of Immanuel, God *with us*?

And if such a sacrifice *is* made, and Immanuel has died for *me*, what sins of mine, however great, may not be pardoned; what pollutions, however deep, may not be washed away!

"Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love."

For the Guide.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

MRS ANNA MARIA IRWIN.

BY C. A. J.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Anna Maria Tindale was converted to God, about eleven years ago, in the city of Montreal, Can. But after a time, though outwardly consistent, she became cold and formal in the performance of her religious duties. She continued in this state, until, during the autumn of 1862, in a gracious revival with which God visited the Wesleyville Circuit, C.E., — during the continuance of which, about two hundred and fifty souls were either reclaimed, justified, or entirely sanctified, — she was restored to the favor of God, and impressed with her need of, and commenced seeking after, the blessing of purity of heart. She continued seeking, until, some time in the month of March of the following year, while bowed with a few friends around her own domestic altar (she had previously married a Mr. Irwin), she was enabled to make an entire surrender, and attained the witness of her full salvation, to which fact she at once testified. Then commenced a course of happy consistency of life, which continued, amid much trial and suffering, until, through the blood of the Lamb, she took her place with the white-robed throng before the eternal throne.

During her last illness, though suffering much pain of body, her resignation was complete, her faith strong, and her hope buoyant. To her last, she possessed the consciousness of full salvation, and in death was a witness that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth."

She died in the State of Michigan during the latter part of 1865, or the commencement of 1866, leaving a husband mourning, but comforted by the certain hope, if faithful, of meeting her again on "the ever-blessed shore."

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

CANADA WEST, November, 1866.

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For the Guide.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

"This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; and, if we know that he hear us, whatever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

The piercing blasts of winter were sweeping by as we were returning from church in the village of K——, C.W., Jan. 22, 1859; when the thought was presented to the mind, that while laboring for souls, crying to others, "Behold, behold, the Lamb!" our own vineyard was not kept, our own brothers about emerging into manhood were unsaved. No longer ascended for them a mother's prayer: her prayers had long since been recorded. With the pure in heart, that vast multitude who had come up through great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, she had learned to sing, "To Him who hath redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Latest news from home informed us that a spiritual death had spread over that part of the land; and with a heart pressed beneath its burden, "as a cart beneath its sheaves," we hastened to our room in that quiet stranger-home, where, unseen, unheard by any but God, we went to the throne with his own word of promise, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, *believe* that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." And again: Jesus said, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I *will* do it." With such *positive* promises, our faith assumed a positiveness amounting almost to a demand. As we prepared our suit, "our Father" seemed saying, "Daughter, *what is thy request?* It *shall* be granted thee." When, with a faith that seemed to admit of no denial, we asked, we pleaded, for the immediate awakening and conversion of those brothers. Although the storm was raging without, the fire burned low in the grate, and the hours passing in rapid succession, still we besieged the throne with the "faith that laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It must be done!" until "the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." From nine o'clock in the evening until three the next morning, we continued pressing our

suit to the throne, and waiting with all the confidence of a redeemed child for an answer.

Like Jacob we wrestled until "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt" assured us, that, like Israel, we had prevailed.

As the kind family gathered around the altar from whence ascended holy incense morn and eve, we remarked that we had prevailed with God, and those dear brothers were saved. A letter very soon confirmed this statement.

We were informed that the family gathered around the altar as usual, at about half-past nine o'clock, P. M., with no unusual interest. Our dear father began to pray, and soon became so burdened for his unsaved sons, that he sank upon the floor in an agony of soul, and continued pleading at the foot of the cross until each of the four had cried aloud for mercy; and, hours after, arose with a clear experience, glad to join in the song, —

"I've been redeemed;
Oh! I've washed me in the blood of the Lamb."

COLUMBIA December, 1896.

For the Guide.

LOVE-FEAST TESTIMONIES.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

(Continued.)

The following is the substance, with additional thoughts, of a testimony at the Albany centenary love-feast. — E. R. W.

I have come ten miles to attend this centenary love-feast. I was anxious to see the Methodist family of Albany together. I expected to see God at this meeting; for I am out in search of the *Invisible*. After being deceived by the "Lo, here! and Lo, there!" of great performances and great performers, after being disgusted with myself and ashamed of others, I turn away from *man-show* to see God. I adore God in man, in *saint-man*. I see him there: though more or less mixed with the human, still I see God, and am learning to distinguish between the *divine* and the *human*, both in myself and others. And occasionally we find the Divine acting in and through a saint, when it seems to be all divine. What a spectacle! Let angels adore! The Great Supreme reigning alone in a human

being! God in man, unmixed with self! I stand in awe of such a being, such a God-man being: my soul seems to touch something when I come where they breathe the faintest prayer. How contemptible *man-show* appears before a revealed God!

Then I am having another experience of late, which is becoming very interesting to myself at least. We sing and pray much about being *saved up*, — *up* into the higher degrees of Christianity. This is proper; but God is saving me *down*, — down to things small and lowly. Perhaps others are not so slow as I have been in learning the secret things of the kingdom; for it is only a few years since I discerned some of the deeper truths, which should have been entered into long ago. Forty-five years have passed since I was marvellously converted, changed in a moment; but that other change spoken of by Christ, viz. to become a *little child*, it seems to me I am entering more fully into of late than ever before. God is saving me *down*, — down to the child-mood. I feel so humble, so meek, so *small*! and occasionally I seem to go still lower-down, — fitly called the *little-child* attitude. Oh, how quiet and restful this state is, when the great responsibilities roll up, and Satan would frighten me through the *man*-appearance and position of myself! and the inquiry arises, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Then I nestle away under the wings of the Almighty, so child-like, and feel so quiet and safe! and now I can do it so *naturally*!

I am saved into these extremes; am growing both ways, — *down* to the simplicity and lowliness of a child, and *up* to the grandeur of a worker with God. Both extremes are of God, especially the lowly degrees. Yes, I confess to more of God in the *child-traits* of my character than in the *man-attainments*. I find there is *more of me for God*, when *part child*, than when I am *all man*. The hiding of the divine power is in the *child-part* of our being. The revelations are made, not to the wise and prudent, but unto babes.

I take this to be the critical point in our salvation, especially in this smart age. Here is the strait gate to the inner temple. When we are weak, then are we strong. When the child and the man meet, when the great

and the small come together, look out for a mysterious being! Something will be done!

If I am not deceived, I have reached that sublime altitude in Christ where I *dare* to be a little child; can weep without being compelled to atone for it with shame after it is over; can praise God as though I had a right to do so. God can send me on any errand, put me to any chore, that a child can do, and I go about singing, and happy as I go. Then the *men* are so numerous, and the *children* so few, that the work in my line is quite behind. I am so passive, that God can make me into any fashion; key and tone me to any cadence; sing all his tunes in me, and speak all his accents through me. I *dare* give to the Church *all the God-talk in me, without changing an accent*. This is the grace I adore; am happy in God, love his words, and love his work.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD LOCAL PREACHER.

REV. C. J. RICHMAN.

I obtained religion Aug. 23, 1823; and was as happy, I think, as any one could be without being wholly sanctified. I was on the mount continually, happy day and night. It was my whole soul's intent to do the will of God, to bear the cross, to exhort sinners, and tell of the loving-kindness of God to all as I had opportunity.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;"

and, oh, how I longed for all his salvation to know!

But, after a while, I found I had got some fighting to do, as well as shouting. I had many conflicts with the Enemy. He would often tell me, "You have no religion." My faith would sometimes waver a little; but I would pray the more earnestly. I believed it was my privilege to know always that I had religion, to have an abiding witness of my acceptance with God. I was convinced the great blessing of perfect love was attainable.

I lived in this state about two years,

when I attended a camp-meeting near Blackwood Town, where I was powerfully convinced that I must be cleansed from all sin. This became the burden of my prayer, and for six weeks I prayed almost continually that God would cleanse me and make holy. I never doubted one moment but what the blessing was in store for me; for God has said, "Be ye holy," and he will never withhold from us grace to do what he requires of us.

I prayed on. The more I prayed, the brighter it looked. The stronger my faith, the happier I became, until at length I was convinced that God had cleansed me from all sin. My soul was let into the clear light, life, and fulness of Christ my Lord, Glory to God! forty-one years I have been drinking at the fountain-head. I have enjoyed a fulness of Christ continually. As a local preacher, I have been striving to work for God the best I could, until my lungs are worn out. I am broken down, old, and feeble; but it's all glory. Oh, how it does rejoice my heart to know that holiness is spreading. May it like a flood-tide roll on, and roll on, until the world shall be filled with the glory of God!

HURFVILLE, N. J.

For the Guide.

FULNESS OF CHRIST.

I. N. KANAGA.

There is a wonderful fulness in Christ, such as is not found in any other being in earth or heaven; but he becomes truly such only to his own people, his own adopted children.

To the weak of his own flock he becomes strength. He is a wonderful power for all our insufficiency. For our ignorance he is infinite wisdom. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." If we would be safe, he is our refuge. "God is a very present help, and a refuge for all that trust in him."

If we would be pure and holy, Christ must be chosen for our sufficient portion. "Be ye holy as he is holy." If any man would be truly happy, he must seek it in God, and not in the world. "In Christ dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

NEWARK, N. J.

For the Guide.

FAITH AND FEELING.

BY A CONGREGATIONALIST.

While reading the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and meditating on the great things God did for his people anciently, who were willing to take him at his word, and believe his exceeding great and precious promises; who looked seeming impossibilities in the face, knowing the word of God was immutable; who were willing to suffer any thing rather than doubt that word, and stagger at his promises through unbelief, — my mind rested upon many who now profess to love our Lord Jesus Christ, and yet dare not rest themselves fully upon his promises; who say they have yielded themselves fully to him, made an entire consecration of all their redeemed powers to Christ, but do not *feel* that the offering is accepted, and are now waiting for God to pour some great blessing upon them that shall deprive them of their strength, or cause them to shout the praises of God, and then they will *believe* that he accepts them.

Though God often blesses his children in that way, yet, I believe, never until they first take him at his word, and rest upon his promises; and then how quickly will he send the fire of his love through their hearts, and cause them to rejoice! Long I looked for a sign from heaven when I yielded myself to God. But I bless his name that he caused me to first bind my unbelief to the altar, and, in childlike trust, take him at his word. But, oh, how little I comprehended that word! Such a fulness in those promises that were verified to my waiting soul! Never could I have realized the depth of that love that was then poured upon me, had I not cast myself into his open arms, and let him work in his own way in my heart. And how little I knew of the workings of the blessed Spirit! I never can praise God enough for sending that Spirit to my heart, to show me it was my duty and blessed privilege to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and have power with God that I had never realized; and while in an agony of soul before the Lord, feeling I never could have this blessing, because I had so long professed Christ without coming up to my privilege in the gospel, and

knowing I was lost and undone without it, I knew not it was because Jesus loved me, and willed not that I should perish, but was only proving my *earnestness*, and showing me the value of the precious gift, and was even then stretching forth his hand to save and make me all his own. Then, oh, the Spirit as a comforter! Words cannot express it. The power of an indwelling Christ; the joy in the Holy Ghost; the wonderful baptisms of love and glory; the cleansing power of the precious blood; the walking by faith, clinging to the promises; the constant victory over temptation; the strength to sustain in times of trial; the deep anxiety for the salvation of others, — all this vouchsafed to one so unworthy! Amazing grace! wondrous love! power unlimited! only to ask and receive! Who would not walk by faith while Jesus leads, praising him for the *outward manifestations*, for the *sight* he often gives us to strengthen us, and, when these are withheld, loving and trusting him just the same. For he would have us cling to nothing but himself; accepting all blessings as free, unmerited gifts; and only loved and prized as coming from the hand of Him who died to redeem us.

AN HOUR WITH GOD.

MIRA ELDRIDGE.

Let me tell you of an hour I spent with God a few evenings since. It was an experience new, and superior to any thing I had before realized. It was a calm, steady concentration of the powers of the soul upon God, to that extent, that it seemed like conversation of friend with friend. My spirit-vision became so charmed with the view of God, that when I turned my eyes again to the earth, after gazing upward for an hour, I felt that I could fully appreciate Paul's experience as expressed in Second Corinthians, chap. 12. God revealed to me something of his design in dealing with me as he had in the past, and something of his purposes respecting the future. He so took me into his confidence, that I had new and very enlarged ideas of faith and its results. "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord revealeth his secrets."

... When first this realization opened to my view, cutting off the hope of present re-

covery, I felt the cross greatly increase in weight: it pressed me sore; and, in my struggle of soul, I cried, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me!" But in a calm, steady exercise of faith, I clung to Christ so closely, that the next outbreak of my heart was, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I need to be made holier, and I shall not have one pain more than my Father sees it needful for me. I desire not my crown till my measure of suffering is full. . . . Such undisturbed peace! I seldom think I have trials now. When circumstances are not agreeable to my feeling, I consider them the "needs-be" of life. "Your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things."

From Drops of Water.

A SOLEMN TESTIMONY.

Dr. Spring, reviewing his long ministerial career, gives the following testimony, which is instructive, solemn, and full of warning:—

"I have seen Universalists and infidels die; and, during a ministry of fifty-five years, I have not found a single instance of peace and joy in their near views of eternity. No, nothing but an accusing conscience and the terrors of apprehension. I have seen men die who were men of mercurial temperament, men of pleasure and fun, men of taste and literature, lovers of the opera and the theatre rather than the house of God; and I never saw an instance in which such persons died in peace. They died as they lived. Life was a blank, and death the king of terrors; a wasted life, an undone eternity."

ACTIVE PIETY.

Religion is the putting of God's will and spirit into life, society, culture, customs, politics, every thing. Personal piety and purity are of unspeakable importance. But they are not all: they are but the beginning of religion, which touches every feeling and faculty of human nature, every relation of human life and society.

We have tried to make Christians without giving them any thing to do; which is like trying to make swimmers without use of hands or feet. The churches are all full of religious dyspeptics, feeble of purpose, weak

in faith, indifferent, languid, listless, of little use to themselves or anybody else, and all for want of the natural exercise which would come from doing God's waiting work in the world. Admit that Christian character is the great thing; that piety and personal holiness are the very highest states and attainments: but to form that character, acquire those qualities, and rise up to that serene elevation, we must do something more than to sit even in a closet, and muse and meditate, and try to magnetize our souls by pious exercises; must go out into the world, and put our heavenly thoughts into heavenly deeds of love and mercy.

Editorial.

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

HOW IT MAY BE RECEIVED NOW.

Hundreds who read these pages may have, with unutterable longings, been saying, "Would that I knew just *how* the baptism of fire might be obtained! A satisfactory answer to this question would be more to me than a mountain of gold." Let one, who, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, can in humility say that she has for the past thirty years known something of the blessedness of this gift, tell you how it may now be received.

In the first place, be careful that you do not disobey God by saying, "Who shall ascend to heaven to bring Christ down, or descend into the deep to bring Christ up?" Be assured that the word is *nigh* thee. And how *nigh*? In thy mouth, and in thy heart. Is not Christ, even at this moment, saying to you, "LO! I AM THY SALVATION"? What have you to do but to rely upon his word this moment, saying, "I will trust, and not be afraid"? Be just as willing to sink as to soar. Do not any more sin after the similitude of Naaman. The Enemy of your soul will be just as much pleased if he can get you to estimate the blessing too high as too low. All that he desires is to get you aside from the mark of the prize of your high calling, which is inward holiness, and outward conformity to the will of God.

God is beseeching you now, by the voice of his mercies, that you present your *body* a living sacrifice. This includes the whole *being*. The Lord, your Redeemer, demands *living*, not dead

sacrifices. Your body, with all its members, including all the powers and faculties of your physical and intellectual being, has been wholly redeemed, in order that you may stand forth symmetrically, — the *living temple of the living God*. It is for this that you have been redeemed; and, until this is attained, the purpose for which Christ, by the mercy of God, gave himself to redeem you, is unanswered. Christ demands the *entire* service of your redeemed, purified being.

And how may you *know* that he has it? You may know it now, if you will now offer yourself a living sacrifice; that is, present your body on the altar erected by God, whereunto the unholy may come, and be made holy; the unclean, and be made clean.

To present a sacrifice seems to suggest the necessity of an altar. Under the old dispensation, it was not enough that they brought their sacrifices to the altar. Had their burnt sacrifices been brought if but one inch within reach of the altar, they could not have been proclaimed "holy, acceptable." And why? Because it was the sanctity of the altar alone that constituted the sacrifice "holy, acceptable." It was the *altar* that *sanctified* the gift. And it was for this reason that the offering, after being brought to the altar, was not sanctified until *laid* on the altar. From the moment it was bound to the altar, it became virtually God's property; as truly so as though the archangel, commissioned from the throne of the Eternal, had received it at the hand of the offerer, and borne it away to the highest heavens. Perhaps you may be saying, "I have already presented the offering, having long since presented myself a living sacrifice to God; but I have not the witness of its acceptance, neither do I see the descending fire which betokens the acceptance of the offering." Pause, beloved! and for a moment consider your position. The difficulty is doubtless because of a defect in your faith. Think! Do you not present your sacrifice *through* Christ? Does not Christ say, in praying for you, and all his disciples, for their sake, "I sanctify myself that they may be sanctified through the truth"? And do you not now come to this "altar most holy," and bind yourself there, to be eternally the Lord's? If so, God does not leave it optional with you whether you will believe his word; for "this is the command of God, that ye *believe*." Believe *what*? Why, God's *truth*. Hear him: "Sanctify them

through thy truth: thy word is truth." And what, as the word of the Lord, is the most appropriate truth to you just now? It is this: "I will receive you." Yes, this is the record that God has given: "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin." You present yourself through that all-cleansing blood now: therefore I tell you, on the authority of God's word, that it cleanseth you now. Faith is to believe it. Faith in the blood of Jesus is purifying in its effect. Do you not often sing, —

"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing Thee"?

And, now that you have the offering on the altar that sanctified the gift, wait in *faith* for the descent of the consuming flame, — the tongue of fire. Yes, wait in *faith*. It *must* come. It *will* come. Perhaps it is now upon you. Whence these consuming, all-controlling desires to act, speak, think, and work for God? To the degree you feel the energizing, all-absorbing fires of the Holy Spirit urging you to ceaseless activities in the establishment of the kingdom of Christ, to that degree you are already under the influence of the baptism of fire. But you may be saying, "Though I believe all is on the altar, yet I do not feel that I am the subject of the baptism of fire now more than before I believed." Do not let this discourage you. Know that the trial of your faith is precious. Remember that the offering of the father of the faithful was as truly the Lord's *before* the fire descended as afterward. It was not Abraham's work to bring down the fire. It was God's work to send the consuming flame. It was Abraham's work to bring the sacrifice, and keep it bound to the sacred altar. Not more truly was his offering "holy, acceptable," before he saw the flame falling upon it, than after it was consumed. He did not need faith in regard to the acceptance of the sacrifice when he *saw* the flame consuming it. No: that was sight; but it is faith that glorifies God. All that you have to do is to *keep* your offering on the altar, acting on the principle that you believe what you profess to believe; that is, that you *are* all the Lord's. Perhaps while engaged in some self-sacrificing duty, at some unlooked-for moment, ere you are aware, you feel your soul mounting up as the chariot of Aminadab, and your lips giving utterance to burning words of truth. This is the baptism of fire, or, in other words, *the tongue of fire*.

P.

Revival Miscellany.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16, 1867.

We entered upon our new year in this place. In company with the great congregation at the M. E. Church, and in the solemn presence of the great I AM, we had renewed our covenant of absolute and eternal allegiance to Jesus; and, just as we were bidding the last final adieu to the expiring year, we were partaking of the memorials of a Saviour's dying love, and thus at the sacred altar sealing our covenant engagements. Ere the solemnities of the Lord's Supper were finished, the New Year was greeting us. She came with hands filled with innumerable blessings, as with overflowing hearts we exclaimed, "What shall we render to the Lord for all his mercies?"

During the first two weeks here, the Church has been clothing herself with strength and beauty. We have had our faith tested as seldom before, and have not been without deep heart-solicitudes. "But when did Zion have conquests without previous conflicts? Where no war wages, no victories await her." So said our beloved Bishop Hamline while yet with us. And why should we not ever expect that warfare should precede victory?

We are now witnessing glorious conquests. Hearts that have been estranged by undue indulgence in party zeal are setting aside political differences, and uniting as one in the great work of building the walls of Zion, — bringing sinners to Jesus. Many new witnesses of perfect love have been raised up. Part of the time, we have three meetings daily. At our meetings for prayer, held from half-past eight till ten o'clock every morning, the Spirit of testimony has been so poured out upon the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, that it has seemed impossible to confine it within the appointed hours. Here the hosts of Israel arm themselves with an increase of power for the evening services, some of which have been eminently blessed of God.

Every soul saved ought to be a guaranty for the salvation of another. We are trying to get the people to act on this principle. To the degree we succeed, souls are brought to Jesus. Yesterday afternoon, a brother, who is a Prussian by birth, called on us. He was brought into

the light of the glorious gospel about two years ago, after a long night of great sorrow. Since we came here, he has been brought into the rest of perfect love. Now his manifestations of zeal are such as ought to be exemplified in all who profess this state. Though a man of business, he is making all his every day surroundings subservient to the salvation of sinners. I said to him, "I believe you have been successful in bringing one daily to the Saviour." He replied, "Some days, the Lord has given me *two*." How soon might the world be converted if all Christians would work after this pattern for Jesus!

One morning, after we had been talking to the people of the necessity of more zealous sacrificing work for Jesus, a brother, whose courageous countenance seemed to bespeak true valor for Jesus, rose, and said about thus: "The situation of the Church here reminds me of an occurrence in the late war. The colonel said to me, 'Adjutant, I think we would do better if we were a little nearer the enemy.' — 'How much nearer, colonel?' — 'Just on top of the works,' was his reply. His command was instantly obeyed. The gallant colonel sacrificed his life; but the situation was gained."

Another brother said, two years ago the Lord brought him out of spiritual Egypt, and he had been permitted most of the time since to walk on the margin of "the land of rest from inbred sin;" till last evening, as we were asking him two or three questions, he was compelled to leap over; and, since that time, language was too weak to express the enjoyment he had experienced in the rest of faith. The questions we asked were about thus: —

"Do you now lay all upon the altar? or, in other words, are you now presenting yourself wholly and unconditionally to God?"

"*I do*; at least, as far as I know." — "Does God require any thing beyond what you know of? God is LOVE: he is not a hard master. Have you not a High Priest who knows how to be touched with the feeling of your infirmities? He knows that you would present a more acceptable sacrifice if you could; but he does not require any goodness or worthiness in you. The goodness and worthiness is all in your infinitely meritorious Saviour; and he wants all the merit of the work, and waits to take all the glory. And now let me again ask, *How* do you present your sacrifice? Is it through the blood of the everlasting covenant?"

"Yes: I come *through* the blood of Jesus." — "If

so, then you have God's word to assure you that the blood of Jesus cleanseth you from all sin; and faith is, to believe it. This is the record that God has given of his Son. And you cannot honor God more than by believing him, nor dishonor him more than by disbelieving him. Unbelief is a *sin*. Surely you will not doubt the word of God. He that believeth not maketh God a liar; and you would not dare do thus. If you are now presenting all to God *through* Christ, I tell you, on the authority of God's word, that the blood of Jesus now cleanseth. Do you now believe it?"

"*I do!* Praise the Lord!" We then unitedly joined in the new, eternal song, "Unto Him that hath loved us and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Thus was the brother compelled to leap over the bar of unbelief. We have traced the simple process on paper, hoping and *praying* that every dear one who may peruse these lines may in like manner be *compelled* to leap over the bar of unbelief, and this moment enter the rest of faith.

A German physician said, "You remember, brethren, that I expressed my ardent desire, yesterday morning, for the blessing of perfect love. As I left the meeting, and went to visit my patients, I began to talk about Jesus, and my soul began to fill up; and everywhere I talked about Jesus. And now my heart is full. I know I have full salvation. The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

Another brother said, "In giving my invitations yesterday, I called to invite a friend to the meetings; but he was not at home. I found that it was a Roman-Catholic family. and I said to the lady of the house, 'I have made it a rule, lately, to ask the privilege of praying wherever I call.'" The lady said she had two children sick up stairs; and he asked the privilege of seeing them, and began to talk to the sick boy (who appeared to be near his end), and then to the little girl, and knelt down and prayed with them. On rising, the little girl said, "O mother! this is the best doctor I have had: do ask him to come again." The mother then requested him to come in as often as he could make it convenient.

Another physician said he desired to give in his testimony to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. On leaving the meeting

last evening, himself and wife were hungering and thirsting for purity of heart; and, after reaching home, they began to agonize with God for the blessing; and, between twelve and one o'clock, God gave them the desire of their hearts. He now wished to say it was the happiest morning of all his life.

A gentleman arose, and said he was in Texas when he received the news of the death of his wife and child; and, though he did not expect to see them again, he felt a strange longing to return to St. Louis; and he had been out to the cemetery, and there he resolved to lead a new life. He said, "Last evening, God gave me a new heart; and now I want you to pray for my father and mother who are unsaved, and for my father and mother in law, that they may be converted; also for a young man who was in a saloon last night, playing cards, when a dispute arose, and he called his friend a liar. The other drew his pistol, and fired three times at him. Each ball took effect, and he is not expected to live; but I earnestly ask you to pray for him."

A lady said, a wealthy gentleman, doing a large mercantile business, had experienced the blessing of perfect love, and had been rejoicing with joy unspeakable for several days; when, on going into his closet, he found that a cloud had come between him and the throne; and, on inquiring of his heavenly Father, it was suggested that he had not been as exact as he should have been in making out his returns for Government-tax; and he went immediately to his office, and made a very careful examination, making things right, and the Sun of Righteousness immediately shone upon him with meridian splendor. A sister also, who had experienced the blessing, but before this had been liable to give way to her temper, spoke sharply to her servant-maid; and, on going into her closet, she could not find access: and her heavenly Father suggested that she must go and acknowledge her wrong to Mary, which she did; and, in doing so, she won the heart of her servant for Jesus, and Jesus also freely forgave her. She also said that she had been living in the enjoyment of this blessing for six years. Her heavenly Father had let the light shine on her pathway very gradually, just as she was able to bear it. Had it come all at once, it would have driven her to despair; but she had been able to follow all the gentle monitions of the Spirit. Her friends said she would land in the lunatic asylum; but she

had been on the way for six years, and not landed there yet.

There is an association connected with the church here, of most manifest utility, which we would love to introduce to the attention of all evangelical church communities. It is called the "Young Men's Praying Band," though not exclusively composed of young men; taking in the middle-aged, or any who may wish to unite in view of making the most of their powers for God. The members of the Band, and also the excellent pastor, Rev. Dr. George, keep a vigilant eye on new members coming into the church, in order to enlist every available talent in the service of Him who "went about doing good." The members of this Band divide themselves for the various work assigned them, under a judicious leadership; visiting the city prison, hospitals, holding open-air meetings, &c. We give the "Rules and Regulations of this Band," believing that it contains the germ of what may be a continuous revival in every church community, and trusting that many may wish to "go and do likewise."

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S PRAYING BAND OF THE UNION M. E. CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do, by this act, form ourselves into a YOUNG MEN'S PRAYING BAND of the Union M. E. Church, subject to the following rules and regulations:—

I.—The object is organization, for the sake of greater facility and power of social and public worship, and the purpose of missionary labor.

II.—Our officers shall be a Leader, an Assistant Leader, a Chorister, an Assistant Chorister, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall hold their office for one year from the time of their election, and who shall perform the duties which their titles respectively indicate.

III.—The Band shall hold one meeting a week in the Union M. E. Church, at such time as the pastor of the church shall appoint; and the Leader of the Band may also direct the attendance of the members, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, upon one mission service on the Sabbath, provided no regular church engagements or duties shall be interfered with.

IV.—The members shall always be ready to pray, speak, or sing in any meeting of the Band, in accordance with the direction of the Leader, or whoever may preside in his place.

V.—The visitation of the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, is especially enjoined, and also the distribution of tracts and religious papers; and the Leader may appoint any member to any particular work of this character.

VI.—Every member of the Band shall consider himself pledged to total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and he shall also discourage their use in others.

VII.—No member shall pray or speak more than three minutes, except called on by the Leader to exhort, when he may occupy ten minutes.

VIII.—The officers enumerated in Rule II. shall, in conjunction with the pastor of the church, constitute an Executive Committee for the direction of all the affairs of the Band.

IX.—Any young man may become a member of this Band by signing these Regulations, and paying annually into the treasury the sum of one dollar.

X.—These Rules and Regulations may be amended at any publicly-called meeting of the Band, by an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting.

MOTTO,—“Rally round the cross of Jesus.”

YOUNG MEN, whether strangers, or residents of the city, are cordially invited to attend and enjoy the meetings of the PRAYING BAND, which are held every Friday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, in the Union M. E. Church.

All information desired can be obtained by applying to the Leader,

H. C. WRIGHT,

616 Market Street.

A. P. GEORGE, *Secretary*.

“And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—REV. xxii. 17.

P. S.—On the 17th, we closed our labors at St. Louis. Many pleasing recollections are suggested; but the crowded state of our columns forbid further detail. Our last meeting was one that will ever be held in gracious remembrance till “life and its labors are o’er.” It commenced at half-past eight in the morning, and continued till near noon-tide. Truly the “fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.” Denominational barriers were annihilated, or rather swept away, by the overflowing of perfect love. What does church South or church North sig-

nify, when the full tide of perfect love sets in? The hours flew as swift-winged moments as we sat together in heavenly places; the prayer of the heaven-inspired poet being answered:—

“Beneath Thy shadow let us sit;
Call us Thy friend, Thy love, Thy bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.”

Oh! it was indeed a memorable morning; and as we blended, probably for the last time on earth, yet once more, in the song, “Glory to the Lamb!” heaven came down our souls to greet.

In the afternoon, we left for Leavenworth City, Kan.; of which we may be able to furnish an account in our next.

WILL YOU STAY ANOTHER WEEK?

The following letter was written to meet a special emergency; but, as it illustrates the general principles upon which alone we are willing to engage with any church community in revival efforts, we allow its publication. It will furnish an answer to scores of letters we receive. It is our settled belief, that any individual unwilling to circumnavigate the globe for the purpose of saving a soul that might not otherwise be saved is unworthy the name of Christian.

In view of such convictions, we would be ashamed to be called after the name of the Ever-Blessed, were we not willing to sacrifice time, ease, or estate, in the great work of helping church communities in bringing their friends to Jesus. But we only go as *helpers*; and we prayerfully desire that we may only be called abroad as co-laborers, assured that God is ever more than willing to revive his work, and only waits the co-operation of his people. The Bride must echo the voice of the Spirit, and say, “COME!” —EDS.

DEAR BROTHER,— We have been asked repeatedly, by various persons, if we would not stay another week. We answer to such inquiries, We have not been prepared to say any thing decisive. To one such inquirer I said last night about thus: “In view of the solemn, awful deference due to the workings of the blessed Holy Spirit, we would not dare leave just at present. God the Father, God the Saviour, God the Holy Spirit, is at work among the people, in convicting, converting, and sanctifying power; and, if our remaining a little longer is calculated to extend and give permanency to the work, we ought, if possible, to remain.

“But, in case we do so, it will be necessary that we see more of the spirit of *sacrifice* on the part of the people. We do not ask more of *others* than we do *ourselves*. If we give all our time,

and make such sacrifice of health by continuous and life-wearing labors as we feel is bearing us very rapidly to our eternal home, is it too much to ask that the people with whom we labor should, during the short time we labor with them, devote their time and energies very largely to the work?”

I do not doubt some may think Dr. Palmer is not a man of business, and therefore has nothing else to do. And why is he not engaged in secular business? Is it because he has no business? No: he had a very large and interesting medical practice. Is it because he is so rich, that he could add no more to his earthly gains? No: he has not as much laid up for time to come as many to whom we minister. The sole purpose for which he withdrew from business, and we leave our home to go abroad as pilgrims and sojourners, is to gather sheaves for the heavenly garner.

And, in doing this, we only go as *helpers*. We never visit any place but by *official* invitation, yes, *official* invitation, urgent and unanimous. We go to help those, who, we have reason to believe, purpose to set themselves apart for *daily* specific self-sacrificing labors in bringing souls to Jesus. If we give ourselves wholly to the work of laboring with them, I will again say, “Is it too much to ask that the people of the churches with whom we labor shall, during the short time we remain with them, give their time largely, *sacrificing ease*, &c., to this *more* than angel work of harvesting souls for the kingdom?”

Now, in case we remain over another week, we shall do so at the expense of giving up other places where we had hoped to go, and where the friends have been equally urgent that we should come as the friends here were that we should visit them. We do not, therefore, feel that we can remain consistently another week, unless we may hope for an increase of *zealous* and self-sacrificing effort, especially on the part of the leading men and women of the church.

Perhaps you are saying, “*What* do you propose?” We can only suggest a few particulars, part of which are these: That at least fifty of the brethren and sisters of the Church *should* pledge themselves, in the strength of the Lord, to endeavor to bring one new subject to the house of God *daily*,—in view of the salvation of that individual, not merely in view of filling up the house, but to go out into the highways and

hedges if needs be, and compel them to come by way of accepting the gospel invitation ; or, in other words, that at least fifty should make a *business* of the WORK OF SOUL-SAVING, — seeking those out that they have invited after they have brought them to the church, bringing them to the altar, and in every possible way manifesting interest for souls.

We also need a band of holy men and women who will set themselves apart for the work of leading souls to Jesus. Those who present themselves at the altar need persons who know by *experience* how to lead them over the bar of unbelief to labor inside the altar rail. Will you, as captain of the host under Jesus, see that there are a sufficient number of accredited brethren and sisters who will set themselves apart for this specific work ?

There is also another department of labor which we regard as greatly important. It is that a secretary of the meeting, and, if needful, one or more assistant secretaries, take the names of all who single themselves out from the congregation and come forward for prayers. Every convicted person ought to be the subject of the most vigilant watch-care of the Church. God, the Holy Spirit, never convicted a sinner of his sins without intending to save him. If a convicted person does not find salvation at the altar, that person, whether young or old, rich or poor, ought to be visited at his home, or place of business ; and, with due care on the part of the Church, not one out of a dozen or twenty convicted persons but would be converted, and given to the Church as a living member.

Souls born to the Church, that is, through the labor and travail of Zion, is the wealth of the Church. If it may not be said of this and the other church community, that this and that man were born there, it would avail little that such a church community had existed, other than to increase responsibility.

If a million of money had been bequeathed to a church, how much pains-taking solicitude there would be to secure that property to the church, and place it beyond contingencies ! But when the divine Convincer, in answer to the intercession of Jesus, is sent from the regions far beyond the sun to the heart of a poor sinner to invite him to the Lamb of God, committing that convicted one to the care of a church community, it were more than a million of money committed to a church. And, oh, how soon will the light of eternity dawn upon the Church, and

reveal that what is wanting here is that the brethren and sisters form themselves into a band that may be regarded as minute men and women, who may be called upon at any time to visit all the convicted and newly-converted ones ; bringing them into the bosom of the Church, and nursing and cherishing them while there, till they shall become strong, and able, in turn, to nurse others.

If you think that the church here will resolve to have a continuance of this revival on these principles, will you take pains to ascertain and inform us ? as the answer will decide the question, whether we will remain another week.

Your affectionate fellow-laborers,

WALTER C. AND PHEBE PALMER.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS.

REV. J. COWDEN.

A correspondent writes, — “ I have often thought I ought to write for ‘ The Guide ; ’ but a strange diffidence has kept me from it.

“ We are now in the midst of a glorious revival, in which twenty-five have professed to be cleansed from all sin during the last twelve days ; and we have here now thirty-three witnesses for perfect love ; and the glorious work goes on. The gray-haired veteran and the young convert have alike shared in the purifying work.

“ Our three class-leaders are on this ‘ high way.

“ We are praying, and expecting the most glorious work ever witnessed in this region of country. If I thought there would be space in ‘ The Guide ’ for any thing I could write, I would try to tell your readers something that I know about holiness. I must add here, Glory, glory hallelujah ! ”

REVIVAL IN BRIDGETON.

God has cleansed the hearts of a number of the members of Trinity M. E. Church, Bridgeton ; and the work of purity is progressing. and some sinners have been converted. The work of holiness is progressing in Commerce Street, — the mother-church in our city. She has just rebuilt her old chapel, and made it commodious and beautiful, and is now holding special services in it.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Correspondence.

GRACIOUS PROGRESS.

Permit me to say that I rejoice in the spread of the glorious doctrine of holiness; and whatever tends to further the cause has my most hearty approval and practical co-operation. I have loved the blessed doctrine, and felt its soul-saving power, for many years. But the year 1866 has been the best I ever saw. Years ago, I was in the waters up to the ankles; but of late I have cut the shore line, and launched out into the deep. Glory hallelujah! Such light, such peace, such love, such power, such dwelling in God, such confidence!

Jesus, and all in him, is mine! I thank God for "The Guide to Holiness." It is well named. Every Methodist family in the Union ought to take it. May the glorious light spread like the rays of the sun!

When I came here one year ago last September, there was not one copy of "The Guide" taken on this circuit, to my knowledge. There are nine new names on the present list: these, together with those already sent, make twenty-one new subscribers since I came here. And you may expect more anon.

Yours in Christ,

E. MCGINLEY.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS vs. RESIGNATION.

"I in them, and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one."

Nothing conduces more to strengthen the Christian in his heavenward journey than the experience of those who are travelling the same blessed road. The comfort and encouragement I have received through the columns of "The Guide" has induced me, from time to time, to add my testimony in this way, earnestly praying that I may, in some measure, return the benefit I have received. In the "Correspondence" of the December number of "The Guide" is an article headed, "Mistaken Views of Entire Sanctification." The class of individuals there mentioned I should hardly place among those who really possess the blessing. Its seekers may have the object of being made happy a prominent one;

but once in possession of perfect love, and there comes with it a willingness to be, do, or suffer any thing the Lord wills, whether joyous or not. When first the light of full salvation dawned into my soul, filling it with joy unutterable and full of glory, I did not lose sight of the great truths, that it is through "much tribulation" the saint must enter into his rest above: but I felt armed for the battle; and as long as I kept Jesus ever near me, come joy or sorrow, it would be all well. I have not always had joy: there have been times when I have been low in the valley, (not of sin, thank God!) Bodily infirmities, heavy afflictions and disappointments, have crushed for a time my energy; but, though I could not rise, I rested. Precious word! rest! I rested in Jesus; and when he has brought me through the waters, and enabled me to come forth victorious from the furnace, I felt new strength for life's conflicts. God be praised for the power to overcome through the blood of the Lamb! To the worldling, life's pleasures pall, and oftentimes old age prematurely steals upon us: but the Christian is never old mentally; within his soul there is perennial youth. S. G. T.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Brother I: This salvation has the happiest effect upon me in the estimate it leads me to make of other people. My confidence in man is increased. I am less suspicious when hearing persons testifying to God's work in their hearts. I receive what they say as a truthful declaration of his dealings, and am slow to doubt their veracity. I find this to be a blissful, happy frame of mind.

Next to this, I have greater confidence in God; expecting him to do as he promises; expecting that, if I am abiding in Christ, he will do for or unto me all that I ask in accordance with his will. All that I am desirous to know is, that he abides in me, and I in him; then I have perfect rest. Hard things, crosses, are my greatest pleasures. I cannot explain how it is; but some-

how I can scarcely distinguish the cross from the glory which comes with it. Nothing equals the glory of the cross but the crown.

Since last present with you, I have been in Maryland. There, in the midst of great political agitation, the minds of many were intent upon the consideration of the theme of full salvation. Many entered into its enjoyment; among them, two ministers. We seemed to be living anew the days of Abbot. In one little village, sixteen souls were blessed during one meeting, and in the old style,—the power of the Lord coming down upon the people like electricity.

I love to come to this Tuesday meeting. It is a sort of headquarters, to which I am impelled to resort every now and then, to report to these friends, to whom, under God, I am so much indebted. In one thing, I am much disappointed about this way of holiness. When I first began to walk herein, I was warned by some to expect great trials and difficulties; these have not yet appeared: but I have been walking onward, "looking unto Jesus," and not fearing lest I should find scorpions beneath my feet; they are not in the way of holiness. Thus I have been getting nearer to God, having great peace and great triumphs, having just the experience I desire, all through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. Dr. P.: One thought has been impressed strongly upon me to-day, of which I would speak. It is the durable power of the blessing of holiness. Not long since, while attending a love-feast in the city of Troy, I could not but think of the time, twenty years ago, when at a camp-meeting, in a tent belonging to the church in which this love-feast was held, I received full salvation through faith in Jesus. Amid conscious unworthiness, imperfections, shortcomings, the blessing has been retained.

While it is a salvation by the moment, it is also a salvation that keeps us when we are asleep, when absorbed in profound mathematical research, ministering by the bedside of the sick, busied in the perplexities of the household: in all, and through all, this salvation of God lasts. The soul has such a *faith relation to the atonement* as makes salvation ours in every emergency, though the mind may be necessarily occupied with other things.

God gives us this salvation to carry with us to the end. Not that we are to walk carelessly: on the contrary, it is a salvation from carelessness. Neither does it preclude watchfulness: with it is

imparted a holy vigilance to guard the soul as it walks steadily onward.

In making the consecration, we should make it permanent,—one which shall last down to Death's door, and beyond; for surely it will not fail beyond. Upon such a consecration, light shines from glory, clear and calm, increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

Rev. Brother R.: I have taken a new lease of the doctrine of holiness, being convinced that in the preaching of it there is power.

Some years ago I received the blessing, but have not always had the witness of it. Sometimes it has been with me as with some regarding the witness of adoption. I went on hoping; but now my heart and soul are filled, my eyes are fixed on Jesus, and I have rest, joy, and strength from him.

When I went to my new appointment, I found but one, among a membership of two hundred and twenty-five, who professed full salvation; she a poor woman, and, because of her poverty, living in obscurity. Some of the prominent men had no knowledge of the doctrine; and this ignorance was not affected, but real, positive.

I preached the doctrine; took the earliest opportunity to talk from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

At the time of the Sing-Sing Camp-meeting, I succeeded in persuading one brother to go to the tented grove. When there, by a sort of instinct I found my way to the Thirty-seventh-street Prayer-meeting tent. At one of the meetings, just as the exhortation was being made, this brother came and knelt as a seeker for the blessing of holiness. He made the consecration, but did not obtain the witness of acceptance until the following Sabbath. Sabbath morning, while he was in his room washing, "something came down upon him,—went all through and around him, filling him with joy and glory." He hastened to tell his wife. As he went to find her, his little three year-old girl came running towards him with—"Why, pa! what is it?"—"Jesus is so good to me!" repeated the happy father.

He wrote a note to me, which, through mistake, was not received until the afternoon. It contained a brief account of his experience, and the words, "Be of good cheer; God is with us."

We had a prayer-meeting in the afternoon, in which thirty-one members expressed their desire for full salvation. The work still goes on. Seventy persons have been converted. These

and similar incidents prompt me to say, I have taken a new lease of the doctrine of holiness.

Brother S. : Since last I witnessed in this meeting, I have been brought to know what the brother has spoken of, — the power of this salvation at Death's door. God has brought me up again; and in his strength I am resolved to insist more decidedly, here among my own denomination, or wherever else opportunity occurs, upon the power of Jesus to save unto the uttermost.

Holiness seems to me to be simply "looking unto Jesus." A friend, in writing to me in answer to some things I had said about this, contended that I place an unwarrantable strain upon these words which they will not bear. I affirm, that when the apostle speaks of our "laying aside every weight," &c., he means more than that we are to stand our lives beside our blessed Master's, taking him as our example. Jesus is two things to me, — *a pattern and a power*. He delivers me from my sins, from their power. He is my precious, present Saviour; and of his blood I may truly say, —

"Here do I
Wash all my sins away."

Brother I. : I cannot but speak of this blessed way of living, — this giving up of all to God. Yet it does not seem so much giving up as receiving, — *receiving from God*. The Lord gives me so much! I did but give up my perverse will to him. I found no embarrassment in believing God accepted me. I was already his by right and by consent. I perceived I was already bought and paid for. This transaction I acknowledged when I ultimately yielded my whole being to God as his rightful claim.

Oh, what enjoyment I have in God! Truly, this is a way of peace. I have fightings; but they end in victories. In all the battles with the Enemy, I have been conquered in none. Neither the Devil nor his emissaries have thus far prevailed; and I expect always to conquer through the power of Jesus. I find his grace all-sufficient everywhere, — in my family, the pulpit, in pastoral labors. I realize that Jesus is able and does save unto the uttermost.

Brother L. : Of late I have been reading the "History of Methodism," and my soul has been catching fire from the lives of those spoken of in its pages. I have been led to draw nearer to God. My heart is melted within me. I am entirely consecrated, have rest in God, and find

my soul established in him. Last night, I was greatly blessed in thinking of these words: "Ye are complete in Him." Again, to-day, the same blessed truth makes me rejoice.

As you sang the opening hymn to-day, my heart leaped into the sentiment it contains. Yes, I could truly say, —

"By faith I plunge into this sea:
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest."

Sister P. : I feel the presence of the Lord among us. In view of the petition presented in the opening prayer, that this might be a believing meeting, I have been asking for a special promise for myself; and may not every one of us have a promise upon which to rest? Let each one ask the Lord for the promise best suited to his present necessities.

The promise which the Lord has given me is, "Lo, I am with you alway," — with me, to speak through these lips to his honor and glory.

It has been well said that mountains of gold could not purchase one of these promises: but they have been bought for us by the blood of Jesus, and given unto us; as it is written, "Thereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."

We are not our own; and, if we do not give ourselves wholly to the Lord, we are robbing God. "Bring ye *all* the tithes into my storehouse," — time, talents, influence, reputation. God has a use for all, and we are to bring them into *his* storehouse.

It must be a wonder to angels to see us robbing God, — a wonder even to our Adversary that we should refuse or hesitate to yield to his reasonable claims. Let us give ourselves to God, and believe that he receives us; let us believe on right principles, having right views of the word of God. I can say, to the glory of God, that my difficulties in regard to faith are at an end. God's promises are true; and, when we fulfil his conditions, we are on promise-ground, and the promises are ours. This I have been proving these thirty years. I have no difficulty about the witness of the Spirit; for he that believeth hath the witness in himself. When I believe, I know that I believe.

I repeat, it must be a wonder even to Satan that we should find it difficult, think it hard, to give ourselves up to God, — to yield to Infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Power. When we yield to God, he will not leave a vacuum

in our souls : he will come and dwell in us, and we shall know the truth of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Oh that all the precious souls here may let Jesus come in and dwell in them, and, through them, attract other souls to himself! Let them do it *now*. We have no time to lose. The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. But let us be willing to *sink as to soar*, —

"Sink into the purple flood,
Rise in all the life of God."

Since we were with you last, we have found Jesus was with us in our labors, according to his promise, at Rahway and at Middletown. At Middletown, where our Brother McLean is laboring, there is a very gracious work going on. He has been very greatly desiring that the trustees and other official brethren should be wholly sanctified. Before we came from there, we had the joy of seeing his prayer answered. All these brethren, except one who is absent, and many of the other members of the church, came to the altar, seeking full salvation; and some received it.

God has given us a call, for weeks, to come to work in other parts of the church-field; and we ask the prayers of this meeting that we may be helped in our labors.

BISHOP SOULE ON DANCING.

Once in Alabama, in a parlor filled with an intelligent and refined company, while the bishop was conversing with a group of friends, another group in a corner was discussing the innocence of modern dancing, most of them in favor of it. At length they agreed to leave it to the bishop, and, approaching, asked his opinion. (Silence.) "Well, I never saw dancing but once; and I must confess I was pleased with it. (Great suspense, and glances exchanged.) I have been to Paris and to London, and most of our own land, but have never seen the exercise but once. (Eager attention.) While I was in Paris, among other things, I saw several monkeys taught to dance, and keep time: and I must confess I was pleased with it; for I thought it became them very much."

BOOK NOTICES.

SANCTIFICATION PRACTICAL. By Rev. J. BOYNTON. Foster & Palmer, 14 Bible House. Price 75 cts.

This work meets a demand of the times. It merits, and doubtless will have, a large circulation. It is unlike any thing before the public, is less technical and doctrinal, and abounds in appropriate illustrations of the subject. It cannot fail to be a great help to those who are seeking to promote the cause of holiness, or longing to enter "the land of rest from inbred sin." It discusses, —

1. What is sanctification?
2. How is it to be obtained?
3. What are the evidences that we are sanctified?
4. How is the blessing of holiness to be retained?
5. Questions answered.
6. Application.

"The Christian Advocate" says, "This excellent little work is timely, and will prove a valuable help to all growing Christians seeking the attainment of the higher life of entire sanctification. It cannot fail of lifting many earnest but doubtful seekers over the bar of their many and entangling difficulties. It should be put into the hands of every Methodist."

NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK. By PHILIP PHILLIPS. New York: Carlton & Porter. Price \$2.50.

This is an attempt to make a book adapted to the promotion of congregational singing, by the most popular singer of the day. The plan of the book is good, and it deserves a better fate than any of its predecessors.

The following are valuable contributions to the Sunday-school literature of the Church, from the prolific press of Carlton & Porter: —

EARLY CROWNED. A Memoir of Mary E. North. Price \$1.25.

THE CHILDREN OF LAKE HURON. Author of Enoch Roden's training. Price \$1.25.

TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR. Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear. By Rev. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE. Price \$1.25.

THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN. A portraiture of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By Z. A. MUDGE. Price \$1.25.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH. A Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D. Price \$1.25.

For the Guide.

ROBED AND READY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. We are pil - grims, robed and read - y, Zi - on's pil - grims, Zi - on bound ;
Earth af - fords no sure a - bid - ing ; Rest is found on Canaan's ground. }

CHORUS.

Zi - on's pil - grims, robed and read - y, Pil - grims for the fa - ther - land ;

Soon with all the saved for - ev - er, By the throne we'll joy - ous stand.

2 We are pilgrims, robed and ready,
All arrayed by Christ our Lord ;
Washed in God's all cleansing fountain,
We are kept by his sure word.
Cho.—Zion's pilgrims, &c.

3 We are pilgrims, robed and ready,
Ready for the cross or crown ;
Ready, now, to do or suffer,
Ready for the saint's dear home.
Cho.—Zion's pilgrims, &c.

4 We are pilgrims, robed and ready,
Robed for all the journey through ;
Robed for toiling or the glory
That awaits the pilgrim true.
Cho.—Zion's pilgrims, &c.

5 We are pilgrims, though the Master
May have burdens we should bear ;
Crowns will only be the brighter,
Higher glory we shall share.
Cho.—Zion's pilgrims, &c.

6 We are pilgrims, robed and ready,
Duty's call our great delight ;
Cheering saints, and winning sinners,
Till we gain the mansions bright.
Cho.—Zion's pilgrims, &c.

7 We are pilgrims, robed and ready,
Through the valley we'll press on,
Till the master cries, " 'Tis finished,
" All thy work is done—well done."
Cho.—We are pilgrims, &c.

Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1867.

SACRED REMINISCENCES.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

TWICE within now nearly forty years of my Christian life have I been brought, through infinite mercy, to the experience and evidence of perfect love. The ancient command may not be inappropriate to me: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee those forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no" (Deut. viii. 2). But I can speak only of a few points.

CONVICTION THE FIRST TIME.

A definite, deep, and abiding conviction of the necessity of this work preceded my seeking it. The circumstance that awakened this conviction, accompanied as it was with an awful apprehension of losing my hold on God, and at last losing my soul also without it, was the timidity and dread I felt in doing all my duty. The duties which I felt I could not perform were, 1. A regular habit of confessing Christ in social meetings; 2. Vocal prayer in social meetings; 3. Family prayer in my father's family in his absence. Hitherto my mother had kept up this duty in my father's absence. I felt I ought to perform it. I was a convert of five months old. My secret duties were regular; class and church attendance irreprovable; my life religious, and my conscience tender. But I had strength only occasionally to speak for Jesus a few words in a social meeting, and thought I absolutely could not pray vocally

in the hearing of any person. No one will ever suffer more than I did for two months, till I was driven to the brink of despair. I was young, and untaught in these ways; yet the Spirit told me that nothing but a complete surrender of my all, to be governed wholly and without reserve by the will of God, at all times, on all occasions, in all places and conditions, would ever meet the wants of my soul. I had made many promises; greatly increased my faithfulness in all duties, except those public ones, in hopes to grow into spiritual strength sufficient to lift these crosses also; had promised the Lord, if he would give me the blessing I sought, so as to assure me that I had strength adequate, I would then go forward in duty; had set apart weeks of prayer, fasting, watching, and special labor, for the longed-for grace. But all availed not: my heart seemed more barren, dark, and distant from God than ever; and I grew thoroughly alarmed at what I justly considered my wretched and perilous state. The thoughts of my social religious duties haunted me like spectres of Sheol. I saw our older brethren pray and speak in social meetings without any embarrassment, as though they enjoyed it; and I deemed them the happiest and most honored of men. I thought perhaps, by the time I was as old as they, I should be able to do the same.

THE VOW AT LAST.

My distress of mind so increased, though I was leading a life of daily prayer and self-denial, and special pleading for holiness, that I felt at length the controversy must be decided. I dropped my work one day, went alone to one of my places of prayer

in the barn, and fell before God with something of the shuddering as though I was going to be immolated as a sacrifice, and, with feelings I can never describe, pronounced the vow which I had so long dreaded, in about the following words: "O Lord! I here end my controversy with thee: I give thee my all. From this moment, henceforth, I consent, and solemnly engage, to do all thy known will, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, according to my best ability, through thy grace, without any exception, reservation, or delay, at whatever cost to myself, even though it should take my life." I continued in prayer and weeping for some time before the throne. I confessed my sin of fearfulness and timidity, and threw myself, as I never did before, into the arms of God. I felt instant strength, peace, light, and comfort. A mountainous burden rolled from my heart, and I lighted up like a vessel relieved of her too-heavy load. I had done my duty, and I felt that God accepted me. My faith rallied, and I was wonderfully stronger. I had not expected the blessing I so much desired, and my mind did not once recur to the possibility that I might even then have already tasted it. I had only engaged to do all the known will of God in every instance, and to seek for the sanctifying grace till I found it, if it were to my life's end. The dividing-line between me and the world was now clearly drawn, the unmistakable landmarks set up; and I was sustained by a consciousness that I was the Lord's.

In this frame I returned to my employment with a feeling of satisfaction to which I had been altogether a stranger for months. Soon, however, the thought flashed across my mind, "What have you done? Your vow was premature and rash. You knew that you never could perform the duties to which you are now irrevocably pledged. You have left no proviso, no condition, no possibility of modifying your course according to circumstances; and next Sunday you will be called upon to speak and pray before a congregation. You will fail, and your awful vow will be broken. You have added sin to your past course. That, at least, was prudent: this is presumptuous and impracticable." Instantly I felt sinking

into deep waters, and a horror of great darkness came over me. The temptation seemed truthful. It had all my past bitter experience to corroborate it, and I had not faith to contradict it. I dropped my work, and returned to the same place of prayer, and, falling before God, wept out a prayer and confession: "O Lord! I am wretched and helpless and ignorant, and totally in the power of the Tempter. Lord, I intended only to fulfil my duty in making the vow. I cannot tell whether those awful doubts are the temptations of Satan, or the truthful suggestions of thy Spirit. I am fixed in my purpose to do all thy will. If these suggestions have been premature, and I have been rash in my vow, oh! forgive me, and pity my ignorance; but if they are temptations, and if I have done only my duty, come to me, strengthen me, teach me, help me to keep my vow, and I will abide in it, though it cost me my life." My prayer was uttered from the depths, like one sinking for the last time in deep waters. To me, all was real as eternity. I think I could have gone to the stake for Christ, even without spiritual comfort, if I had been assured of his will. My vow was made with a full expectation of losing my good name; of being counted a fool for Christ's sake; of being baffled and defeated, and put to shame, in my attempts to do my duty, but with an unalterable purpose to do the all known will of God. Had I done the will of God in making the vow? Was I now in the line of duty? I had scarcely ended my prayer of agony when the answer came. My soul was filled with peace, light, and joy. God gave me "where-with to answer him that reproached me; for I trusted in his word" (Ps. cxix. 42). My way was plain. The Tempter left me. I was never again attacked at that point. Up to that time, I had expected to be baffled in my attempts to pray in public; to be a trial to my brethren, and a jeer to my unconverted youthful friends, and perhaps a dishonor to the common cause, on account of my weakness. But now my anxiety on these points was gone. My faith in God became so settled and strong, that I seemed to "rejoice as a strong man to run a race." I longed for opportunity to speak for Jesus. It is

strange, but I never from that hour felt any embarrassment from lack of words or self-possession in performing my social duties. Satan had kept me bound; but Christ now set me free. The fear of man was gone. I believe I then received the blessing I sought; but as my faith was not directed to that point, and as I had it fixed in my mind that I was only entering the way as a seeker of sanctifying grace, it never once occurred to me that this might possibly be the thing I sought.

THE WITNESS.

Three weeks passed in daily, hourly seeking by all the means which I knew, or had reason to believe, were acceptable to God. My ideal of sanctification was that of a lad brought up, indeed, in the Christian faith and forms, with some elemental experience of the Spirit's operations, but unable to grasp questions and doctrines theologically, living in a retired and humble sphere, and intent only upon glorifying God in that sphere, without one thought or aspiration beyond. I could derive little aid from human conversations. People did not explain things then as they do now. It was not a Sunday-school age, and the adult mind had not come down to the capacities of babes. And then I see now that my thoughts dwelt in a region and were occupied with things far beyond my knowledge of words to express, or adequately to understand if others should express them. A few helped me. One old Christian lady helped me much. Most did not seem to comprehend me. But the Lord understood me; "and he alone did lead me, and there was no strange god with me" (Deut. xxxii. 12). He enabled me to keep my vow. I *did* glory in the cross. My peace, faith, hope, love, and purpose of mind, never for a moment wavered, though my emotional experience was not always alike. My great trial arose from the delay and absence, as I supposed, of that grace which I needed so much in order to glorify God. At the end of three weeks, I was alone in the field one beautiful day of early spring. The clear sky, the glorious sun, the happy birds, and all nature, "quick, and springing into life," were but the symbols of my

soul's experience. It was a glorious day within and without. I can never forget that day. I shall never enjoy a happier till I walk the fields of paradise. As I returned homeward while the declining sun was dipping low in the west, my soul full of delightful meditation, the thought came to me so distinctly, "This is a glorious day," that I answered, "Yes it is."—"You have been greatly blessed to-day."—"Yes," I replied, with praise to God. "This is what you have been seeking for."—"No," I quickly responded: "I have not yet attained."—"Why not? what is it that you have been asking?" This "Why not?" was the first occasion of directing my mind to a review of the nature and evidences of that blessing I was seeking; and, for the first time in my life, I seemed to pause, and have courage to institute the question, "Is this, indeed, the answer of my progress?" It took some courage to admit the possibility, so far as to put it upon the ground of an open question. "What is it that you want?" seemed to be asked me. "I want victory over all known sin." "Have you not got it?"—"Yes," I replied. "What else?"—"I want power to perform all the known will of God." "Have you not got it?"—"Yes, praise God!"—"What else do you want?"—"I want to love God with all my heart and soul."—"Do you not?"—"Yes, glory to God!" These and such like questions and answers continued to run through my mind with amazing distinctness; I giving my answers audibly, as if replying to an audible voice, each answer increasing my faith, and my clearer perceptions of the nature and evidences of the work which I had desired, until the final question came, "Well, have you not, then, received the blessing you have asked?" and my bursting heart answered, "Yes, I have. Blessed be God, my prayers are answered; I will not doubt!" And never from that hour have I doubted for one moment the reality of the work there attested. That was the "beginning of years" to my soul. It was the great passover act, wherein the "blood of sprinkling" procured a deliverance which eternity alone can adequately commemorate. I afterwards saw why my crosses lay so heavily on a given class of

duties, and why it became necessary to lead me in so new paths, through so great conflicts (to me they were great), to so great victory, marking each step with tears and agonies and blessing. About a year after this, I was called to my ministerial life, and it was this intermediate year of special experience and activity in my boyhood home which I afterward saw God had chosen in anticipation of my great work.

For the Guide.

SISTERS STANDING BY THE CROSS.

John xix. 25.

REV. THOMAS H. DAVIS.

Sisters standing by the cross,
Counting all things else but dross,
Loving him that Mary knew,
Be, like her, to Jesus true.

She that first his body sought
In the tomb, but found it not, —
She was first the truth to know
How he conquered Death, our foe.

Jesus first the tidings gave
To the loving heart and brave, —
She that lingered at his side
When her Lord was crucified.

Mary saw him by the light
Dawning to the morning bright, —
Saw, and heard him name her too;
Then her Lord and Saviour knew!

Sisters of the cross, to you
Mary brings a glory too:
Like that Mary, be ye found
Early placed on Duty's ground;

Watching when the Lord shall come;
Waiting for your heavenly home;
Seeking much his love to know;
Seeking, too, that love to show.

Tell the tidings far and wide,
You have known the Crucified;
With your accents soft and meek,
Still the Saviour's praises speak.

Oh! your words, like music's flow,
Soft and sweet, shall quickly go

To the heart by sin opprest,
And afford the mourner rest.

Sisters of the cross, be found
Evermore on sacred ground:
At the cross, and at the tomb,
There your virtues aye shall bloom.

Witnesses of Jesus' death,
Praising him with constant breath,
Witnesses that he arose,
Live and triumph o'er your foes.

Active be ye ever found:
To the cause of Jesus bound;
All His will and work to do
Who both died and rose for you.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

For the Guide.

THE LOGIC OF EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY.

I am fully aware that the caption of this article is open to criticism; yet it conveys to my mind an idea which is one of great power in the Christian world. How much has experience to do in shaping our spiritual destiny? How much is Christianity indebted for its success to the experience of true believers? How much of an argument is there for the truth of the gospel in experimental religion? Whenever the matter of evidence is brought up, we at once turn in our thoughts to Butler, Clarke, Paley, and others, whose works on the evidences are almost universally known. And this is all right in itself. These were noble men: they wrote well. But, after all, they are not equal to the *experimental* proof of the truth of Christianity. The arguments from Nature are strong: the arguments from prophecy are convincingly so. Nature says there is a God: prophecy says there will be a Christ. History says there *was* a Christ: but experience says there *is* a Christ; Jesus does save now. But myriads read all this, and believe all this, yet read and believe in vain, unmoved. Now, any consideration of this question of religion which confines itself to the head, and leaves out the heart, the inner man, comes short of reaching the merits of the case. I may know there is a God, yet not

love him. I may know there is a Saviour of men, yet not know that he saves *me*. If I am a child of God, I *know* God as *my* Father; I know Christ as *my* own Saviour: my mind knows it; yes, more,—my soul *feels* it. Here is a poor backslider. He was once a child of God. He knew it; he can never forget it. Now, all through his life, that experience must affect him. The sweet memory of Jesus may bring him back; if not, what will his banished soul feel of woe, as in eternity he calls it all up?

How often have great congregations been swayed, as the winds sway the forest, under the mere recital of earnest Christian experience! This is often the most powerful preaching. Herein is much of the peculiar power of our love-feasts and general class-meetings. That rich, ripe experience, bursting forth often in the broken utterances of the disciples of Jesus, or in the prayer that goes up to heaven from the lips of God's dear children, or in the songs of Zion,—oh, what a power there is in the preaching, as every true minister realizes when he speaks of Jesus from the experiences of his own heart! Then there is authority in his words,—unction, power. Experience is logic; and under it the hardest heart is often melted into the sweet tenderness of love. Oh! when Christians speak that which they do know in their hearts, they are using weapons against the powers of darkness which are all-potent.

The Saviour said to his disciples, knowing just what they would have to contend with in establishing his kingdom in the world, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16). As if he had said, "Depend not on argument, not on riches and respectability, but on a holy life: be lights in the world." He could not have meant the light of mere philosophy and science; for the disciples were unlearned men: nay, but the light of a pure and holy life. And, when the band of disciples received the baptism of fire on the day of Pentecost, men did glorify God,—thousands were added unto the Church, of such as should be saved. Pure-hearted Christians in all ages have been the pillars of the Church,—God's logic convincing the world that the

Gospel is true. Who, then, are to be the grand instruments in saving the world? Holy men and women. Who shall proclaim the power of Jesus to save us from all sin? who constitute the true Church, the inner spiritual temple of the Lord? Those who can testify that the precious blood does cleanse the heart. What power shall yet move the foundations of society all over the world? The power of the Holy Spirit working through the human heart. Cannot infidelity reason away Christianity? Not while Christians meet the world face to face, with their hands on their hearts, saying, "*We know.*"

Christianity is experimental. "The kingdom of Christ is within you," said the blessed Redeemer. It does not consist in a certain order of outward conduct, nor in the observance of certain mere forms: it is an experience; and experience is its best test,—in short, its only test. Rites, forms, creeds, do not make Christians, any more than so many leaves bound up between two lids make a book. It is the form of a book,—a blank book. Such mere ritualists are blank Christians: they have no experience. Here is the test: What has Jesus done *in* the heart? What do you *know* of his power to save?

Just here, let me say, the unbeliever cannot witness against Christianity. The true disciple, with an experience, is a positive witness. The unbeliever, at most, can only plead ignorance; and hence any testimony which he may bring forward must be ruled out as purely of a negative character.

The more numerous become the "pure in heart," the sooner will Satan's kingdom be overthrown, and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus be established in the world. This whole train of thought, it seems to the writer, rests on these words of Jesus: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John vii. 17).

I do not have doubts now. They are of no use: they make me so restless and unhappy! If one fastens itself on me, I begin all anew, and say, "If I never have been a Christian, I will be one from this moment."

From "Drops of Water."

For the Guide.

LOVE AND DUTY.

O. R. GURNEY.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments." It is superlative folly to *talk* about *loving Jesus*, if we are not willing to do the work he gives us to do. Our long prayers and our agonizing entreaties will avail us nothing until we are able to say, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." We are sent forth for the express purpose of conquering the world to Christ. How long, think you, before our mission will be accomplished, if we stand "all the day idle," refusing to do battle for our King? Let us no longer bring an evil report of the land, but "go up and possess it; for we are fully able." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." "Awake! put on thy strength, O Zion! put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!" and let us go forth and gather sheaves for the garner above. "Shall Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free?" "If a man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and *follow me*." Follow Jesus? Where? On the mountain-top, where the soul longs to build a tabernacle, and dwell in the light of heaven; where cooling breezes fan our brows, and soft and beautiful is the path beneath our feet? Yes, follow there, if there we follow the footsteps of our dear Saviour. But, when "the sands are hot and dreary," we may not turn back; for over the weary desert his footprints lead us too.

We have each an appointed work. We may not do another's, and no other can do ours.

Is the work obscure and humble? Scorn it not. That which looks small here may look great when read by the light of eternity. Is the work so great that the soul staggers before it? "Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Softly the palms of Elim wave their light wings above our heads, whispering to us of God and heaven. The cool, delicious water passes between our parched lips; and we bow our heads in worship, praying, "*Thy*

kingdom come." I would that we prayed it oftener, and more fervently! But when we pass out of the restful shade, and the busy, selfish world jostles and crowds us, let us be sure to *live*, in our daily, toiling lives, "*Thy kingdom come*." Oh, if every professor of godliness would go forth clad in the *whole armor* of the saints, strong in the strength of Jesus, how soon would the mighty walls and strong towers of sin crumble before the marching-on of God's Israel! "And the ransomed of the Lord would return, and come unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

We hear the muffled sound of tolling bells through all the land, the crushing of clods on coffin-lids, and we know that souls are being born into eternity. What have we done to help them to stand spotless before the throne? Are they lost, and are our garments white?

"Lord, keep our garments pure,
Clean of the blood of souls;
Then, when the silver cord is loosed,
And broke the golden bowl,
We will, *through thee*, in endless light
Be counted worthy to unite
With angels robed in spotless white."

For the Guide.

FOR THEE, DEAR FRIEND; FOR THEE.

F. H. W.

Why doth the suffering Saviour die
A shameful death on Calvary?
Why gushes forth the crimson tide
From his pierced hands and wounded side?

"For thee, dear friend," the Saviour cries;
"For thee this wondrous sacrifice;
For thee this fount of hallowed blood
Is pouring forth its crimson flood!"

O sinner! canst thou still refuse
The gift his bleeding hand bestows?
And doth the Saviour's dying love
Thy stubborn heart no longer move?

Then all in vain for thee he dies,
Then all in vain to thee he cries,
And all in vain his hallowed blood
Is pouring forth its crimson flood.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 29, 1867.

For the Guide.

TRAININGS OF FAITH.

MISS E. ROWLEY.

This excellent article, from the pen of our English correspondent, will be read with interest. The trainings in the way of faith will meet a rejoinder in the hearts of those whose onward and upward career attest that "herein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith."—EDS.

Our dear friends, the editors of "The Guide," ask for more experience; but do we, their correspondents, ever really give any thing but experience? Has not every article scanned by the eye of the reader its own history in the life of the writer? Have not the words, traced so easily on the paper, been first graven with tears and prayers and wrestlings on the heart? To think, to talk about it, is comparatively easy as to its results: but to *feel*, to struggle through the experience which generates the thought, and talk about that, is another and more difficult matter; and we shrink from digging up that hidden root of feeling, content to show only, if this will suffice, the fruitage of thought which has grown out of it.

I was alone in my room one afternoon, with a burden of prayer concerning a change that I wished, and believed it the will of God, should take place in my experience. I say, a burden of prayer; but, in truth, I was neither praying at the time, nor feeling particularly disposed to do so. This burden of something to be accomplished was with me; and I thought, that if I were in the spirit of prayer, and could exercise mighty faith, it might be accomplished then. But I seemed to have no power for any thing of the kind. Worn down with previous weeks of struggles, I was dull in thought, and barren in emotion. While I stood hesitating whether to kneel down and attempt to pray, or to wait a while for a stronger influence, these words lodged in my mind: "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Close on them followed a comment in this wise: "You need make no effort about it: an habitual faith will accomplish the work of its own proper force. If you want it done, present a petition to that effect: the work

will follow naturally and necessarily, because you are believing in Jesus." I did this in a very brief prayer; guiding, so to speak, by that petition, the momentum of faith resident in my soul into this particular channel.

A fortnight later, my prayer arose in my soul,—a new creation. This was the foundation of my last article. I intended to write another, based on a subsequent experience of faith in a somewhat different phase; but, for once, I will show the *root* instead of the *flower*.

Again a burden of prayer was laid upon me, very heavy this time; and feeling, far from being dull, was intensely vivid. The change was now sought for in another soul's history; and this, perhaps, was the reason why so much greater vehemence of faith seemed needed. Day after day, for a fortnight, I had prayed in the spirit of that ancient wrestler by the Ford Jabbok, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me;" and, on that Sabbath afternoon, it seemed as if the crisis had come. Long before this, God had vouchsafed the assurance that in this thing it should be done unto me as I desired; and I now felt as if that assurance had been granted, that I might found on it a more resolute faith than could otherwise have been legitimately exercised. Nerved by this thought, I ventured, in the deepest humiliation of spirit, to lay hold on the very strength of Omnipotence for the accomplishment of my desire, and thus felt that I put in motion a force hitherto unknown in my own experience of prayer.

Nearly six months passed before I had any opportunity of testing the result; and then my prayer stood before me,—a new creation.

I have known for many years something of the power of that faith by which "the just shall live;" but these two examples—the one in its repose of strength, the other in its vehemence of energy—rise up from the level of my experience as monuments of both encouragement and warning. It is a glad and yet an awful thing to have a power so God-like resident in the soul; a power which can be strong through all human weakness, and steadfast through all human fluctuations; a power which can effect as much, if God so order it, in

its deepest quietude as in its holiest violence. What excuse can there be for the non-exercise of a power like this? How shall we clear ourselves in the great reckoning-day, if, after having tasted of this heavenly gift, we have neglected to dispense its virtue for the welfare of souls around us?

COMMITTING SCRIPTURE TO MEMORY.

REV. D. F. NEWTON.

"The Bible! — 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line."

Soon after the Lord in mercy opened our eyes to behold spiritual things, we commenced committing to memory portions of the inspired volume, carefully, prayerfully, and exactly, word for word, without the slightest deviation from the written letter. First we committed the Sermon on the Mount; the most practical parts of the Epistles of Paul, Peter, James, and John; of the Psalms, Proverbs, and the holy prophets. We then committed the whole of Matthew's Gospel, whole Psalms, and whole chapters in the writings of Solomon and of the prophets; likewise whole chapters in Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, James and John, First and Second of Peter, and in the letters addressed to Timothy and Titus by Paul. This committing to memory portions of the blessed Bible was made a daily business. On some days, only one verse was committed; on others, two, three, four, six, eight, or ten. The passages committed in the morning were often repeated during the day, going out and coming in, lying down and rising up. While occupied in our usual avocations or business transactions, these golden gems were turned over and over again, and again meditated upon, and brought home to our heart. The glorious results of this persevering in meditating and treasuring up these "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are inexpressible. We mention only a few of these blessings: —

1. This hiding the word of God in our heart by these daily committals assisted us in prayer, not only in using scriptural language in approaching the "GREAT I AM," but, as whole Psalms and other parts of

the Bible were made up of prayer entirely, we could, when in a state of spiritual aridity, and when the heavens were brass over us, and our own words seemed to rise no higher than our head, then take the words of the Holy Spirit's dictation, and lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting, and soon feel our heart kindle with true, spiritual devotion. Often, when clouds and darkness were thus around us, the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness would dawn.

2. This method of examining the Bible by careful and prayerful committal of its pages assisted us very much in ordering our conversation at home and abroad, in the social circle, and around the table. A verse or two, taken from this pure *fountain*, was often introduced on these occasions for elucidation and edifying conversation. Moreover, it aided us equally in giving a happy turn to social or family interviews, when otherwise precious golden moments would have been occupied on things of a trifling nature or commonplace, or on things of little or no profit. Furthermore, when conversation was likely to flag, a passage from this lighthouse would be introduced for mutual edification and spiritual enlargement.

3. In our missionary trips from house to house in cities and villages, this familiarity with holy inspiration was of special advantage: also around sick-beds, on occasions when the Bible could not easily be come at, we could then have recourse to this stock on hand, treasured in our memory, and repeat *verbatim* such passages as would comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, administer consolation to the sick and dying.

4. In teaching Sabbath schools, Bible-classes, also in attending meetings for prayer, conference, testimony, and on more public ministrations, this fund of holy "writ," stored for future use, we found incalculably beneficial. Thy word,

"Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin."

5. In writing for the press, or otherwise, the same blessed results were experienced as when imparting oral instruction.

6. In severe temptation, we could apply this "sword of the Spirit" skilfully in warding off the fiery darts of the Enemy, from the fact of our having so many of the great and precious promises before our mind's eye. Our blessed Lord set an example here, when tempted by Satan, after his long fasting of forty days. What did he say? "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Matt. iv. 10). *Mark well* the purport, "*it is written.*"

7. This hiding God's truth thus effectually destroyed, and *killed out forever*, the least and last tendency to silly, nonsensical chit-chat, foolish talking and jesting, and things of little or no profit, so common with many church-members. This attempt at witticisms, to excite vain laughter, eats out the life and essence of true piety. Whenever you see persons given to light, trifling, or frivolous conversation, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, take it for granted such individuals are very superficial in Bible theology, and know but little if any thing of the marrow and fatness of the gospel.

8. Another exceedingly important item in thus bringing home the spirit of the Bible to our inmost soul was, it killed, or destroyed entirely and *forever*, all relish for insipid, frothy, and ephemeral publications, — the popular periodicals of the day, the fashion-plate magazines and comicals, the multitudinous mixed-up things of the bitter and the sweet, God and Mammon, Christ and Belial, so frequently advertised and puffed by religious editors. When once the truths of the Bible have taken firm root in the heart, and become more precious than gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb, these sugar-coated poisons, snakes in the grass, satanic transformations, appear disgusting and heart-sickening, and are repudiated as the froth and scum of the pit, fit neither for the land nor the dung-hill. Whenever you see persons poring over these "literary serpents" with evident delight, you know certainly that they have not yet learned the first principles of true discipleship.

"Fill first the bushel with the wheat;
With wisdom, food for souls to eat;

Then chaff, the fiction of the day,
Will find no place, and blow away."

9. This investigating the writings of holy men inspired opened our eyes to see the vanity and sinfulness of worldly conformity in dress, equipage, church-building, the pride of aristocracy, the uniting of Christ with Belial in matrimonial connections, religious festivals, and secret, oath-bound societies. When you see the professed disciples of Jesus following the wake of worldly popularity, receiving honor from one another, rest assured that God's word has not done its perfect work.

10. This method of searching the Scriptures, with accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit, eradicated entirely and *forever* a sectarian spirit and the spirit of caste. We were led also to hate oppression in every form as God hates it, and every holy being must hate it.

11. Again: this memorizing, treasuring up daily, the word of life, led us into the secret of the higher Christian walks, — "holiness to the Lord;" to embrace the doctrine of perfect love, that casteth out all fear. We saw clearly, from the many passages committed on the assurance of faith, that here was hope, well grounded, immovable for every one, on the altar Christ Jesus consecrated; that it was his privilege and duty to "rise and shine," put on the whole armor of God, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, to be filled with faith and the Holy Spirit, with all the fulness of God; able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, length, depth, and height of redeeming and sanctifying grace; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord."

Beloved reader, are not the blessings here enumerated, resulting from treasuring up God's truth in the heart by committing portions of it daily, worthy of your immediate, prayerful consideration? Can you hesitate a moment from following on to know the Lord in this way, till the day dawn and the day-star arise in your heart? "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation; for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God

spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 20, 21).

"Say, wouldst thou live? — this hallowed book shall tell

Where life's best joys and purest pleasures dwell.

Say, wouldst thou die? — consult this sacred lore,

And soar to worlds where sin can harm no more.

Living or dying, this shall soothe each pain;
Whispering, 'To live is Christ; to die is gain.'"

"Shining Light."

THE PROOF OF LOVE.

The King of Armenia not fulfilling his engagement, Cyrus entered the country, and, having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him.

"Armenius," said he, "you are free; for you are sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I will restore your wife to you?"

"All that I am able."

"What if I restore your children?"

"All that I am able."

"And you, Tigranes," said he, turning to the son; "what would you do to save your wife from servitude?"

Now, Tigranes was but lately married, and had great love for his wife. "Cyrus," he replied, "to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my own life."

"Let each have his own again," said Cyrus; and, when he departed, one spoke of his clemency, another of his valor, another of his beauty and the graces of his person; upon which Tigranes asked his wife if she thought him handsome.

"Really," said she, "I did not look at him."

"At whom, then, did you look?"

"At him who offered to lay down his life for me."

Greater love hath no man than this, — that he should lay down his life for his friends. Tigranes was willing to die for his wife; but, while we were yet enemies, Christ died for us. How far this love all earthly love excels!

Lord, teach us to pray.

For the Galde.

THE BATTLE-SCARRED HERO.

REV. J. W. ROBINSON.

A tribute to the memory of Rev. Hiram Law, who fell dead in the pulpit at Mosherville, Hillsdale County, Mich., Sept. 9, 1866, during the session of the Michigan Conference of the M. E. Church, of which he was a member.

Long and well had he toiled in the wilds of the West,

Never shrinking from duty, or seeking for rest;
But to reach and to save all the erring and lost,
Like a battle-scarred hero, *he stood at his post.*

When the conflict for Right, and to save the oppressed,

Raged wildly and fiercely from East to the West,
From the pines of the North to the far Southern coast,

Like a battle-scarred hero, *he stood at his post.*

Whatever the duty, whatever the cross,

Whatever the pain or the labor it cost,

In the blood of redemption he ever would boast;

Like a battle-scarred hero, *was proud of his post.*

When his brethren were gathered from far and from near

Each other to greet at the close of the year,

At the call of the roll of the itinerant host,

Like a battle-scarred hero, *he was found at his post.*

As the veterans spoke of the Centennial Year,
And their glorious triumphs we were favored to hear,

His voice, too, rang in the midst of the host,

Like a battle-scarred hero, *sustaining his post.*

And, when all were gathered to tell of Christ's love

Poured on so richly from fountains above,

He spoke in the name of the Holy Ghost;

Like a battle-scarred hero, *rejoiced at his post.*

Then he went with his friends to the house of the Lord,

And to sinners proclaimed the infallible Word:

While exhorting the youth at the front of the host,

Like a battle-scarred hero, *he fell at his post.*

As his hands were uplifted the people to bless,
The angels came down, and his spirit released:

Shouting, "Glory to God!" he joined the bright
host,
Like a battle-scarred hero, *relieved from his post.*

And, right at the spot where the cross he lay
down,
His brow was bedecked with the conqueror's
crown;
And now, from the midst of the glorified host,
Like a battle-scarred hero, *he looks down on his
post.*

May his mantle, which fell as from earth he
arose
In rapturous triumph over all of his foes,
E'er rest on his comrades, the militant host,
Till, like battle-scarred heroes, *they fall at their
post!*

Then, with all who are saved through their labor
of love,
May they meet with their brother in mansions
above,
And range with delight the perennial coast,
Like battle-scarred heroes, *relieved from their posts!*

For the Guide.

A FARMER'S EXPERIENCE.

ARTHUR DOWNER.

I have two objects in writing: one is to encourage those who years ago held up the standard of holiness in the midst of discouragement; the other, to contribute my mite to that magazine, "The Guide," the rich experiences of which have so often contributed to my encouragement; and to let others see that a poor farmer can enjoy the blessing of purity of heart and life as well as ministers and those in easy circumstances. I was born in 1829. When but a child, I had very serious thoughts. God gave me a very tender conscience. From childhood I tried to keep his law: but, trying in my own strength, I failed; and, although conscious of the sinfulness of my heart and life, I went on sinning and repenting until my twenty-second year.

In the fall of 1850, I sought the pardon of my sins; and although I did not receive a clear witness of my adoption, yet I joined the M. E. Church, and tried to serve God. About seven months afterward, while praying with and for a sister, he gave me a clear evidence of my acceptance.

But soon this feeling subsided; and I was at times conscious of the stirrings of inbred sin, which caused me many conflicts, resulting sometimes in defeat, sometimes in victory.

I was convinced of my need of holiness of heart: I believed it was my privilege. At a camp-meeting at Forkbridge in 1852, I sought, and, I believe, obtained it. Glory to God for the blessing I there received! But I was young in years and in experience, and could find few to encourage me; and, although I tried to live near my Saviour, I did not long enjoy perfect love. I bless God that he sent a Lawrence to Williamstown; also a Snyder. And I rejoice that Sister Snyder had the courage to stand up as a witness for Jesus, and declare his power to save from all sin, when there was not one member of the church who professed it. I went to the N. J. Conference Centenary Camp-meeting to work for God in the conversion of my neighbors, and to get this pearl of great price; and, glory to God! I was not disappointed. I was enabled to lay all on the altar; and, as soon as the whole offering touched the altar, it was accepted; and such a sweetness of peace and love and joy as filled my soul was beyond all my expectation. Every thing around me felt the difference: even my horse must have known something new had come over me. I bless God, through Jesus Christ, I have perfect victory over sin of every kind. I find 'tis sweet living at the foot of the cross, and working for Jesus. My dear wife also has been brought into this perfect rest from sin, and six of my neighbors have been converted to God; and one of these, — a lady of talent, — last night, in our meeting for holiness, at Williamstown, received the witness of perfect love.

Glory to our blessed Saviour! It don't take him a lifetime to sanctify a soul that is willing to open his heart and let him in.

Previous to my receiving the witness of purity, I had on my heart a burden of souls; and, glory to God! he has since converted every one of them. And, when he gave me the blessing, the Spirit impressed on me the duty of working for him, especially in urging the Church on to higher ground;

yea, to that holiness of heart, "without which no man shall see the Lord."

In the regular Thursday-evening service, after camp-meeting, Brother Doughty, who has been seeking for two years, received the blessing of perfect love. I mention names, so that our former pastors may rejoice with us. We have a Monday-night meeting for the promotion of holiness. The last night, it was a Pentecost. Although in the regular meeting there was not much emotion, except a solemn awe, and the groaning of earnest souls, — some seeking for purity, others, perhaps less informed on this subject, simply a blessing, and some stepping into the pool and being made whole, — at this point, the dear brother who led the meeting, very unexpectedly closed, and some left; but the more earnest staid. One sister seemed incapable of motion, under a weight of glory. Some one sung, —

"There is a fountain filled with blood ;"

then, —

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

A few words of exhortation from a brother ; then, —

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God ! I come,"

was sung on our knees ; then prayer by Sister Long ; then, after a few words of exhortation to lay all on the altar, and believe the promise, —

"Tis done ! the great transaction's done !"

was sung, still on our knees ; then prayer by Sister T——, who was converted at Centenary Camp-meeting, and to-night received the witness of purity. At this point, the power of the Holy Ghost came down, and all those who were seeking purity received it. Those who were seeking simply an indefinite blessing obtained it. One dear brother, who is crippled from a wound received fighting for his country, was prostrated under the power of God. When he came to himself, he was asked for his experience. He said, "I bless God." Brother D—— said, "Let us have another prayer : God has given me a powerful blessing." Then, seeming to take another drink from the fountain, he said, "I believe God has

sanctified me." Then, after another pause, "Praise the Lord ! I know he has sanctified me, soul and body. I go," said he, "next Saturday, to have my limb operated on ; but God will go with me. I am ready for life or death." Sister L—— said, "I have laid all on the altar, and am trusting Jesus, and will trust him."

Sister T—— said, "I thought all was on the altar, — husband, children, and every thing ; but I had forgotten to put myself there. I was not willing for God to take my life : but now I have laid that, too, on the altar ; and, glory to God ! he has accepted me."

There are now eight witnesses of Jesus' power to save from all sin, in the church at Williamstown. Two months ago, there was not one ; and others are yet seeking this pearl of great price.

Thank God for his holy Word, and for "The Guide," and for those holy men who are preaching holiness and living holiness ! I believe, if all our ministers were in the enjoyment of or groaning after this blessing, the membership would be more holy, and the world would soon be converted unto God. May God keep us all faithful who profess this blessing, and bring every one into this perfect love who reads these lines, is the sincere desire of the writer.

ROCKVALE, Oct. 2, 1866.

For the Guide.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

BY A. MILLS.

Let greatness, according to the world's estimation, go. I would rather be the least of Jesus' disciples than to have it all. I love to feel *little*. But I am the child of a King. My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

Praise be to Him who hath loved me and cleansed me ! "Jesus' blood and righteousness my beauty are, my heavenly dress." I will rejoice.

Oh, what a salvation ! Free for all ; a fulness for all. Little ones may trust, and not be afraid ; for Jesus is mighty to save. I will not talk of my weakness, but of his strength. How he blesses me ! — *even me*.

Amid the daily duties of life, when my thoughts are occupied with the wisdom of

earth, I hear the voice of my Saviour, saying, "Child, with me are the fountains of wisdom and knowledge." My insatiate soul turns to the never-failing spring, drinks, and praises the Giver.

He who deserves the name of Friend above all others meets me likewise on the street, and his recognition fills my soul with praise.

The darkness and the light are both alike to him: often he illumines the darkness with rays more glorious than those of the noonday sun.

Truly I am a favored one, blessed now beyond all earthly power, and hastening forward to meet the spotless throng before the throne, to abide with them in the presence of Jesus forever:—

"Safe, safe at home,
No more to roam."

MT. CARROLL, ILL.

For the Guide.

BACKSLIDING FROM PERFECT LOVE.

BY REV. R. HARGRAVE.

Can mercy relieve my distress,
And ransom my soul from its thrall,
Bring back to this agonized breast
The Eden it lost in its fall?

Ah! what have I gained in the stead
Of favor so heedlessly lost?

Affliction, and horror, and dread,
The stripes which the forfeiture cost.

I sigh for the unsullied bliss
That faith had possessed as its own.
In duty my soul was remiss:
Alas! the sweet comfort is flown.
My pangs are enormous and keen;
My sorrow can never be weighed;
Confusion is nameless within:
Oh! where shall my hope now be stayed?

'Tis minished, and brought very low:
If still such a grace I may claim,
Where, where for relief shall I go,
O Saviour! except to thy name?
Though wounded, thy wounds can impart
The balm that my spirit can heal,
Bring back to this penitent heart
The heaven that once it did feel.

Let mercy impel thy descent
To rescue my soul from the snare,

Rich mercy my sorrow prevent;

That mercy my tongue shall declare:
Till life and its labors be o'er,
Salvation I'll publish abroad,
And praise thee, and ever adore,
Twice filled with the fulness of God.

"QUEENS SHALL BE THY NURSING MOTHERS."

The following is a beautiful example of Scripture fulfilment: "At the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the venerable Mr. Ellis, in giving an account of his visit to Madagascar, said, that, in the draughts sent from England of a proposed treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar, there occurred these remarkable words: 'Queen Victoria asks, as a matter of personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecutions of the Christians.' In the treaty that was signed a month before he came, there occurred these words: 'In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of Christians in Madagascar.'"

Ladies' Repository.

For the Guide.

WORTH OF A SOUL.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—MARK viii. 36.

A converted Jew, pleading the cause of the society through whose instrumentality he had been brought to the knowledge of Christianity, was opposed by a learned gentleman, who spoke very lightly of the objects of the society and its effects, and said, "He did not suppose they would convert more than a hundred altogether."—"Be it so," replied the Jew. "You are a good calculator. Take your pen, now, and calculate the worth of one hundred immortal souls!"

"Knowest thou the value of a soul immortal? Behold the midnight glory, worlds on worlds! Amazing pomp! Redouble this amazement, Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more; Then weigh the whole: one soul outweighs them all!"

For the Guide.

MATTERS OF FACT IN REGARD TO REGENERATION AND ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

REV. J. A. WOOD.

22. It is a matter of fact that but comparatively few professors of religion strive to excel in righteousness and become the first order of Christians. How very few, compared to the mass of believers, strive to love God with all their heart, soul, mind, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves, or give evidence of entire sanctification! As a result, how abundant among professors the sinful "lusts of the flesh," or wicked tempers, such as envy, pride, self-will, selfishness, love of ease and pleasure, sinful anger, jealousy, unsanctified ambition, unbelief, impatience, fretfulness, covetousness, hypocrisy, revenge, and every other opposition to the will of God! The lives, spirit, and general tenor of conversation, among professed Christians, indicate a great want of spirituality of mind.

There is much worldly-mindedness in the Church as a whole. This is exhibited in conformity to the world; in costly and splendidly furnished dwellings; in gay and fashionable dress, in which we can see little or no difference between professing Christians and those who make no profession; fashionable parties, in some instances associated with vain and sinful amusements.

It is marvellous to see what a goddess Fashion has become even in the Church. Surely no heathen goddess was ever worshipped with costlier offerings, more general attention, or more implicit subjection.

Fashion is truly becoming a tyrant in this country. Many who profess religion are manifestly so low in spiritual life as not to habitually overcome the world, the flesh, or the Devil. Of course, such have not the liberty of the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. They are conscious of being overcome by sin; they do not get above its power; they are the slaves of appetites and passions not sanctified by grace; they often yield to carnal inclination, and repeatedly fall the victims of their own evil propensities. The manifest fact is, the current Christianity of the day, as exhibited by many nominal professors, does not an-

swer the description given of true piety in the word of God.

Who can doubt that love of the world, a delight in self, a dread of the cross, and formalism, and dependence upon external splendor, are gaining ground in many churches? How appropriate, in these times, the remarks of Dr. Adam Clarke in his time: "It seems to be the principal concern with many to find out how little grace they can have, and escape hell; how little conformity to the will of God, and get to heaven"! Such persons, it is to be feared, will neither escape the one, nor reach the other.

We know, to our comfort and encouragement, that there are many deeply devoted and thoroughly sanctified members in our churches, — perhaps more than ever before, and the number also increasing; but how greatly are they in the minority as compared with the great multitude who fail to claim their privilege or do their duty! Then, while we are thankful, and praise God for all that has been done, and is being done, let us not close our eyes to the sad facts everywhere visible, indicating a great lack of thorough gospel purity in the great body of the so-called Christians.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

SKETCHINGS BY THE WAY.

BY M. D. W.

JAN. 16, 1866.

I enter upon the new year with a full purpose to be more than ever devoted to Christ and his work. Thus far, I have been advancing: my faith strengthens, love increases, hope brightens, peace deepens, power more abundant rests upon me, energizing my whole being, and exciting to more active service in the work of the Lord. Oh, how my soul has thirsted for the fulness, the endowment of power, the baptism of fire, the motion from the Holy One, the seal of the Spirit, the full assurance of faith, the perfection of love! And, for the past two weeks, I have been consciously receiving these blessings. Glory be to Jesus! all are mine. Oh, how given up I feel to the will of God! how I love his work! how I long to devote myself more fully to it! and I hasten through my secular employments (though not unfaithfully) in order to

find time to devote to God ; with my *pen* to testify for Jesus, to speak of his power to save to the uttermost, to proclaim to thousands his precious truth. Oh, how much God helps me in this work ! How my soul feasts and glows while I turn over the prayer of inspiration, and gather therefrom sweet manna with which to feed the household ! What a heavenly unction flows into my own heart, and distils from my pen, as I trace them out for others' good ! Light from the eternal throne seems to shine down upon God's truth, making it all aglow with the Spirit's fire, and inspiring words that burn.

Memory goes back to my childhood's home. Twenty years ago, when but a youthful disciple, about a year after I had experienced the sanctifying power of grace, I heard "a still small voice" whispering in my heart, saying, "Go visit the abodes of poverty, talk of Jesus to the neglected ones, and employ your pen for God." The first requirement seemed reasonable: the poor, who could not attend the sanctuary, needed to have the gospel carried to their homes ; and I had sufficient talent to enable me to convey to such lowly ones the message of salvation. Yes, I would go, and God would help me. The last requirement, I scarcely gave to it one serious thought. My deep consciousness of utter inability to write prevented it from making more than a passing impression. In every respect, I was unqualified. Want of education, and lack of native talent, surely afforded a sufficient excuse. I did not for a moment believe the suggestion to be from God. A few weeks passed. A cloud came over me, obscuring the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness. I searched for the cause ; but no light came. I was dissatisfied with myself, yet was unconscious of disobedience. I visited a sister whom I dearly loved for her devotedness to God. Sweet hours of social converse and prayer had often been passed with her. Soon after I sat down, she said, "Sister Mary, I have felt burdened for you for several days, and I must tell you why. God has shown me your duty. He requires you to visit more than you do among the people, and to talk to them of Jesus. And it is your duty to write for the press. The Lord has shown me all this ; and he has also

shown it to you, and you are refusing, and, in consequence, are backsliding. I feel it sensibly. You must obey the Spirit's voice." Oh, how those words went home like sharpened arrows to my heart ! It was a message from God to me ; I knew it was ; and I quite broke down under it. Tears freely flowed. I acknowledged to this dear sister the truth. Yes, I had been so convicted. "But," said I, "in respect to writing, I could not believe that to be my duty ; for I have no talent whatever. I never wrote much ; never attempted to write but one composition ; and I cannot write." She replied, "If God requires it of you, he will qualify you for it. Make the effort, and he will aid you." We bowed in prayer, and committed the matter to God for direction. I consented to *try* ; believing that, if it was my duty, sufficient grace would be imparted in time of need. Now the barrier between my soul and Christ was all removed. Sweet peace flowed in. The next day, I retired to my chamber to *try*, and see if help came. Thoughts freely flowed. The result surprised me. I sent my first effort to a periodical : it was accepted ; and, ere long, I was editorially invited to contribute more. In the September "Guide" for 1844 appeared my second article for the press, my first of many since for that valuable monthly, with the anonymous signature of "Ida ;" after years, changed to "Dora ;" and of more recent years, under my own initials. Since our first trembling effort, the labors of my pen, in various forms and through various channels, have been multitudinous. God has helped me wonderfully ; none but my poor self can understand how wonderfully. And very much beyond what we could have expected has he owned the humble, weak, and entirely inefficient instrumentality he in his wisdom saw fit to choose, that the *excellency of the power might be of God*, and not of us. Our only boast must, from necessity, be in him alone. "To those who have no might he increaseth strength." This strength is made "perfect in weakness." I have proved the truth of these declarations, oh, how fully ! My productions are unpolished by scholastic lore ; the enticing words of men's wisdom adorn them not : but the simple utterance of the heart, when imbued with the Spirit's fire

and illuminated by sacred truth, will find its way to the soul, and strengthen and cheer the children of God. Hundreds of letters, breathing words of encouragement, have been received as evidence calculated to cheer and sustain me amid many difficulties and trials; otherwise I might have fainted in my work. We record this leading of the divine hand as affording an additional evidence that God often chooses a weak instrumentality for the accomplishment of some work, committing treasure to an earthen vessel, "that the excellency of the power may be of him, and that no flesh should glory in his presence."

For the Guide.

GOD A PRESENT HELP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DROPS OF WATER."

A present help! Oh wondrous fact! thought ineffable!—God, our God, a help, always a help, and source of strength, meeting fully and continually every demand of our spiritual life.

On waking one morning some time since, my first conscious thought was of the many perplexing duties of the day. I could not meet them alone; and, as I looked up, the Spirit whispered, "I will help thee." As I bowed to seek strength, before leaving my room, again "I will help thee" fell on the spirit's ear, quickening my faith and leading me to take a firmer hold upon God, that, when the Enemy's forces should be brought against me, I might be able to stand. "By faith ye stand."

All day I fought upon Life's battle-field; and so constant was the demand for a steady exercise of love, patience, and forbearance, that my forces would have been well-nigh exhausted, had not God, at every fresh assault, whispered, "I will help thee."

"How could I sink with such a prop
As the Eternal God?"

He held me firmly up; with his strength I became almighty; and though often tempted to yield to impatience, yet, looking away from self to the Great High Priest, I was able to say with Paul, "None of these things move me."

Reader, are you struggling with life's

burden alone and with a trembling faith? Listen to the word of God: "A present help in trouble." "I will help thee." Yes, even thee. The promise is to every one, who, with unwavering faith, will make it his own.

As you ponder upon it, your faith will grow larger; it will become a blessed soul-realization; and the burden that now rests with pressing weight, borne in God's strength and by God's help, will become light, or seem no burden at all. If we look earthward, the mists gather about us, our vision grows dim, and our faith trembles; but, with the eye turned toward the heavenly hills, faith takes to itself wings, and rises to dwell close by the heart of God.

MENDON, MASS.

For the Guide.

BE KIND TO ALL.

EMMA GORDON.

How much there is in *that* one word, kindness! For, though you are but one in the mass of living beings, you have a duty to perform; and that duty is to be kind in word, deed, and act. And, if we perform that duty faithfully, it will never fail to spread sunshine on the uneven paths of life; then it will be still sweeter, when we leave the shores of time, to bask in the glorious bliss of a never-fading eternity.

On the other hand, if we fail to do our duty in this respect, we shall go through the world despised, spurned, and rejected, not only by those with whom we mingle here below, but God himself will cast us off when we cease to be on earth. Then, as the ties dissolve away which bind you to earth, and your soul reaches after that support which in its hour of prosperity it denied to others, then it will appear in its true light. Would it cheer your aching heart to reflect on the past, and think how far short you came of meriting that which you so much desired? Nay, it will imbitter your last moments. Let us all try to cultivate that which in the end will bring a sure reward, and on earth make not only ourselves but all around us happy; for indeed there is nothing so beautiful as the true Christian character. "And there is no excellence without great labor."

EXPERIENCE.

MRS. O. M. FITZGERALD.

For the Guide.

When I was nearly eight years of age, I became deeply interested on the subject of my soul's salvation. For weeks, it weighed heavily upon my mind ; and at last became so keen and powerful, that I could not eat. One day, while the rest of the family were at dinner, I, with the all-absorbing subject on my mind, went into the garden, and wept on account of my sins. Upon my being missed from the dinner-table, search was immediately made ; and I was found weeping bitterly, and felt that I could not go in, but wanted to see my father.

By this time the family had dined ; and my father came immediately out, and took me into the house, and seated me upon his knee, and told me, if I repented of my sins, and would forsake them, and look to God for mercy, He would forgive ; for Christ had died for me. Through my father's word, I believed God's Word ; and immediately peace sprang up in my soul, and my burden was gone. At that time, I, of course, was considered too young to be taken into the visible fold of Christ's flock ; consequently was left out on the cold, bleak mountain of the world until I was near sixteen years of age.

At that time, I was nearly frozen to death, spiritually : but the Lord, in tender mercy, poured his Spirit upon the church to which my parents belonged, and the warming rays of the Sun of Righteousness were poured into my heart with great power ; and I received a fresh token of my acceptance with God, and joined the Presbyterian Church (where my parents were members), and continued a member of it till I was married, some years. Then, my husband being a Methodist, I joined the Methodist Church, feeling that its privileges were helps that I needed to promote my growth in grace. I enjoyed the preaching, the class and prayer meetings, and was profited by them, but still felt the want of something more to enable me to rise above the world, but knew not how to obtain it until the Rev. James Caughey came to preach in our church. Then, for the first time, I heard Christ presented as a present and complete Saviour.

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On Monday evening, for the first time in my life, I believed that Christ did in this world save from all sin. As I thought it over, I thought St. Paul was saved from all sin ; so was Mr. Fletcher ; and so were others. But it was not for me. The question immediately arose in my mind, "To whom am I giving the glory ? Is it to God ? or is it to St. Paul, Mr. Fletcher, or others ?" I thought they were sinful men ; but the grace of God saved them : and God is no respecter of persons ; and, through his grace assisting me, I am determined to have a clean heart. The invitation was given for all who desired the blessing of a clean heart, or sanctification, or whatever name they might call it, to come forward to the altar.

The preacher in charge said some might not like those terms : if so, all who desired a deeper work of grace in the heart, come forward. On that invitation, I went forward, and knelt at the altar, desiring a clean heart, and praying for it, but did not feel quite willing for others to know it ; and, when the preacher asked what I would have, I said, "A deeper work of grace," but prayed for a clean heart. In a very short time, I was greatly blessed ; but although my joy was unbounded, yet I did not feel that my heart was cleansed. But the blessing I received, instead of satisfying me, increased my thirst for a clean heart ; and the Spirit, each remaining day of that week, presented some person or thing that must be placed upon God's altar before I could receive it. The first presented to my mind was, if the Romanists should get in power, and I was obliged to renounce my religion and join their church, or be burned at the stake, would I burn at the stake ? I thought I could not live long in the fire : my suffering would only be a few hours at most, and then I should go right to heaven. I said, "Lord, I would burn !" Then came the question, "Suppose the Lord should take away your children, and leave you childless, how would you feel ?" The thought came, "God has promised that 'no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly : ' and, if it be for my good and the good of my children for them to live, God has power to keep them alive ; and he will do it." And also the thought, "I can

only see the present ; but God can see the present and the future ; and he may see that they will be drawn into the world if they should live longer, and at last lose their souls." Then, heart-rending as it would be to lose them, I would rather they should die now. And I said, "Lord, I give them to thee, and thy will be done with them : only keep them in the hollow of thy hand." The next thing presented was, "How would I feel if the Lord should take my husband from me? Could I say in that hour of keen trial, 'Thy will be done'? or would I rebel?" I thought, "I would be willing to die, and let him live ; for I am of little consequence to my family, compared with him : but I cannot live, and let him die." As I continued to plead for a clean heart, the Spirit continued to press the question, "Would you be willing for God to take him?" and also to present the promises, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;" and, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." My agony of soul was intense ; but I said, "Lord, thou knowest what is best ; and thy will be done." It was presented that God might then see fit to strip me of all earthly goods, if my husband was taken from me, and I, at last, be obliged to go to the alms-house. I said, "Lord, if it be for thy glory, and for my good, so let it be." I felt great consolation in the thought that I could not live long in that place.

Saturday night came, and we had an experience-meeting ; and, when I spoke, I said it was my desire that the Lord would sit over me as a refiner and a purifier of silver until his own image was perfected in me. Brother Caughey said, "All who feel as that sister expresses herself, come to the altar, and give yourselves to the Lord, and, through faith, claim the blessing *now*." As I knelt at the altar, the preacher that spoke to me on Monday night asked me the same question ; to which I answered, "I want a clean heart." Immediately it was suggested, "Would you get up and speak to the meeting? would you come to the altar, and point the sinner to Jesus? would you pray in the meeting?" I said, "No : it is not my duty to do that. That work is for the brethren to do : I cannot do it." My

whole being revolted at the impropriety, as I thought, of a female speaking in a public meeting. But again it was whispered, "Will you do it?" I said, "If there should be no brethren present that are in the habit of doing it, then I will ; otherwise I cannot."

My agony of soul became so intense, that it seemed as if I were pressing a suit for life ; when the Spirit — which makes thorough work when we let it — again whispered, "Will you pray, or speak to the people?" I said, "Yes, Lord : if there be a thousand people present when thou dost require it, I will do it ; only give me a clean heart." Then "there was a great calm." Then came to my mind, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I thought, "I desire *now* a clean heart ; and the promise is, if I believe, I shall have it *now*." It seemed at that point as if two were present, talking with me. One said, "How can you believe, when you do not feel?" The other said, "Believe, and ye shall receive. Heaven and earth shall pass away ; but my word shall not pass away." Again it was said, "How can you believe without any evidence?" I said, "I do not know that there is a heaven or a hell, only from the word of God. I have never been to either of them ; and yet I as firmly believe it as if I had experienced the joys of one and the pangs of the other. And I believe that God is true to his word, and does the work *now* in my heart." The Enemy suggested that it was presumption for me to believe without any evidence. I said to him, "If I never have the evidence till I go to the bar of God, I know the work is done *now* : for God says, if I believe, I shall receive ; and he cannot lie. Therefore I will rest upon his promises, and take them with me to his bar." Some time after, a brother said to me, "You do believe that God cleanses you *now* from all sin?" I was so sure that God was true to his word, that it seemed as if my whole being were thrown into the word *yes* ; and, quick as thought, I was filled with the Spirit, which bore witness with my spirit that I was cleansed from all sin. How true is the word of

God, which says, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation"! It is ten years since I received that blessing; and, during the whole of that time, Christ has been such a satisfying portion, that there has not been one hour but I could say, "*You may have all the world; but give me Jesus.*"

For the Guide.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

MRS. E. M. GRAHAM.

Jesus loves us : oh, what wonder
We should have so dear a friend !
Yet his love there's none can sever :
Jesus loves us to the end.

Happy soul ! then rest on Jesus, —
Rest your interests in his hand, —
That, when life's short journey's ended,
You may come at his command, —

Come to taste the bliss of heaven,
Bliss to mortals here unknown :
Yet we hope one day to taste it
Where no sorrow e'er can come.

Blessed Jesus ! make us holy,
And prepare us for that rest ;
Then, when all our toils are ended,
We shall lean upon thy breast.

Leaning on the breast of Jesus,
Freed from earth-born cares below,
We will press our journey onward ;
When he calls, we'll gladly go, —

Go to dwell forever near him,
And behold him on his throne ;
Join the heavenly choir, to praise him
In our long and happy home.

TROY, IO.

"Nearer the port by every wave!"

Praise God! Even now I see my Father's house, peering in the distance. A few more struggles, and the conflict will be ended. We shall have fought the fight, and finished our course; and blessed will it be if we can say with the servant of God, "I am now ready to be offered."

From "Drops of Water."

For the Guide.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

By reference to my dairy, I see it is a little over six years since I was enabled to give up all for Christ, and received the blessing of perfect love. Although there is nothing remarkable in my experience, yet I love to tell what God has done for me; and I know of no better medium than "The Guide." I was converted in the month of February, 1851, in the county of Courtland, N.Y. I was then in my fifteenth year. My evidence was clear and satisfactory, and for some time I lived rejoicing in a Saviour's pardoning love. As years passed, I began to have convictions of a necessity of a more thorough work to be wrought in my heart. Not that I doubted my former experience, for that was conclusive; but I found, upon self-examination, that there was much in my heart opposed to good. "Roots of bitterness" were constantly springing up and troubling me; and my peace, instead of being like a river, was constantly intermitting. I found, also, that there was much that opposed the will of God, in respect to certain duties, which I could not subdue. Conviction came that I ought to seek for a higher degree of grace. The more I studied the Word, the more my mind became enlightened, the more I became convinced of its necessity; but yet I felt unwilling to give up all for Christ. I became convinced, that, "without holiness, no man could see the Lord," and that he alone is happy in whose heart there is no guile. Yet the flesh and Satan cried out, "Too high for you!" The Spirit called, "This is the way!" to which the flesh replied, "Too hard."

Thus for years I struggled on, at times feeling joy from the divine presence, but mostly under a cloud, conviction all the while deepening. In this state of mind I went to a camp-meeting, firmly resolved to either obtain the long-sought blessing, or give up living a religious life. Holiness was the constant theme at the meeting, which just suited my case. But I was not to be let into light without a struggle. The Enemy buffeted me, and tried to dissuade me from taking any part in the exercises of the meeting. It seemed, also, as if faith was dead, and my Saviour's face averted.

My mouth was shut, and I could neither pray nor speak with any degree of fervency or intelligence. A good brother, however, seeing my agitation, came to me, and spoke a few words about "laying all upon the altar," "giving up all for Christ," "doing every duty," "believing in the power of God to save unto the uttermost." My heart now cried out, "I will!" This was farther than I had ever gone before; but now I gave up all. Soon the blessing came. Oh, what a wave of glory! My tongue was loosed; my joy was full. I had gotten the victory.

Since then, my life has been one of constant peace. Although there have been storms, yet God's love has been to me a protection, and Christ as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Though the waters of affliction roll near, yet the stream of salvation has flowed sweetly and uninterruptedly in my soul. "Thanks be unto God for the unspeakable gift."

Editorial.

WHAT IS YOUR TESTIMONY?

God's people of all ages and of every religious community are *individually* bearing some sort of testimony either for or against the faithfulness of God. And that testimony has been and still is being *recorded*. Yes, there it stands, written out, not only known and read of men, but open to the searching eye of God and angels. However insignificant we may seem to be in our own estimation, yet the testimony we may have given in, or the future of our lives may present, has been and will be recorded.

The book of lives has been written up from the first ages of the world, and will continue to be recorded till the remotest period of time. Not a single act or word but has been recognized by the recording angel; and it is thus by the minutia of life that the general testimony will be made up when the judgment is set and the books opened. Little did Abel, whose short yet righteous life glorified God, imagine that the short history of his life was being written up by more than angel pen, and thus be an open and ever-speaking testimony to the millions of deathless beings since born into the world. The taunts of his envious, sinning brother were en-

dured in secret. But he endured as seeing the Invisible: and the Invisible was looking on him, and noting down his righteous course, and gave the influential testimony of his short life to the world; and there it stands, written out in living, ever-speaking characters, in that holy book of which God himself is the author.

The summings-up of good Enoch's life, though so briefly told in the words, "Enoch walked with God," how inspiring the testimony! Though the age was degenerate, and he lived among men as a man, with his sons and daughters surrounding him, yet he walked with God three hundred years. Little did he think, while he was struggling on amid temptation and surrounding pollution, careful to keep himself unspotted, and walking with blood-washed garments, for that long term of years, that a divine hand was taking down the testimony of his daily life, for the benefit of all succeeding generations.

The same might be said of Abraham. Probably he did not think, when he was taking his first steps in faith, journeying to a land that he knew not, that the testimony of his faith and obedience, in thus following God blind-folded, was being inscribed with an immortal pen, and handed down to posterity as a model testimony.

And thus we might refer to Isaac, Jacob, and all the truly good of every age. But let us for a moment refer to the testimony given by Caleb and Joshua, in company with the ten who went with them to spy out the land. The ten probably thought they had a right to promulgate their opinion. We may imagine that they were not insincere in testifying that they were not able to go up and possess the good land.

What, then, made the difference between Caleb and Joshua, and their brethren who went with them? It was this. The two *believed God*, and, with their eyes fixed on his promise, testified accordingly. The ten, instead of believing God, and trusting in his power and faithfulness to give them the land, looked at the strength of their enemies and their own weakness, and imagining that they had a right, as men, to speak out their own thoughts, testified according to their belief.

But how little did they imagine that the gaze of the upper and lower world was upon them; how the Holy Spirit was grieved; how angels, who are ever in sympathy with God, were grieved, as the testimony was noted in heaven, "They believed not God, neither trusted in his salvation;" and what a jubilee there must have been in the

lower regions when they saw that the army of Israel, six hundred thousand strong, were through the effect of the testimony of these ten men, to be turned back to wander in the wilderness till they should be consumed!

Will it not be well to ask every one reading these lines, "What testimony is now being recorded of you? Is it that we are well able to go up and possess the land? or does the record of your daily life and conversation testify before the world that we are not able?" P.

Revival Miscellany.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

We are now in Southern Illinois. The pleasant town of Lebanon is favorably distinguished in all these regions, it being "beautiful for situation," and particularly as the seat of the M'Kendree College. This is a very prosperous and enterprising institution, and, viewed in various aspects,—its honored president, its excellent faculty, and the proverbial morality and enterprise of its students,—is in the highest sense noteworthy. Judging from our present stand-point, there are few colleges in our land, which for beauty of location, healthiness of climate, good society, and religious surroundings, are more worthy of commendation.

Our home is with the interesting family of the late Ex-Governor of Illinois,—Augustus C. French, LL.D. After having been elected governor of this State for eight successive years, he retired mainly from public life, and in 1857 removed to Lebanon to take the advantage of the privileges of education offered here for his interesting family. He was soon after connected with the M'Kendree College as President of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors; and, at the time of his death, was a professor in the law department of the college. He was a member of the M. E. Church, and in his dying moments left a testimony that he was going to live forever beyond the grave. Among his dying sayings were, "Soon this corruptible will put on incorruption, and this mortal will put on immortality; and then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory."

How wonderful are the changes that in one short month may occur in an endeared family circle! Only one month previous to the death of Ex-Governor French, his eldest son, William

R. French, born in 1844, was in his young manhood called from earth to the upper sanctuary. From a child, he was remarkable for his conscientiousness. He was a scholar above mediocrity; but especially was he gifted in the use of the pen, and in true and stirring native eloquence. He came out in an open confession of Christ during the winter of 1858-9, under the labors of Rev. Joseph Earp; and lived a devoted follower of Jesus, full of faith and good works. Says President Allyn, "When Professor Jones told him, when in a paroxysm of pain, to put all his trust in Jesus, he replied, 'Oh, yes! precious Saviour!'" while his eyes shone like those of an angel, and he repeated, "*Faith in Jesus!*" And when his mother said, "Willie, you will soon see Jesus face to face," he replied, with a light in his eye and a glow on his face such as we imagine the saints in heaven wear when Christ first folds them in his arms, "Let me go now! O ma! let me go to my Saviour!" He put his hands, already icy with the waters of death on them, upon his father's head, and said, "Oh, what a good father you have always been to me! I shall love you in heaven." Little did he think that honored and beloved father was so soon to leave the doubly-stricken family circle, and meet him

"Where sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

The precious words to his mother are hidden in her heart, and may not here be uttered. The words to his brother reveal his dying no less than his living character: "I love you with all my heart. Meet me in heaven; be a good man; always do right; put your foot firmly down in a good cause, and never take it up." He then put his arms, almost stiffened for the tomb, around his sisters, and kissed them goodbye, telling them and his little brother to be sure to meet in heaven. All that hour, his face seemed transfigured to the image of heavenly beauty, and the doors of heaven appeared wide open to let him in. He spoke last of all to his mother; and just as the sun had gone down, filling the western sky with purple and gold, his exultant soul slept to all on earth, and walked in everlasting light, having lived, labored, and suffered very briefly on earth, but having through Christ subdued the world and conquered himself, and exhibited a bright example of Christian earnestness, zeal, patience, and victory over death and the grave.

And now our hostess, Mrs. Ex-Governor French, the bereaved mother and wife, though clad in weeds of mourning, is enabled to rise in the majesty of faith, and follow Jesus. Though her heart is deeply bereaved, hers is the blessed resolve,—not to go to the grave and weep there, but to follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth, in paths of usefulness and entire devotedness.

A remarkable work of the Holy Spirit is now in progress here. We entered upon our labors eleven days ago. As usual, and in accordance with the divine order, we began with the Church. At the first service, many rose to express their longing desire for the full baptism of the Holy Ghost; and we believe all felt that He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was in our midst. On some the tongue of fire fell, and truly did they speak as the Spirit gave utterance.

Since that hallowed hour, at every succeeding service, still greater manifestations of convicting, converting, and sanctifying power have been realized. The number of inhabitants considered, and other circumstances, unfavorable weather, and state of the roads, we scarcely remember to have seen the work exceeded in any region of the world. Hundreds are nightly in attendance, however dark or stormy.

From fifty to seventy penitents from evening to evening crowd every available place appropriated to their use. Convictions are deep, and with some almost fearfully soul-agonizing. The sharpness of the two-edged sword was so distressingly penetrating in the case of one very interesting young man, that it seemed as though the iciness of death were stealing upon him; and we would have feared the effect on his mortal frame, but that we knew the good Physician had undertaken his case, and would bring him safely through the pangs of the new birth. His new-born spirit is now rejoicing in the bliss of second life. Many of the converts are of the college students. Young men of much promise are thus, in young manhood, devoting themselves to Christ and his service. Among those that were saved last night was a man of at least threescore. The work is taking within its range all classes and conditions. Evening before last, a gentleman past the meridian of life, reputed to be the most wealthy in the region, with his wife, hitherto neglecters of salvation, humbly sought and found the pearl of great price.

Many children have also found Jesus. They flock as doves to the windows; and, for want of room, we have to crowd them within the altar enclosure, in order that we may reserve the room so much needed for seekers of more mature age. Such a conversion as occurred last night would, I think, have confounded the veriest infidel in this or any other land. The child, I judge, was about thirteen years old. She had been seeking the Saviour, sorrowing; when suddenly the All-together Lovely revealed himself in such wondrous glory, she seemed as if it would almost have taken wing, and the bursting shout, "Glory, glory, glory!" filled the place.

A little pause for the recital of experience was given before the close of the afternoon service, every moment of which was so eagerly sought and improved, that when a leading voice said, "Now we *must* close!" the time seemed quite too short; when a person in the congregation said, "Here is a convert that desires to speak."

An interesting lady then stepped forward, and facing the congregation, with some emotion, but with a clear, full voice, exclaimed, "I wish to say that I have changed masters to-day;" and then went on to tell what great things the Lord had done for her soul.

It is my solemn conviction that there is not a sinner in the town but has felt more or less the arresting influences of the Holy Spirit during the past few days. The servants of the Most High are giving themselves to the work in such a manner, and with such marked success, as proves that Pentecostal blessings do bring Pentecostal results. Many of these are going about from house to house, urging their friends to Jesus. The excellent president of the college told us exultingly, two or three days since, that more than half the students had now been converted. His interest in the revival, with that of the professors and the most of their devoted ladies, is beyond all praise. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory: Amen and AMEN!"

LEBANON, ILL.

Kansas City is not quite after the model of ancient Rome, seated on seven hills. We have not yet heard the number of hills and vales and slopes upon which this young city suddenly rises, falls, and reclines.

The high hills encompassed within the city boundaries, we imagine, must proximate toward seven times seven. At first glance, one cannot but wonder with amazement that such an uneven site should ever, within the bounds of civilization, have been dreamed of as the site for a city; but, its geographical position being very favorable for commerce, it is growing with most remarkable rapidity. We are told that from 600 to 1,000 buildings have been reared within the past few months. Such an amount of enterprise or enthusiasm in establishing a city, we imagine, has seldom been witnessed. Huge hills are being taken down as mole-hills, roads made, and houses and stores built with the speed of fairy castles. Rents are enormous; nearly, or perhaps, equal to New-York rates.

Here, as in many other parts of the "Great West," many are making haste to be rich, greatly to the disadvantage of the soul's interest. Faithful pastors sigh over the worldliness of their people; and others, yielding to discouragement, resign their flocks to other hands; while the people, unaware of the blinding influence of the god of this world, vainly imagine that their manifest want of religious prosperity is attributable to the clergy, and clamor for a popular ministry. This state of things has resulted in a serious dearth of revival influence. In the mean time, Romanism is rampant in this and neighboring cities and towns.

It is really grievous, and, to our minds, *reproving* to Protestants to observe how the Papists monopolize the commanding and beautiful sites in all these regions for their cathedrals and chapels. Their zeal demands a better faith. But why do not Protestants learn? Of course, these lofty, beautiful sites must be selected by far-seeing men, and the churches, mainly, built with money from abroad. And why are not Protestants, with their far better, soul-cheering, enlightening, heart-renovating faith, equally far-seeing and active in their efforts to pre-occupy the ground, particularly in these new countries? That they are not, is a serious and irremediable error. And, if Methodism is "Christianity in earnest," is there not danger that we, as a denomination, are sadly mistaking our way, to leave people in these new and rising cities to struggle on comparatively unhelped, while other denominations are assisted from abroad, pre-occupying the ground? In the mean time, Methodism seems to suit the genius of the people; answering a want of the heterogeneous pop-

ulation, not to be met in any other way. It was the common people that heard the Saviour gladly; and it is the common people, mostly, that flock to these regions. Many of our own people who come here expend their means largely in journeying from their distant homes, and the needful outlay in the purchase of lands for business or farming purposes; and, unless assisted from abroad in building churches, they become scattered, some going to other denominations, and not a few wander back again to spiritual Egypt.

Our people here have been struggling on, amid many discouragements, to build a church, the foundation of which has been laid some months; but they are not able to finish. They worship now in a hall over a grocery. Characteristic of the zeal pervading the minds of some, I will mention the case of a brother, in ordinary circumstances, who tells his pastor that he designs to give all the avails of his business not required by the necessities of his family, for the next year or two, towards rearing a church edifice suited to the wants of the place. This brother had \$5,000 invested in a most favorable way in view of future gains; but he recalled it, in order that he might have a thousand dollars to give, that the church superstructure might be resumed. A very aged colored woman, "Aunt Doshea," formerly a slave, by doing little chores had laid up money, in half-dimes, dimes, and quarters, to the amount of \$3.75, which she had laid aside to sustain her in the extremity of age. But her desire to see a house reared for the Lord has so far exceeded all earthly considerations, that she handed over the whole to the excellent pastor, Rev. S. G. Griffiths, saying about thus: "Last night, after laying myself down, I asked the Lord to tell me what he would have me do; and he said he would have me take this money, and give it towards building the church; that the people were poor and needed a church, and he would take care of me." Surely she hath cast into the treasury more than they all; and we will trust that this appeal will touch many hearts, who, of their abundance, may cast in much larger sums for the speedy rise of the Kansas-City church edifice.

We are now in the midst of a gracious revival here. The hall in which our Methodist friends congregate not being large enough to accommodate the people, the Congregationalists have offered the use of their church; and here the people assemble largely, for afternoon and even-

ing services, daily. We commenced our labors last Sabbath morning. He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was eminently in our midst. Both morning and evening services were crowned with the divine blessing. We spoke of the baptism of fire as the privilege of all believers, irrespective of sect, and as the great crowning blessing of the crowning dispensation. Persons of various denominations were present; but, when it was asked that all who would with one accord seek this promised endowment of power would manifest it by rising, about half the congregation rose, and together we sang, —

“Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy light through every part,
And sanctify the whole.”

We trust many felt that He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was in our midst. The meetings have since been going on with increasing interest, afternoon and evening of each day. There being no altar, the seats in front of the platform have been crowded with penitents, the most of whom have been raised up to testify that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. The Congregational Church will probably share about equally with our Methodist friends in the fruits of the revival.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 6, 1867.

LEBANON.

For the Guide.

“Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest?” — Isa. xxix. 17.

Glory be to God! He seems to be almost literally fulfilling his prophecy among us, and making our little town indeed “a fruitful field.” How can we praise him enough for what he has done in our midst?

God has dedicated our new church to his service in a glorious manner by coming with his visible presence into it, even before its walls are finished. He is giving us spiritual walls, that we trust will stand through all the ages of eternity. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been laboring with us for the past three weeks, and God has most abundantly blessed their labors. Some two hundred have professed “faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.” One hundred and fifty names have been added to the Church. Many have been enabled to consecrate themselves “wholly to the

Lord, and receive the blessing of perfect love.” This has been no ordinary revival. The whole place has been shaken “as with a mighty rushing wind.” Strong men have been unable to rest in their beds. Sleep has departed from their eyes, and slumber from their eyelids, in answer to the prayers of God’s people. The power of God’s Spirit has been felt by nearly every one in the place, so far as we can learn. Many have been drawn into the house of God who had not heard the gospel for years. Some of these have yielded to the call of mercy, and found peace in believing on “the only-begotten Son of God.” Glory be to his name!

We are now praying that God will yet continue his Spirit with us until Lebanon “shall be esteemed as a forest,” filled with strong trees bearing much fruit. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer leave us in a few days. How wonderfully has God honored their labors in our midst! “Praise his holy name” that he directed their steps this way, and has made them the instruments of such great good among us! Glory be to the Lamb for ever and ever!

M. DANA.

LEBANON, ILL., March 1, 1867.

Rev. Dr. Baird, in charge of the work at Salem Station, Pittsburg Conference, writes, “Within six weeks, nearly 200 have made profession of saving faith, and 160 have given their names to the Church. The work still advances with power.”

The excellent Dr. Crary of “Central Christian Advocate,” St. Louis, says, “We are particularly rejoiced to notice a revival of the work of holiness in the Church. We consider this the most hopeful of all signs we see. Our most intelligent, sober, and reliable members not only believe in the doctrine of holiness, but are either living in the enjoyment of the blessing, or seeking after it. Class and prayer meetings are well attended, and sinners are coming to God.”

Rev. W. F. Collins, of Second-street Methodist-Episcopal Church, New York, says that he has witnessed a most gracious work among his people during several weeks of the winter. Many conversions, and very powerful.

Port Chester, N.Y., has been visited during the winter with a shower of blessings: nearly 100 have been added to the Lord. The devoted pastor, Rev. W. F. Hatfield, is endeavoring to build up his people in holiness.

The Greenbush (N. Y.) Methodist-Episcopal Church, under the pastorate of Rev. H. Eaton, is enjoying a most precious season of revival. Over 100 have professed conversion. Never before has such a mighty work been witnessed in Greenbush. Glory to God in the highest!

An interesting revival has been in progress at the St. Paul Methodist-Episcopal Church, Peekskill, N.Y., of which the excellent Dr. J. T. Peck is pastor. Rev. B. W. Gorham assisted in the special services.

In Front-street Methodist-Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Rev. P. M. Coombe, pastor, 120 have been hopefully added to the Lord during a special service of four weeks.

A gracious revival has been in progress in the First-place Methodist-Episcopal Church, of which our beloved Rev. J. A. Roache is pastor.

Baldwin City, Kan., has been visited with a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, resulting in more than 100 conversions.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

AN AFFECTING TESTIMONY.

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 31, 1866.

I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I have been greatly strengthened and encouraged by reading "The Guide," Oct. 12, 1865. I made the consecration of all to God for time and eternity; and, without regard to frames or feelings, was enabled to keep all upon the altar, saying, "Lord, I am thine; thou dost receive me;" and, blessed be his holy name! ere the morning dawned, the fire of love descended, and consumed the sacrifice, filling me unutterably full of glory and of God. Praise God and the Lamb forever for what he has done for my soul! He gave me as clear an evidence of sanctification as ever I had of pardon. Glory be to God!

"I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death," &c.

The great sin of unbelief and marking out a way for the Lord to save have hindered me from entering the promised land, "the land of rest from inbred sin," for many years. Oh, how many times, in secret and in the prayer-meeting, have I asked for a clean heart, and for perfect love

that casteth out all fear! The Lord blessed me, and gave me peace; and yet I doubted that I received the very thing I asked for, supposing I would either be prostrated by divine power, or obtain more glory and joy than I received when first converted, forgetting that faith honors God more than feeling.

But the Lord's ways are not our ways. Truly he has led me in a way I knew not, during the past year, but I trust nearer and still nearer to my blessed Saviour.

I have been called to pass through deep waters of affliction. "All Thy waves and billows have gone over me." "And yet I live: but not I; for Christ liveth in me."

Aug. 20, 1866, my dear husband, George H. Owens, was taken from time into eternity in a sudden, unexpected, and shocking manner; was buried alive in a well some twenty feet deep, about eight miles distant. The curb was not strong enough, and gave way. Some fourteen feet of the sandy soil covered him. I knew nothing of it until morning; when a sister said, weeping, "Dear Sister Owens, have you that grace this morning that *can endure all things*?" Said I, looking up, "My Father, is it possible? must I bear it? Jesus, help me!" We had been looking and waiting for weeks and months for my aged and entirely helpless mother to pass away; but she still lives, though in her eighty-eighth year, and cannot stand, or bear her weight. She don't remember that George is dead, though she saw him in the coffin; and frequently asks with tears, "Why don't he come home, he has been gone so long?"

Had he been cut down while in the army on one of those *sanguinary battle-fields*, or when sick in that *Southern hospital*, it would not have been so wholly unlooked for.

But I praise God that he was not taken until fully prepared; for, the 15th of last January, he sought and obtained the witness that Jesus saves to the uttermost, and that his precious blood cleansed even him from all sin; and testified clearly to that point while he lived. He was greatly blessed at a camp-meeting in June at St. Charles, but did not live to attend the F. M. Camp-meeting here in the grove.

At family worship that Monday morning, he asked for fair weather at the camp-meeting; but his funeral-sermon was preached on the camp-ground. He was deeply interested in the subject of holiness, and put two of the "Guides" in his pocket for the preacher to read he worked

for, the same day he was killed. But I trust our loss is his gain. Remember us, dear friends in Jesus, in our loneliness. Pray especially for poor bleeding Zion here that the watchmen may all awake, the trumpet give a certain sound, and all, irrespective of names or sects, may prepare for the battle.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FROM NEBRASKA.

DE WITT, CUMMING COUNTY, N.T.

It is with emotions of gratitude that we renew our subscription for the precious "Guide." What should we do without it? It is received with the same class of feelings we had years ago when it was our privilege to attend a good love-feast; and better still, for the power of the Holy Spirit is in its contents. On this frontier work there are no Christians, — none who love to hear the story of redemption. But our trust is in the mighty God of Israel, and we still hope and pray. My husband is the first missionary sent here by the Nebraska Conference. Pray for us.

My mind seems drawn to give in a short testimony. In the year 1829, on the 6th of October, after three days drinking the wormwood and gall of repentance, I was enabled to look away to the cross, and behold and realize that Jesus died to save *even me*. Light, love, and joy, filled my soul. Then was I enabled to tell what a dear Saviour I had found. After joining the Church, I was blessed with a faithful class-leader — one who urged his members to leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on to perfection. (He gave me the Life of Bramwell.) I felt, at times, roots of bitterness springing up to trouble me, and had a great fear of backsliding. Secret prayer, and reading the Word of God, kept me. At times, I felt a great burning and thirsting after righteousness. I found in my Bible, it was my privilege to enjoy a higher state, — even perfect love, which casts out all fear. I had a man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit.

For nearly four years I made crooked paths for my feet, like the children of Israel in the wilderness. After reading every thing I could find upon the subject of holiness, my mind became settled and fixed upon one subject, — never to rest until a clear witness should be given me that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

My distress of mind increased, amounting to agony; but the Spirit made intercessions for me with groans unutterable. Awful suggestions from the Enemy darted across my mind; but, when he came in like a flood, the Lord lifted up a standard against him. At length, in the summer of 1833, one evening at a prayer-meeting, while praying with a schoolmate who was seeking Jesus sorrowing, he revealed himself unto her a sin-pardoning God. I looked up, and thought, "Is my Saviour not just as able and just as willing to give me the great desire of my heart?" The answer came with power to my poor soul. Oh, what rapture filled my soul! All self was gone: Jesus reigned triumphant. The next morning, I awoke with these words deeply impressed on my mind: "Behold, I make all things new." To the glory of God be it ascribed that I have been kept by the power of this grace, lo, these many years. I was called, in the providence of God, to leave my dear father's house, and all that were dear to me by the ties of nature, — the church which had borne with me and nursed me eight years, — to the West, to wander as an itinerant.

We have seen the hand of our heavenly Father guiding and directing us. Many years ago it was given to me, "Through great tribulation thou shalt enter the kingdom." But grace has been sufficient at all times. The precious promises of God have been yea and amen. In the hour of deepest affliction, sustaining power has been given. I have long since ceased to look to earth for happiness. I rest in God. Deep and abiding is the peace he gives. We have seen his wonder-working power in the salvation of hundreds of precious souls; and are looking for the coming of his kingdom even here, where desolation seems to reign. I have tried to be brief, as your time is very precious.

ENCOURAGING TESTIMONY.

Rev. Dr. F. G. Hibbard writes, — "'The Guide' is doing us good here. I can recommend it to my people without the abatement I sometimes feel in regard to other prints. I thank God for one quiet element in the Church; one clear well of the water of life, which fertilizes the soul, and refreshes us with communion with God, undisturbed by foreign and agitating questions. The people need food, — the water of life, — to be brought directly to Jesus in the simplicity of faith."

For the Guide.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

Brother Robert Downey writes, "I am now in my seventy-seventh year. Have been in the M. E. Church fifty-six years. Have parted with three noble sons within a few years; viz., Prof. C. G. Downey of Asbury University, in Indiana; and Summerfield P. Downey, and Rev. J. R. Downey, who fell at his post in India; but the prospect is quite bright that we shall meet again, an unbroken family, in heaven. My dear partner in life and myself are on the wing for the better land. We are consecrated to God and holiness, and wish to help to spread Bible holiness over these lands. I heard Bishop Asbury preach, was personally acquainted with Bishop Enoch George and Bishop Roberts, and also heard M'Kendree preach. Bishop Hamline received the blessing of perfect love at my house in New Albany, in this State. I heard Rev. Jonathan Forrester say, in the year 1810, in Hagerstown, Md., that, forty years before that time, — that was in 1770, — a common corn-crib would have held all the Methodists on this continent; and that man was a devoted Christian. Only see what hath the Lord wrought!

"The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me."

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

YE ARE MY WITNESSES.

Sister L.: She had felt very often, and of late especially, that every time she testified it might be the last. Two weeks ago, when Brother D. was here, she handed him the book to raise the tune; but he had gone to the spirit-world, and could not now tell them of the victories of the cross, or of the power and strength there is in grace. This was the direction her mind was taking; and the text came up so distinctly, "Ye

are my witnesses"! That meeting seemed to her a peculiarly fitting place to be personal witnesses as to what they knew of the grace of God. To her dear brethren and sisters she would say, that, through grace, she knew Jesus could save his people from their sins; from the sin of covetousness, which is idolatry; from all sin. They should be humble, and give God all the glory. It was not assumption in the Christian to say what Christ had done. It was Jesus who saved them. He had a great many witnesses present who desired to speak, and who would receive benefit by giving simple testimony. She remembered, when not more than sixteen years old, — before which time she had received the blessing, but lost it again, and lost it by seeking some more tangible way than simply believing, — how she yielded to the Tempter. But even then she said, "I will have the victory." She was possessed of a strong will, and deemed that was the opinion others had of her. When she wanted a thing, she wanted it; but she became conscious she must yield her will, and began by denying herself, and tried many ways to get the victory, but found there was no way but to come to Jesus, — right to Jesus. As she came thus, and gave her will up, and all she had, he saved her. It was Jesus who made us whole. She came to Jesus every hour, and lived by the moment; and only as Jesus saved every moment was she saved. Jesus did save his people. It was their privilege and duty to be saved then. Let them yield up to him every idol and hinderance, and he would receive them.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

A brother was able to say, "Jesus saves me now." What he had heard here lifted his soul up to heavenly places. There was a full and free salvation to be found at the feet of Jesus. This time last year, he was in the depths of sin and iniquity; but now he was able to say, "Christ had become his wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." He loved to come there, and take up the cross. He could now tell of the love of Jesus to everybody. He was willing to follow Jesus anywhere and everywhere, and only asked God's will concerning himself. He felt saved from sin, and felt it every day and hour. God kept and saved him; and although it was his call to be among ungodly shipmates, yet God helped him. Twelve months ago, and he could not have given a testimony

for Jesus; but how soon God took him when he said, "Lord, save my poor soul," and yielded to him!

At one time, in his anguish, he buried his face in the sofa-cushion to keep him from crying aloud for mercy; but God saved him and kept him. If you are not in possession of this, get it. Professions merely will not save you. He carried about with him, every day, a consciousness of being a sinner saved by grace. He had longed to get to this meeting. That morning, his employer had said he might have the day: and how glad he was! for it gave him the opportunity to come there, where he had at first testified to this blessing. And how well he remembered the time! and yet he was on the way. Glory be to God!

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice!" &c.,
was then sung.

CHRIST THE BURDEN-BEARER.

A sister believed that Jesus fulfilled to her, that hour, the promise, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Not only did he fulfil it at first when she was laboring under the burden of sin, but she had often been weighed down under many other burdens. She had desired to have her own way, and thought she knew what was best, and struggled, and was heavy-laden about souls that God did not mean she should carry, as though all New-York City lay on her heart. Jesus gave her rest, not from it all, but through it all. She was not at rest once, because her personal experience did not take the shape she thought it should. But since she could say "Amen," not only to outward trial, but to inward desolation, he gave her rest; and, when there was nothing for her to do but wait, he gave rest.

It had been by a rough way, and through the fire, that God had brought her to find this rest; and she did not ask to have been brought by any other way. The good she found in God overbalanced all else.

"I worship thy sweet will, O God!
And all thy ways adore."

God's will was sweetest to her when it triumphed over her nature, and enabled her to say, "God's will first and always." Oh blessed rest! perfect union with the divine will! On her knees, before she came here, she prayed she might be able to utter the words of St. Paul,

and as he apprehended them: "I live not; but Christ Jesus liveth in me." She had no cares, no anxieties, no fears; only God was hers, and she was his: and, because of this, paradise was possessed, and it was unutterable bliss.

READING THE BIBLE THROUGH.

A brother praised the Lord for what he had done; for his soul was filled with Jesus, who cleansed his heart, and saved from all sin. It was washed in the blood of Christ. He lived a Christian life for thirteen months, up to the last night of the old year gone, but never had abiding peace in his soul, but then resolved he would live nearer and closer than ever before. He resolved, among other things, that he would read the Bible through; and this had been a great blessing to his soul. He believed there was a rich mine there for him. He had often read the Psalms and New Testament, and supposed there was joy nowhere else. A few days ago he had gone to prayer-meeting, and the Lord blessed him there. Two of the brethren waited behind, and prayed for him. One said, "Blessed are the eyes that, having not seen, yet believe." There he was enabled to believe, and had enjoyed the blessing since. Four young men, his companions, were praying last night until about midnight. He never could sing before; but he there received such a baptism, he was enabled to sing, and his voice seemed to him to become as a trumpet. There was power in Jesus, and he was determined to press forward. The promise was not to those who commence well, but to those who endure to the end. He was resolved to take up every cross, and obey God in every thing, and to love everybody. He might have enemies; but he meant to love them.

"Oh! tell me no more
Of this world's vain store," &c.,
was sung.

"THEY SHALL PROSPER WHO LOVE ME."

A sister who was a stranger here desired to speak for Jesus. She had often been called by the Spirit to visit the dens of London, and she was present at the Tuesday meeting to have her soul refreshed. If New York was to be filled with the Spirit, and if, from that meeting, brothers and sisters in the Lord were to go out to accomplish God's will, there was an incident which she had heard in Scotland which might encourage them. There it was associated with one of the

broadest and most powerful of revivals. A layman, who was a Presbyterian elder, had his heart drawn out to Jesus, and was so filled with the Spirit, that his closet was made holy ground. There he wrestled for souls, and his heart became so filled with love, that it ran over into the family, and they all became filled like unto him, and they said they must bring in a brother elder and his family: then those two families wrestled for souls and for holy power. That hand that is stretched out with blessings for us, if we were empty enough to receive them, bestowed his grace upon them. It went on from family to family, until they got a large hall: it was soon too small, and then they got a church; and it spread from church to church, until every church in Dundee was blessed, and then "the region round about," as we read of it in the New Testament. Her prayer was that such an influence might go forth from this meeting. She would not cry with David, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove!" but would rather say, "Lord, my time is thy time; but, if it please thee, a little longer space to do what the angels cannot do."

PROVE THE SINCERITY OF YOUR LOVE.

Sister S. was thinking, when the meeting was opened, how she liked the closest test; and rejoiced when she heard any thing like a thorough test. She loved to bring her heart, and lay it beside the strictest test she could find in God's Word. The sister who had just spoken had followed up, to some extent, the train of thought that had been in her own mind. She had been thinking of the passage, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." What light there is in the word of God! She often found herself in doubt and perplexity, but would solve it by asking, "How would Jesus have done under these circumstances and these trials?" It was blessed to come to Jesus, and feel as he would have felt, and speak as he would, and act as we ought to do towards others. She praised the Lord that this year past she had felt to walk in liberty. The doubts and darkness that afflicted her, and through which she waded for years, were past. There were times when she had to look up, and ask whether she could feel just right under such circumstances. The only time Jesus may seem to us to have been severe was when he had to say to some they were a "generation of vipers;" yet that don't do for us. But there were times when our hearts are so pained

and afflicted, that with difficulty we keep hardness of feeling down. When Jesus seems to be in each heart, it is easy to trust him; but when his cause suffers, and his truth trails in the dust, to forgive then is a trial. To have the "charity that suffereth long and is kind, that is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, and seeketh not her own," — to have this when the cause of God suffers, when the standard in the Church seems so far below the Bible standard, requires a heart full of grace. It is easy now to follow the glorified Jesus; but to have identified one's self with those who "were stoned, sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword;" who "wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); who wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," — that was a sacrifice indeed. She loved the duties and self-denials and self-abnegations, but was ashamed she did not live nearer to Christ, so as to have that separation from the world that would lead it to say, "She serves one King Jesus." When she saw some pattern after the accepted way of the world, and forgot that the path was the same old rugged road; that there was as much self-denial as when our fathers walked through the land, and the earth rocked under their tread; when she thought God wanted her to work, and not to sit at ease, — she felt then that the hardest thing for her was to get away from conventionalities. She did not get blessed here in New York as she used to. She had felt that morning like saying, "Jesus must help me to walk through this world, and make my mark upon it." There seemed to her such a majesty and beauty in religion, that she wondered how souls could be satisfied with butterflies. There was something in the idea of suffering for Christ that charmed her soul through and through, and that melted her heart. She wanted to be about the Master's work; but she must get into a larger place, wherein God should bestow upon her a larger power. God should have his way with her; but she could not be content without the blessed fulness.

We must be after souls. They may think it is unkind; but we could better afford that than at the last to have it said we were careless, proud, or indifferent. There was power in purity. It seemed to her the power was in the purity, — something that draws and wins in the consciousness of being clean, because Christ stands out

in it; and, if Jesus be lifted up, he draws all men unto him.

FITTED FOR WORK IN EVERY STATION.

Rev. Brother B. said, All that he had heard that hour, in their testimonies, had brought to his mind two words, which, though not very euphonious, were yet expressive of this whole matter: they are, *getting* and *got*. The question is, "Where were they trying to *get*, or had they *got*, the pearl?" He had been very much pleased in thinking they might get it then, so they could say, "We have got it." If purity is power, Christ was there to give it. By the power of the living Saviour, we can have every thing that is required at this moment. We should not be always getting, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; ever seeking, and never finding it,—whether it be an imaginary or purely scriptural prize. And a great deal of this results from such seeking, not appreciating really what we possess; calling God's gold silver, and seeking for something else. How, if they were on the rock, and the rubbish was cleared away, they were ready to build! But, while they did not appreciate that they were upon the rock, could they ever build securely? Did not their unbelief grow out of this, that they were not sure they were upon the rock, because of their want of joyous feeling? He was seeking for a baptism of the Spirit, and a realization that he had power. He confessed that there was a great deal of the strait-jacket business in our churches, and knew of but one remedy for it: it was found in a remark of Lorenzo Dow, that a man would know when he was in his right place, when he felt the spirit of the station. Christ has a place for every son and daughter brought into the Church. As our social relations differ, as our talents and influence differ, so there is a particular place for every man and woman that God calls into the Church. As there is order and progress in a well arranged work-shop, when each man knows his place and feels the spirit of his station, where otherwise there would be great confusion; so God would let us know our place by giving us the spirit of the station he calls us to fill. Much of the confusion arising in the churches comes from this. There must be communion with Christ, the Great Master, and Head of the Church. This spirit of perfect love, puts us into our place for which God instantly fits us.

A kind of stray thought presented itself to his

mind: "Oh that we were deaf and dumb and sightless for a time, that Christ might reveal himself, and talk to and fit us, and then give us eyesight and loosened tongues and hearing, and then send us out for work!" for "how can ye believe if ye receive honor one of another?" How sadly, "What will they say?" influences many! Not that he would have anybody become as a comet, to go out of the regular orbits of movement. God made comets, it is true, but only a few of them. Let us look at them, and be amazed, because they are of God's wonders. Who would not rather be a sun or planet, revolving so regularly, rather than as the comet, to make very occasional visits, and then so soon go off for long periods into distant space? But it is not for you to make yourselves one thing or another, but to say, "I am nothing, Lord: make me what thou wouldst have me to be." Don't do as the anatomists do, who, finding a few bones or teeth of an animal whose species has long passed away, suppositiously add bone to bone until they get an entire system, and say, "There it is, just as when alive." Don't say, because you have the Spirit, you will strike out a new system for yourselves. He found the rest was in being in his place; and, while there, he found there was not power in ten legions of devils to slip his feet from under him. When he went into the pulpit, and his sermon was unsatisfactory, and his people would have to say, "What a miserable sermon!" then he felt what a blessed thing it was Christ was so mighty, he could create something out of nothing. Were they all willing to have their place assigned them, and, in it, find all the power Christ had for them? Would they have this baptism of power and the Holy Ghost, which Christ promised should follow faith? How many were then present, who, loving God, would love him more? or, having some light, would be led in the chosen and royal way? How many would have holiness, or purity of heart?

CONCLUSION.

A number here arose; and then all were asked to arise who would then give themselves anew to God; and, in response, a great company of believers stood upon their feet in solemn consecration. This, again, was followed by prayer; after which several testified that God, for Christ's sake, had cleansed them from all sin.

Children's Corner.

PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.

"Grandmother, I hate to go away from you: you like me, and nobody else does. Last night, George Redin and I had a quarrel: I struck him, and he struck me. Nobody likes me." Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk, ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother: "people generally do,—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."—"I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry; "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the *right sort* of coin!" said grandmother. "What kind?" asked Peter. "The *coin of kindness*," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of *that sort* of coin, the more you paid away, the more you'd get back; for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know. Then how happy you would be!"

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter slowly: "that is a good coin; isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me."—"Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother died. After that, he was sent to grandmother's; for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him. "That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother. "Carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty." The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty; for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you'll be treated kindly; love, and you'll be loved."—"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home, he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The

next morning he arose early, as he used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, every thing being new, he felt very strange and lonely. "I know I sha'n't be contented here," he said to himself; "I know I sha'n't. I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down; when Peter went up to her, and said, "Mother, what can I do to *help* you?" "My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are! I thank you for your kind offer. And what can I do to *help you*? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that! It made him so happy! "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and, from that good hour, Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

"I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I have orders, positive orders, not to go there,—orders that I dare not disobey,"—said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish; come along like a man!" shouted the youths.

"No; I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can. Show us the orders."

John took a neat little book from his pocket, and read aloud,—

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not near, turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I mean to keep them."

BOOK NOTICE.

THE GIFT OF THE FATHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY. By REV. C. BATTERSLEY. Price 75 cts.

This is a book of consolation by one who has given his life to this work, and ought to be able to speak true words of sympathy, and to point out the true relief.

For the Guide.

THE HOME OF THE SAINTS.

Andante.

Words and Music by M. W. SCHRYVER.

1. There is a city, a beau-ti-ful ci - ty, Where sin is a stranger, and
2. There is a river, a beau-ti-ful riv - er, That flows through this city of

3. There is a crown, a beau - ti - ful crown, A robe and a palm, which the
death can not come. Where peace ev - er flows like a beau - ti - ful riv - er,
life and of light. Whose pure limpid waters flow on - ward for - ever,
righteous shall wear. Be - decked with bright diamonds and glit'ring with gold,

And sor - row and sighing are ev - er unknown. Its walls are most precious, Its
Re - fresh - ing its banks with eternal de - light. The trees on its borders, the
Oh! who would not strive such rich glories to share. This beau - ti - ful place is for

streets of pure gold, By angels and just men made perfect are trod. There the sun never
nations shall heal, And cleanse from all malice and hatred and strife, While its waters new
you and for me. And all who will seek its bright portals to gain. Pre - pare me, oh

Rit.
sets, for the Lord is its light. This beau - ti - ful place is the City of God.
life to the dead shall im - part, This beau - ti - ful stream is the River of life.
Lord while on earth I so - journ, For a home where thy saints shall eternally reign.

Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1867.

For the Guide.

THREE BRIGHT POINTS; OR, REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

REV. DR. ALLYN, PRESIDENT OF M'KENDREE COLLEGE, ILLINOIS.

THE stars are seen at their inconceivably remote distances because they are bright. Place bodies a thousand times as large as they, yet opaque, a hundred times as near, and no amount of reflected light could make them visible. Only the bright things can be seen from afar. And is it not exactly so in our natural and in our spiritual lives? Not every day do we realize this truth. Some great sorrow comes to smite us; and we feel the wound, and think, "Oh! this will never heal." Some dark woe burns into the mind, and leaves a blackened cavern in the soul; and we say, "Oh the sadness of looking into that dark pit forever!" A ray of joy falls into the heart, and we think but little of it, yet tremble lest its light shall be dim and forgotten. But a very little space of the journey of life carries us beyond the sight of the scar which that quickly-healed wound left, and far out of the view of that dismal dark which made us shudder; while with surprise and renewed delight we still see the steady glow of that burning joy. And, as years bear us farther and farther away, that light seems to follow with equal pace, and rise as it pursues, till it shines an unfailing and fixed star in the heaven of our past experience and our future hope.

Such are three points in my early Christian experience, to which memory often turns, around which it will linger. I do not argue from these that I am a Christian, or that I am perfect in love. I only remem-

ber them as times when I was greatly blessed; when I laid myself on the altar wholly, and was accepted; and never has the sacrifice been withdrawn. In many ways I may have been "busy here and there;" and, neglecting to watch, the angel with whom I then wrestled, and over whom, Jacob-like, I then prevailed, may have departed for a season: yet the altar has never been robbed of its burden, —

"All my soul's and body's powers,
All my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I think or know or feel."

Let me relate some of the circumstances attending these three points of my life. They may profit some soul, and reveal to some heart a clearer view of "the way of faith."

My conversion was in March, 1835. It occurred in a corner of a lot on my father's farm, where I, a boy, had been set to work; and it seemed to cover the earth with "a light above the brightness of the sun," which was then shining. During that summer, the question of my duty in life often came up, was pondered, and adjourned to "a more convenient season." Spiritual darkness gradually crept over my soul; and when October came, and I was about to begin my winter's teaching in an adjoining town, the gloom could be felt in all my soul.

One Monday morning, between three and four o'clock, I arose, put my schoolmaster's books and ferule, inkstand and quills, in my handkerchief, as many a New-England boy, without shame, had done before me, and took my way on foot across

the fields and woods for my winter's work. The question came to me louder than ever: "What will you do for your life-work? Will you follow Me?" Oh, how dark it was in my soul! The shades of night just before break of day were nothing to this. Stars were in the sky; but I stumbled, and tried to hasten. That question — would it not settle itself? could it not be delayed? Thus burdened and blundering, I stepped over the brook at the foot of the hill that descended to the north of my father's house, and entered a forest full of great rocks, with here and there an open space of ground, having on its edges sapling white oaks among the rocks. As the gray of dawn began to fade to whiteness, my own inner dark increased. Coming at length to a high rock, close to which stood a young oak, whose brown leaves I now hear whistling in the cool breeze of that frosty October dawn, I thought of Jacob going from his home, and finding God at Bethel. Something said distinctly, "Why not settle your question here and now?" Said I, "O Lord! I will." Laying down my bundle, I knelt at once with a great *load of darkness* on my soul, and with the sweet eye of the morning star shining over my right shoulder. It was the last thing I saw as I fell on my knees, and lifted my eyes toward heaven.

I prayed. I laid myself and all on the altar of sacrifice. I promised to do any thing as a life-work, if only duty might be made plain. I said I would give to God's cause one-tenth of all I should earn or receive; and would always honor my God, and keep his commandments. I prayed I know not how long: but my darkness vanished; and such a light filled my soul, that I thought of "the light of God." I knew my duty then: my way was shining clear before me. I opened my eyes; and there, blazing over the distant hill-top, was the glorious sun, to me, then, an emblem — oh, what an emblem! — of the Sun of Righteousness. Since that day, I have had no doubt as to duty; and

"The covenant I that moment made
I've ever kept in mind."

The next point was also in October, and in 1838. I was a sophomore in the old

Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. I had a room-mate, — Jennison, of most precious memory. He and I, with a few more, had walked out to a camp-meeting in Bolton, Conn. There Sister Ransom had exhorted, and in fact inspired us to seek after "perfect love." Jennison soon found the faith that he sought: not so with me. We returned, and the little "band" to which we both belonged, Savage and Campbell — both also in heaven with Jennison, — among the number, began in earnest to seek this nobler blessing. How we prayed and fasted and read! and finally talked with the sainted Dr. Fisk about it. Receiving encouragement from him, though not all the light we wanted, we still continued to struggle for the blessing of clean hearts. One evening, after our studies for the next day were prepared, Savage and I, contrary to college regulations, walked out of the city, northward, beyond the ferry; and at length across the bridge over the creek, that, coming from the west, there falls into the Connecticut. Our conversation was wholly on this one desire and purpose of our hearts, — to be renewed in righteousness and true holiness. Said he, "Oh that I could find Him here and now!" — "Well," said I, "let us bow down, and in prayer consecrate ourselves and all to Him." — "Agreed," said he; and beneath the open sky, in which the full hunter's moon was shining, we gave our souls and bodies to Jesus. We struggled in prayer, first one, and then the other, till neither of us seemed able to find another word with which to urge our petitions. Arising from our knees, we saw the moon in her brightness and her sheen on the waters, and talked of its beauty, and God's care over us, and of Jesus' love and goodness and grace, we knew not how long. Oh, how precious did he seem, and how near! When we entered the east door of that old college, there was that morning star which shone over my shoulder when I knelt beside the little oak on the hill in Bozrah; and I thought how straight had been my road from that place to the river-side, where my soul had been so filled with peace three years before.

It was but a few days later when Broth-

ers Savage, Jennison, and I were talking and praying in our room in the college. We began to speak of the witness to the possession of the blessing of a clean heart. I cannot now remember any words of the conversation. The substance of it was, that we concluded to repeat over promises, and inquire why we could not, through grace, claim them specially at that moment. Jennison said this was what he understood to be "the way of faith." In a little time, it came to me to repeat a promise. I said, "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, He heareth us; and, if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." I had scarcely finished, when Savage said, "Why, we know we have asked according to His will: is not that fact itself, known, the very witness of His presence to accept?" — "To be sure it is," said Jennison. But my heart was too full to allow me to speak. Jesus seemed to be there in that old college-room, and to fill it with more than light and joy and peace. After some time partly spent in silence, and partly in song and praise, it occurred to me to say, "Why, Brother Savage, don't you remember how, down by the river the other night, we both of us seemed to be walking with some unseen presence? Was not that Jesus?" — "Oh, yes!" said he: "how our hearts burned within us there! He *was* there." And how many times since then has Jesus walked with me, sometimes in fire and sometimes in light, and many a time in darkness, but always in power and glory, and always in answer to a definite prayer, in obedience to a definite faith!

What an inexhaustible resource we have in the precious Bible! Feeling burdened, I read, "Cast your burden on the Lord:" but the load seemed so heavy, I could not lift it up to "cast" it upon him; and, turning to the margin, I found it, "Roll your burden upon God." It was *the* word to my weary soul. I could in passive trust let the burden fall, and feel Christ an all-sufficiency. Thank God, who supplieth all our needs.

From Drops of Water.

For the Guide.

SACRED REMINISCENCES.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

(Continued from p. 104.)

LOST THE CLEAR WITNESS.

I fear incautious people are sometimes made sceptical on this doctrine of perfect love by hearing it so often confessed that the witness of it has been lost. But is it not at least as often the fact in the case of justification? So that it argues nothing against the reality of the work that the witness is afterward lost, but only against the watchfulness and fidelity of our hearts. Blessed beyond expression was the period — about a year and a half — which immediately followed this consecration. It may awaken surprise when I say that the loss of the evidence was occasioned by studying theology. But let me explain. When my call to preach was confirmed, and it became settled that that was to be my life-work, I immediately addressed myself to the task of special preparation by study. I had every thing to learn; and a year of preparatory study before joining conference was consecrated to severe mental labor in the legitimate sphere of theology. Fields of thought opened before me in all directions, new, indispensable, enchanting. The physical effect of my intemperate study was a severe fit of sickness, while my mind became suddenly enlarged with truths which I had not time to digest or classify. My intellectual thirst was intensified, my ambition aroused, my heart oppressed with the view of my incompetency for the ministry, and my resolute purpose was formed to conquer or die; and I thought, if I could not conquer, I had better die, and be out of the way. History, theology, metaphysics, biography, sacred literature, for several years, were gorged, not masticated. Strange that I did not see the snare! It was not in the fact or the objects of study, but in my method, and in the unconscious rising of an ambition, which I afterward saw was not wholly sanctified. And then it never entered my mind that any danger to my spiritual life could lie in the path of theological studies. But by being drawn off into themes which to me, at that time, were subjects of intellectual rather than spiritual and practical interest; by studying theology too much as

a science and as a profession, and not enough for spiritual food, and immediate, practical use. — my soul first became sensibly less fruitful of spiritual things, the fervor of my devotions abated by degrees, the ardor of my love became often chilled by criticism, and a sense of barrenness and want gradually succeeded to my former joy in the fulness of God. It was not condemnation; I had no thought of departing from the old paths; my vow of consecration was still held as sacred as ever: but, in spite of all, there was an absence, and my soul often mourned, saying, “Whither is my Beloved gone?” The loss of the evidence was the work of years, — years which had their alternations of glowing sunshine and gloom, triumphant faith and joy, and despondent mourning. I could say, like Solomon, “They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept” (Cant. i. 6).

THE WITNESS REGAINED.

I cannot follow the details of life, either in providential dispensations or spiritual exercises. I will only say, that the soul having once tasted the fulness of divine love can never be satisfied with any thing less; nor will the conscience operate by any rule of duty below that standard. Satisfaction is a stranger to that breast which lives in a consciousness of having lost the higher life and nearer walk with God, and the perfect resting of faith which characterized former and happier days.

In the spring of 1843, I was brought back. Oh the faithful love of Jesus! He will never leave or forsake us. A growing dissatisfaction with myself had shadowed and embittered my ministerial life for several years, until my distress of mind became insupportable. Intellectually, I had never been better prepared to preach; but, spiritually, I seemed never so illy prepared. Week after week, and month after month, for several years, afforded little alleviation from the habitual despondency and discouragement of my heart. I looked on my right and left for some possible apology for leaving the ministry; but the “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!” hung over me, and I saw no escape. I sometimes asked myself, “Are not the Methodist doctrines

and discipline too rigid, and the people too difficult to satisfy?” But my conscience and my education always negatived the answer. I opened my mind fully to one only; an aged and venerable father in the gospel, whom I dearly loved. But what can words of human sympathy and advice do for one who is pining and perishing for the living word and power of God? I must be newly consecrated to God. The old covenant must be recalled and renewed. Nothing but the baptism of the Holy Ghost would meet my case. Alas! who can describe the difficulty of a soul fettered and enfeebled with unbelief and timidity in coming directly to God? At length, God came near in judgment, and took a loved child, an only son. The sword entered into my soul. I knew it was of the Lord: I saw the divine intention, and I determined to submit, and seek a full consecration to God. I cannot describe the conflict of that last month of wrestling before the word of deliverance came. My beloved wife, herself seeking earnestly for the sanctifying spirit, now saw the method God was taking to wean us from the world and to cleanse us from our idols, bent over the dying couch of the little sufferer, and exclaimed, “O my God! is the way so narrow, so *very* narrow?” There was no complaining; but there was great searching of heart. Suffice it to say, we sought and found together. The blessing came at last: while at our evening family prayers, the usual service was prolonged into a season of wrestling, and our little all was replaced upon the altar. I felt the glorious restoration then; but the full witness did not come till the next morning prayer-meeting at the church.

THE CONFESSION.

It was the month of March. We were having a series of meetings, embracing a six-o'clock morning prayer-meeting. I was kneeling within the altar, full of blessed thoughts and aspirations, when the duty was presented, then and there, of confessing Christ in his new work in my soul. Strange that I had not foreseen this! stranger still that it should seem such a trial and cross! For a moment, I thought I could not. It even seemed premature and imprudent.

Yet there stood the cross before me : it was *mine* to bear, and I could not deny it. But objections arose so forcibly, what could I do ? I said, " Lord, it will not be believed, and I shall only dishonor myself and the cause." I said, " Lord, let me wait till I go to a new appointment, then strangers will believe me, and I will come out and make the profession." I said, " Lord, if I profess the blessing, I shall be expected to preach it ; and I have not for many years been able to preach it, except in a doctrinal way ; and, if my cold manner of preaching it contradicts my profession, it will only injure the cause which I attempt to advocate." I said, " Lord, if I have indeed been restored, let my altered life, my spirit, my preaching, show it, and let this be my testimony." I said, " Lord, it is a time of great disputation in the churches on this doctrine : many good people disbelieve it, and I shall be set down as fanatical, and thus lose the little influence I now have." I said, " Lord, let me wait, and see if I can live it." Within the space of perhaps ten minutes, these thoughts passed through my mind with great solemnity and great distinctness. It was a moment of struggle to me, as real as life and death. I at length perceived I was reasoning with the Tempter. I saw I was pleading for a discretionary power to do, or not to do, my Master's will. Already my faith was losing its firm hold on Christ. I came to myself, and instantly resolved to obey at any cost. I placed back the offering of my all, which I found myself half unconsciously resuming. The vow again passed my lips ; my calmness and confidence returned ; and I waited for the moment, now a moment of blessed privilege, to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. I distinctly remember, that, in replacing my all upon the altar, the last item of the inventory was my good name. I did now consent to become " a fool for Christ's sake." We rose from prayer, and I fully declared what God had wrought. The work was done. The Tempter assailed me no more on this point. My soul was full of peace and joy unspeakable. My cross thenceforward became my delight ; my ministerial duties assumed altogether a new aspect ; I loved my work. God gave me new power to testify of his grace, and with some

variations of enjoyment ; yet I trust in the integrity of my covenant. By the grace of God, I remain until this day. In this grace I hope to end my ministry and my life ; and this alone sweetens all toil, and smoothes all rough paths.

Thus have I touched upon some points of the past as you requested ; and the task has been at once a blessing and a trial, — a blessing, in that it recalls some of the most precious memories of my life, and revives with primitive freshness the hallowed vows which to-day I delight to re-affirm ; a trial, in that it forces me to speak of my poor self. Yet it is not of me, but of Christ, that I would speak.

" Oh ! let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in Thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all."

CANANDAIGUA, Jan. 22, 1867.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.

BY REV. R. HARGRAVE.

The authority of God as Lawgiver, the grace of Christ as Redeemer, and the office of the Holy Spirit as Sanctifier, conspire alike to sanction the claims and unveil " the beauties of holiness." Creation invested man with " righteousness and true holiness ;" and the obligation of holiness accrued from the creature to the Creator. The Eden law, enjoining holiness on man, was the exponent alike of the holiness of the Lawgiver and that of man. This holiness was the tenure by which sinless man held and enjoyed the happiness that God proposed in his existence. Thus graced with holiness, subject to its exactions, and exulting in its blessedness, man was but a little lower than the angels in state and enjoyment.

We next notice if the plan of grace to rescue man from the curse of the law enforces the same holiness on him. And the mandate comes, " As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." The cogent inference, then, is, that it is man's privilege, under the gospel, to be holy. The aforesaid command implies man's *power* to be " holy in all manner of conversation." And the extent

of the *ability* of man to be holy determines the degree of holiness required at his hand. This ability, withal, is gracious.

To amplify this point, we say that God's *law*, requiring man to love him with all his heart, implies the gospel immunity of a pure heart, that he may "fulfil the righteousness of the law." All defilement must be removed from man's heart before it can all be taken up in love with God, or feel the emotion of "perfect love" to God. This has all the force of a self-evident axiom, doctrinally considered.

The Christian, therefore, must "cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," that he may exercise the "perfect love" which is itself the "fulfilling of the law." Hence St. Paul says, "The end of the commandment is charity [love], out of a pure heart, and an undefiled conscience, and faith unfeigned."

The Christian cleanses himself in the sense that he performs the condition upon which the blood of Christ efficaciously cleanses him from all sin. Here Wesley sings, —

"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity."

Peter says, "Putting no difference between us and them; purifying their hearts by faith." But the *act* by which both Jews and Gentiles had been purified was that of the Holy Ghost, who takes the things of Christ and reveals them to us, sanctifying us to obedience by sprinkling on us the blood of Christ. This is St. Peter's sense.

We sum up the aforesaid points in the following order: —

1. God the Father, as Lawgiver, enjoins holiness on man in his primitive state, and under the redeeming plan, alike.

2. God the Son subverts this law of the Father, and "magnifies and makes it honorable;" and assumes to "sanctify the people with his own blood," that they may fulfil the law of love, and thus "be holy in all manner of conversation."

3. God the Holy Ghost assumes to apply the efficacy of the atonement of Christ in order to our fulfilling "the righteousness of

the law; creating us in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

4. Faith is the condition upon which man can realize the grace of Christ, and the aid of the Holy Spirit, that he may be "holy in all manner of conversation." Thus we perceive that the redeeming process culminates in the holiness which the law ordained for man at the beginning. The gospel rescues man from the curse of the law, penally considered, but holds him under the law preceptively enforced. The dominion of the law over us is love: hence "love is the fulfilling of the law." And "perfect love" fulfils the law that claims "all the heart;" and saints have their "fruit unto holiness, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

What man feels under the administrative action of the redeeming plan we call *experience*. This relates to his emotional nature, excited by that which is in God, and the revealings of himself to us in "the face of Jesus Christ." Hence the language, "We love Him because He first loved us." But, while the antagonism of enmity to God was dominant in us, "the law wrought wrath." God's mandate of old was uttered amid thick darkness, and "the sound of the trumpet, and the voice of words." The mount quaked greatly; and Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." And has "the spirit of bondage to fear" ever taught us our need of a Justifier and Sanctifier? Have we felt the peace that pardon inspires, and the love that regeneration infuses? Then we have been experimentally delivered from the evil of the penalty of the law, and translated to the blessedness of the dominion of the law, practically. St. Paul holds the following language at this transition-point: "For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin [offering], condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, concur to enforce holiness *on* man, and to procure holiness *for* him, and to impart it *to* him. Here mercy is invested in the charms of grace

to encourage our believing approach to that "altar that sanctifieth the gift." The Holy Spirit convicts us of inbred sin, causing us to "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" then "the beauties of holiness" attract our melted hearts, that we may walk in the light as God is in the light, where "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Every believer who deplors his lack of love to God is conscious that this is owing to his lack of faith in Christ. There will be a defect in the degree of his love proportionate to the defect in his faith. Just here he may detect the cause of past failures, and learn the lesson requisite to future success. Every step of progress in the way of holiness, practically, augments the latent power of faith as a recipient principle, and, so far, augments his love. The Christian asks, "How may I love God with all my heart?" The answer is, Believe with all your heart in the justice of the law, that claims your love to God; and in the mercy of the gospel, that provides to make you the Lord's; and in the efficiency of the Holy Ghost, who applies the blood of Christ to sanctify you wholly to God: and, strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, you shall "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Such faith shall avail, because it appropriates the blood of Christ, that "cleanseth us from all sin." Then serve God "in righteousness and true holiness all the days of your life;" and, withal, "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance forever."

Believer in Christ, when once you have been "endued with power from on high," you will love souls in "the bowels of Jesus Christ." You will be "clad with zeal as with a cloak." You will ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and answer, "Here I am: send me."

Much does the Church need this soul-saving power to fit her for her high mission in regenerating the world! Ah! greatly does each member of the Church need this power, that *all* may be "mighty through

God" in the work whereto they are sent. Were all, like Barnabas, "full of the Holy Ghost and faith," then "much people would be added to the Lord." Then the gospel would be preached "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." God's messengers would cry aloud, and saints would shout for joy. "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord," and your "bow shall abide in strength." Let saints be filled with the Spirit, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and scriptural holiness shall prevail over these lands. "The wilderness shall be as Eden; and the desert, as the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

"The desert, blooming, shall rejoice,—
Change sighing notes for dulcet lays;
Rapt Lebanon, with cheering voice,
Shall aid the wilderness to praise.

And Carmel, with his well-won fight,*
Yields bold example for each land;
And Sharon's rose and lily white,
The emblems of earth's beauty, stand.

God's excellence and glory, seen,
Shall wave in grandeur to all gaze,
Adorning earth with Eden sheen,
Inspiring earth with Eden praise.

The parched ground becomes a pool;
Springs gush, and waters deserts cheer:
Clear rills glide laughing on and cool,
Refreshing earth this jubilee-year."

* Referring to Elijah and the prophets of Baal.

For the Guide.

A WISH.

BY F. H. W.

Oh for a pencil dipped in living light
To paint the agonies of Jesus' death—
When, on Mount Calvary's ever-sacred height,
He died to save us from his Father's wrath—
In fiery words that should forever burn
The sinner's heart with a devouring flame,
Till to the cross he should adoring turn,
And seek salvation through the Saviour's
name.

CLEVELAND.

For the Guide.

"TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE."

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

We left the home of our childhood, accompanied by our only surviving parent, Aug. 23, 1859, to participate in the labors and joys of a camp-meeting in Gasfield, C. W., expecting to return home in a few days. During the progress of the meeting, fields of labor opened in different directions, — fields "already white unto the harvest;" but the most importunate was the request of Rev. E. C. for assistance during special religious services in the God-dishonoring town of C. Never, perhaps, did mortal shrink more from such publicity, never long more ardently for retirement in a quiet home; but the Spirit said, "Go, and I will go with thee, and thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings." During two days we hesitated, and earnestly sought deliverance, but were repeatedly reminded that "obedience is better than sacrifice." At length, we decided to go, "no preventing Providence;" but God only witnessed the intensity of our desire to return with our parent, or our extreme loneliness as he left us in a strange land. In a few days, arrangements were completed for going to C.; but, in the mean time, the shrinkings of our nature so greatly increased, that, could we have been assured of the salvation of the soul, death would have been preferred, rather than thus to go forth, apparently alone, in quite feeble health, "a waif on life's wave," in weakness, to point the multitudes to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Those who experimentally "glory in nothing save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto them, and they unto the world," can only imagine the depth of our emotions as we rapidly neared the place of future labors. The command was positive, "Thou shalt go to *all* that I shall send thee; and, whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak;" but the promise precious, "Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee," saith the Lord; to which was added, "I will give thee a mouth, and wisdom, which all thine adversaries shall not have power to gainsay nor resist."

Oh, how precious the promises, when shut out from the society of loved ones, becoming singular for Christ's sake, alone with God! When we reached the field of labor, and were shown to our room (which soon became the birthplace of souls, and where many believers "plunged beneath the purple flood, and rose to all the life of God"), we fell prostrate before the Lord, claiming an immediate fulfilment of the "Father's promise," and opened our Bible to these words: "And the Lord said, Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man."

When first within the walls of that crowded church, with no anxiety about results, we presented in weakness the message as given from the throne; and to the astonishment of *all*, save one, nine came weeping to the altar. During eight weeks, we were in labors abundant; the ambassadors of the cross were endued with power, and, as with tongues of fire, proclaimed a present, free, and full salvation, until the whole town was shaken, and hundreds redeemed. All classes, the high and low, rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignorant, inebriate and temperate, bowed at the same altar, and found cleansing at the same fount. Never before did we so fully understand that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

COLUMBIA, December, 1866.

For the Guide.

MY WORK ON EARTH.

BY J. H. H.

For what have I on earth to live
But works of love to do,
And all my strength to Jesus give,
And to him e'er prove true?

Did God his creature, man, endow
With an immortal mind
To trample on his holy law,
And misery to find?

Has God no claims upon me here,
That I should wisdom seek;
That I should e'er his word revere,
And learn his praise to speak?

What mighty gifts hath he bestowed
Upon this sinful race!
What wondrous love to us hath showed
In sending forth his grace!

Oh that the *world* might Christ receive,
And of its sin repent!
Oh that it now might Him believe
Whom God, the Father, sent!

Then would the song that angels sang
Be hymned the earth around, —
The song with which the heavens rang
When "shepherds" Jesus found.

To God let me my powers devote,
And to him daily pray,
That he may help me e'er to walk
The strait and narrow way.

His holy law I'll strive to keep,
Christ's power to save I'll tell;
Like him o'er precious souls I'll weep,
That they with him may dwell.

SOUTH ACWORTH, N.H.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS WITHOUT POWER.

MRS. E. R. WELLS.

There is a kind of holiness professed that weakens the confidence of many in this blessed doctrine. Some profess that the "blood of Jesus cleanseth them from all sin," and yet they are comparatively powerless for good. They possess a *negative* holiness, are outwardly consistent, faithful upon the duties of religion, but without positive power to assist others in the way of life.

We have a right to look for a higher and more extended range of usefulness from those who are in the highway of holiness. We expect of the merely *justified* soul, that he *live without committing actual sin*: this he *must* do, if he retain his justification. We look that he *grow in grace daily*: this he *must* do, if he fall not out by the way. That he *regularly and importunately* plead with God at least three times a day: this he *must* do, if he thrive and grow to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. We expect that he be *faithful upon all the means of grace in his power*: this he *must*

do, if he would let his light shine. We expect that "as he received Christ Jesus the Lord, so he must walk in him;" that with the same earnestness and zeal, the same self-abandonment and trust, with which he received him, so he must abide in him, else he is broken off. And now, if all this must be met in a justified soul growing in grace, what ought we to look for in one professing holiness?

Certainly nothing more in their outward walk: for the *babe* in Christ is without condemnation; the *lowest* type of a Christian lives without actual transgression. Surely we do not look that he be *more* than faithful in duty; that he *exceed his ability*: for it takes all his powers to do the will of God in a justified relation. Then, aside from the entire removal of sin from the heart, wherein lies the difference?

We answer, *In the increased power of doing good*. Says a recent writer, "The powerless Christian ought to be felt to be as great a misnomer as the forceless thunderbolt;" and surely a *holy* Christian should be synonymous with a *powerful* one. When there are no foes within to quell; when the source of temptation is all from without, and the entire being instinctively repels assault; when the warring of the spirit against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit, has all ceased; when cleansed from sin and filled with love (for all this is done for the sanctified one), — what freedom from self! and how mighty the power to turn upon aggressive movements for God! Filled with God, because filled with love, having the elements of divinity within, who shall say that one may not chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight? The justified soul is a king going forth to battle, but who has secret foes at home. His time and forces are divided between insurrectionary movements among his subjects and aggressive onsets upon foreign enemies; but the sanctified one is a king, with peace and patriotism reigning in his borders, and his entire force in the field of conflict and advances.

Now, we inquire, Can a soul *thus* saved be *passive*? Can he *retain* this blessing, and not have *fruit* as his reward, his inheritance? Says the Saviour, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit*." And who so well qualified thus to

glorify God as he? How mighty his power in prayer! "If ye *abide* in me, and my words *abide* in you, ye shall ask *what ye will, and I will give it you.*" How all-conquering his love! it goes out into the highways and hedges, and *compels* them to come in. How grasping his faith! the arms of love that compass him would all mankind embrace, and he pleads for a world to be brought back to God. Now, the persons at first described have none of these characteristics. They are doubtless sincere: whence, then, their mistake?

We conceive it to be, to some extent, their former *low notions of justification*. They were once converted, and since have maintained a tolerably consistent course, loving the means of grace, and maintaining the forms of piety, yet, all along, painfully conscious of duties neglected, of sins committed. But, seeing so many just like themselves, they have concluded they must be in the enjoyment of the divine favor. At times, when a little more faithful than usual, they possessed an inward satisfaction and a kind of joy which they denominated religion. They knew not that this joy is the same the sinner has when he performs a good deed,—the mere approval of conscience just so far as they did duty; that the grace they possessed as the fruit of the gracious intercession of Christ was a *restraining* and not a *saving* grace. Of this they were ignorant, and reckoned themselves the saved of the Lord. It is true, at times they had misgivings; but looking around among the mass of professed Christians, and finding so many like unto themselves, they slept on again.

But soon, perhaps, they are aroused; some revival influences, or some providence of God, and they seek for "more religion;" seek a "deeper work of grace;" seek "holiness." They bemoan their negligence and sins, reconsecrate themselves to God, and plead for a clean heart. God hears them; peace and joy spring up within; a consciousness of the approbation of their heavenly Father fills the soul. And now they ask, "*What is this blessing?*" I was pleading for a clean heart, and God blessed me. 'If I ask bread, will he give me a stone? or, if I ask a fish, will he give me a serpent?' I feel nothing now but love in my heart:

it must be the very blessing." Soon, hearing the duty of confession urged, they ignorantly and innocently take upon themselves this holy profession.

Now, we conceive the mistake at the outset to be this: they should seek the *reclaiming power of grace, renewal from wandering*. This had been in heart, if not in life, perhaps both: and *pardon* is what they needed, and *pardon* is what they received; for it was a sense of *guilt* that led them to "bemoan their negligence and sins, and reconsecrate themselves to God." The clearly justified soul seeking holiness has no sense of *guilt*, but of *depravity*. The witness of the Spirit that he is a beloved child of God is as clear while he is seeking holiness as it was the moment he gave himself first to God, and his consecration is no more perfect now than then. It differs from it somewhat, in that he consecrates himself now with greater light, and in full view of peculiar duties and increased responsibilities, consequent upon a life of holiness. But the person before described has no such views: his is the view of past failures, and his consecration has reference to them.

We do not intend to say that the blessing of entire sanctification is *never* received at the time of conversion, or when reclaimed from wandering, but admit, with Mr. Wesley, this *may* be the case, although not God's *ordinary* method of dealing with men. That one professing holiness, who is comparatively powerless for good, or not in advance of his justified brethren of equal natural capacity, may well take alarm, and institute self-examination, and a strict retrospection of the state in which he was when he sought and professed to receive this blessing. Was I a wanderer needing pardon? or, while possessed of a conscious filial relation, was I prompted to seek a more perfect conformity to the will of God from the feeling,—

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

If, on examination, he finds himself of the former class, let him not be disheartened. The blood flows; it speaks to-day before the throne: "Wash, and be clean."

For the Guide.

The following remarkable experience, which we think none of our readers will fail to peruse, is from the pen of a native of Prussia, who, during our late revival-services in St. Louis, Mo., was enabled, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to enter into the rest of faith. He is now a joyful witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Our own mind has been most prayerfully and affectionately interested in his behalf that he may yet be made a power of great good to the thousands of his countrymen still impregnated with Rationalistic views; and in this we trust that every truly Christian heart will unite in saying AMEN. — EDS.

SAVED FROM RATIONALISM.

H. A. GREUTZENBERG.

Desirous to do all I can to the glory and honor of God, and the Lord our Saviour, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests, I will endeavor to give an account of the time and manner in which it has pleased my heavenly Father to reveal himself unto me as he does not unto the world. In speaking of my past life, I speak only of the religious impressions received from the beginning of my existence, seeing that the religious experience is the true history of my life. Looking back to the past years of my childhood, I discover three events, which stand prominent among the little joys and sorrows of that period of life. The first is a lovely scene on a beautiful spring day. Being then about four years old, my mother took me upon her knees, and taught me a short prayer; and, reciting the words satisfactorily, such sweet, joyous emotions sprang up in my breast, that I never could forget that happy afternoon. I know now that the source of my enjoyment was the love of God shed abroad in my little heart. I was pronounced a very good child at this period, and remember that visitors at my father's house frequently used to say I was an angel.

About one year after the above occurrence, I see myself, even now, sitting in a window corner in the same room, streams of tears flowing down my cheeks, — tears of true repentance, if I ever shed any. The reason of my sorrow was, that I had taken a pin from my mother's drawer without asking her permission; and I well remember that my tears did not cease to flow until I had a conscious sense of forgiveness. At the age

of nine or ten years, returning alone from the estate of a relative in the country, where we children used to spend a part of our school vacation in summer, I had to pass through a forest; and, when in the midst of it, my conscience was suddenly and very powerfully awakened. I had such convictions of my wickedness, that I fell on my knees, and wept in great anguish of soul; and the fear of God made me form many good resolutions before I left the place.

God's tender mercies have followed me all the days of my life from my youth; but I dare not forget to speak of his special interposition in my behalf. When about ten years old, I fell into a river; but my feet touched the ground, and I walked safely to the shore. But all persons to whom I spoke about the accident, and who knew the place, assured me that the river was there very deep, and thought it impossible that I should have walked to the shore. Shortly after, when at play, I held a bottle with half a pound of gunpowder firmly in the grasp of my hand. The powder accidentally exploded; but I received not the slightest injury, while a number of boys standing around were wounded by the fragments of the bottle. In both these instances, I am forced to acknowledge the special providence of God.

The great tenderness of heart and conscience I had during my childhood passed away. I became, like most boys of that age, forgetful of God, and much inclined to independence. Advancing in years from boyhood, the marked peculiarities of my character became pride and high-mindedness; but checked by a kind Providence everywhere in the pursuit of ambitious objects, and constrained by the Holy Spirit from evil ways, I changed into a seriousness of mind. Convinced of the vanities of the world, I earnestly began to sigh for something that could satisfy my soul, and restore the harmony of my being, which I felt was greatly wanting. To obtain the desired end, I studied for a considerable time the most celebrated philosophic systems, of which Germany has produced such a great number; but found nothing that satisfied my soul. When about ready to cast away the books of the wise men of this world, a book of another character was given to me (which is still in my possession),

containing a plain, pointed description of the roads leading to hell and heaven. These pages were the instrument of my conversion. My whole mind was turned into a new channel. I began at once to search the Scriptures and to pray, and sought after God with all the vigor of my awakened soul. I soon experienced the truth of this God's promise: "And ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your hearts;" and well remember the day when I could say, —

" 'Tis done! — the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine!
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

Being then about twenty-one years old, I lived in the north-east of Germany, not far from the boundary of the Russian Empire. It was a beautiful summer morning of the year 1856. I had been walking along fields loaded with the abundant harvest of that year, with a soul all longing for the living God. I entered into an old forest; and, standing beneath a large tree, I looked up toward heaven; and the heavens opened, and the glory of the Almighty came upon me in a marvellous light, far brighter than the sun; and an audible voice said, "My son, thy sins are forgiven thee." How long I remained under that tree, I know not; but this I know, that, when I left it, two angels, one on each side, accompanied me to the end of the forest.

Though many may doubt such experience, or say, "Much religion has made him mad," yet will I not apologize for the work of God. It was the same Saviour who saved St. Paul's soul; and all things are possible with him. I most certainly expect to see these my guardian angels in heaven, and talk the matter over with them. It seemed necessary that I should be converted in such a glorious manner, if the work should be done at all, so that Satan might never be able to make me doubt my conversion.

The whole nature seemed to be changed after that blessed hour. How brightly did the sun shine! how sweetly did the birds sing! And often did I see the heavens open, having such intimate communion with Him whom my soul loved as I have never known since. I enjoyed this fulness of the love of God

for about three months; but, being ignorant of the way of salvation, the first trial of my faith caused me to cast away my confidence. I fell to rise no more for several years.

Living in one of the old knight castles, in a country where hardly a ray of pure gospel light penetrates the darkness of a dead formality, far from church, without friends and help, my fall was not much to be wondered at. One morning, when the Lord told me plainly that I had sinned, and had to repent again, I said to him, "I have no longer need of thee: I can live without thee in the world."

Tears come to my eyes when I remember the days that followed this act of open apostasy. How Jesus went after me, entreating me day and night, to come back to the fold! Wherever I turned my eyes, I saw him standing with open arms, ready to receive me, and take me to his breast; but I would not come. At length he withdrew, and I was permitted to try to live without him in the world. No language can describe the misery of the years that followed, and the torture my soul constantly endured. Persecuted by the pangs of my wounded spirit as by furies, finding no rest day and night, I rushed into sin as a horse into the battle; but I had tasted too largely of the powers of the world to come ever to forget the past or enjoy the present. In a locality where I had been so happy, I could remain no longer. I resigned that excellent position. I left the home of my parents, country, left all that was near and dear to me on the face of the earth, and wandered away into the wide, wide world, without hope, without aim. For years, I tried to forget that I had a soul, and that the God of heaven and earth once had spoken to me. For years, I tried to escape from myself; more than once determined to make an end of life, but was prevented by a merciful Providence from carrying out my purposes; walking constantly on the very brink of insanity, till a deep despair became the settled habit of my mind.

When the war in America commenced, I took up arms at once, hoping that at last I would be permitted to lay down my life in a good cause. I dare say, without boasting, I was a brave soldier. Seeking death, I had the bravery of despair. Three years and a half I kept on, marching from battle-

field to battle-field; and never, when the booming of the guns announced another day of carnage, did I forget to cry to God in secret, that he would permit a friendly ball to find its way to my heart, and end a life which had become so horrible and wretched. Thousands fell on my right hand and on my left hand; but no ball was permitted to touch me. I could fill many pages relating instances where it seems to me only miraculous interposition could have preserved my life. Oh, how does God love his fallen, sinful creature! How did he love me! But I was not thankful. Often, when the bloody work of the day was over, in the stillness of the night, when the stars of heaven shone calmly and peacefully upon the field strewn with the slain and wounded, did I murmur with great bitterness against God, who in his mercy would not have me perish thus.

When the term of service of my regiment had expired, I was so perfectly satisfied that I should not be permitted to die on the field of honor, that I refused to accept any of the offered positions in the army. Having buried almost all my friends in the South, I returned with the few left of our number to the place from which we had marched three years previous to fight the battles of the nation, — the battles of the freedom of the whole race. After the noise and bustle of such a campaign, I felt an intense longing for solitude; doubtless the work of the Spirit of God, who was given to me once more to strive with a stubborn rebel. I separated for a while from my associations, and began to reflect; and, oh, how did my past life rise up against me! The horrors of the lost and the happiness of the saved were brought to bear upon me with their full force. I remembered the innocent enjoyments of childhood; happier days of other years passed before me like a panorama; till again my whole soul cried out after the mercies of an offended God. In earnest, unceasing prayer, I sought the Lord day and night; and, when I was yet a great way off, my heavenly Father saw me, and had compassion, and ran and fell on my neck, and kissed me, and restored me to the joys of his salvation.

On the first Sunday of November, 1864, I gave my wanderings over, and made the

confession that I could not live without Him, who is the source of all true happiness here and forever. Torn and bleeding from countless wounds, — for I had barely escaped my enemies, — he took me into arms of tender love; and ever since he has been engaged to bind up all my wounds, and heal me from all my backslidings.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

“As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.”

For the Guide.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

Steadily the angel reapers

Thrust their sickles here and there,
Bringing down the ripened harvest, —
There a wheat-head, here a tare.

Steadily these shining workmen

Reap and separate in turn, —
Some to fill the Master's garner,
Some to gather up and burn.

Steadily is life's last harvest

By these angel-hands brought in, —
Some to eat the fruit of goodness,
Some the bitter fruit of sin.

One by one we see them falling,

Weep beside their lowly tomb, —
Children, parents, gray-haired grandsires,
Bending age, and youthful bloom.

By the hands of these swift reapers

Are our loved ones gathered thus:
By and by these reaping angels
Will have come to gather us.

Shall it be to endless glory,

Or the darkness of despair?
Shall they find a ripened wheat-head,
Or a ripe but worthless tare?

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N.Y.

For the Guide.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE WAY.

BY SALLIE A. SANTEE.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way."

Since the 5th of June, 1865, I have been walking in the highway of holiness. My experience, up to that time, is given on page 175 of the December "Guide." For three days after I was enabled to claim full salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and received this glorious manifestation of the cleansing power of Jesus' blood, I was wafted on toward the Glory Land by breezes so perfumed with the breath of heaven, while the waves of love divine rolled over my soul in such holy, sin-killing, life-giving energy, that I almost forgot that I was still an inhabitant of earth. But "a tried people will the Lord have." In the evening of the third day, he permitted a shadow to fall across my pathway, and I began again to be fearfully tempted. For a few moments, I grew faint-hearted: for Satan said, "The blessing is just now withdrawn;" but I cried, "Lord, help me! I will, I do, trust thee. Lead me whithersoever thou wilt." For I was willing to be any thing, or nothing, so I might glorify God. I clung to Christ by naked faith; but not long: for in those days the Son of God revealed himself to me. He walked with me, and opened to me the Scriptures. Glory, glory, glory! How graciously I was sustained! and the Holy Spirit, through the written Word, was my only teacher.

All human aids combined could not have made the Scriptures so plain to me. I went on fearlessly; for the Lord of hosts was my guide and defender. No language can express the wonderful dealings of God with my soul. The half can never be told, though unbounded eternity shall witness continued expressions of gratitude welling up from the heart of this worm of the dust, now cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit through the blood of the Lamb.

Through the merits of Christ, I am freely justified and fully sanctified. To God be all the glory! But, having a light, I dare not, I will not, "put it under a bushel." Though Satan tried to hinder me by telling me it was presumptuous for me to do so, I resolved to do what was plainly shown to

be my duty. The question was easily settled, and the determination made, to publicly profess to be cleansed from sin through the blood of Christ at my class-meeting on the following Sabbath. But it was like fire shut up in my bones. I could not wait till that time to begin to publish the glad news, and to say to others, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!" On Saturday evening, I was telling one of my brothers of the blessedness I enjoyed, and exhorting him to taste, and see; when the Adversary, thinking thus to hinder me from working in the Lord's vineyard, employed a human agent, who should have been our friend, to bring against us a false accusation of the blackest dye. I was surprised at my own calmness under such a trial, though my grief was beyond expression. My faith grew the firmer; my zeal grew the stronger.

On Sabbath morning, my tears fell thick and fast. I could not partake of any food, and my bodily strength was almost gone; but I told some of my friends I must go to church. I went, in company with another brother, a member of the same class. On our way, I told him what the Lord had done for my soul, and exhorted him to ask in faith for the same blessing. The power of God was in the words spoken by my lips. Earnest desire for the blessing became his. About six o'clock that evening, he came in with a light so clear, so pure, beaming forth from his countenance, that I knew, before he told me, that he had plunged beneath the cleansing tide of Jesus' blood; for "no Jewish types *could* cleanse us so."

On the following evening, the brother I first exhorted "washed, and was clean," and testified that he had, with us, been made partaker of the same precious faith. Hallelujah! My labor in the Lord has not been in vain. During the first week I travelled in the King's highway, I was made instrumental, in the hands of God, of bringing two brothers thither. I repeat it, "to God be all the glory!" But this unworthy worm was encouraged to labor on.

Through blinding tears, but with an exulting heart, I read with my class the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and with much of the spirit of love explained the lesson (for I was teacher of a

class of young women), and testified to them that "I spake of the things I had seen and heard." After the close of Sunday school, my class met at the same place, and then and there — though I knew I was surrounded by those who, though members of the church, were some of them prejudiced against its vital doctrine — I was enabled in deep humility, yet heavenly boldness, to declare that I was "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." I was mightily strengthened by his Spirit; and oh, such a sense of purity as I realized beneath the searching yet loving eye of Jehovah!

Since that time, through the assistance of God, "I have held fast my confidence, and endeavored to witness a good profession." I have realized, with the Psalmist, that "many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." We are not saved by works; but we each of us have a work to do, a way in which to walk: and the way is narrow; but I have become willing to walk in it. Soon after I realized that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, the words, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds," were deeply impressed upon my mind. I felt that the command was given to all, but especially to me, since I had stood up as a witness of full salvation. It was applied in various ways; as, "Be not conformed to this world, in speech, in conduct, in dress, &c. Through the assistance of Divine Grace, I have endeavored not to be; though by my endeavors I have incurred the displeasure of friends, and called forth the ridicule of the world.

I had been thought by some, previous to this, plain; but after some hesitation, caused by questions concerning my duty, I resolved to become plainer still.

Oh, how my soul shrinks from being thought to affect singularity for mere singularity's sake! But I have strength given me to do my duty, let my fellow-beings think as they will. My consecration has remained entire. Whenever any new sacrifice has been made known as my duty, I have made it cheerfully and quickly; for I have been led to see that "the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." When

the words of the Rev. G. Hughes, in the April number of "The Guide," bade its readers call for the fire, I felt the need of a greater baptism of power. Binding new sacrifices to the altar, I called for the fire, and felt its enkindlings in my soul, where it is still glowing in brighter flames.

I would not ask, "Have I made too great a sacrifice?" (that could not be;) but, "How I made an uncalled-for sacrifice?" I think not. Richer blessings have been poured into my soul, and I find I can run up the shining way with greater agility since I cast aside useless burdens.

Oh, if the Church would but cease to conform to the world, and would suffer themselves to be transformed into the glorious likeness of Christ, what new power would be given us!

Far be it from me to say what others must sacrifice, or to set up my opinion as a rule of conduct for my fellow-Christians; but let us be *Bible Christians*. I am following closely after my divine Master. My daily prayer is, "Oh for more of the power of godliness!" I want to become more and more like Christ; for though much of his love has been shed abroad in my heart, yet I am persuaded that there are heights and depths, and lengths and breadths, of the love of Christ, to which I have not yet attained. But I praise His holy name who hath led me thus far. I am still advancing. The first great manifestation of God's love did not remain greatest; for, as is the Christian's privilege, I have been drinking deeper and deeper of the fountain of life.

I have been permitted to suffer with Christ; but I shall also reign with him: have been persecuted for righteousness' sake; have had all manner of evil spoken against me falsely, for Christ's sake; but he hath pronounced me blessed. What a balm to the wounded spirit! I have had many trials. My devotion to the cause of Christ is daily tested. I tell it that his sustaining grace may be adored. O ye faint-hearted! no longer fear. Come to the cleansing fountain. Christ is able to cleanse, and keep you clean. Let God be praised for a full and free salvation!

Strength = the Burden.

M. Eldredge.

For the Guide.

SHIBBOLETH.

(Judges xii. 5, 6.)

MRS. H. HOLBROOK.

Grace, as well as nature, has its own distinctive features and peculiarities, which render it clearly distinguishable from every thing else. In nature, the tree, shrub, and plant is known, both in kind and quality, by their fruit and blossoms. The different nations are distinguished by their manners, customs, color, and dialect. Every language has an accent peculiar to itself, which is the test-word, or Shibboleth, of its nationality. The citizen of Zion is discerned by his Shibboleth: for, having been "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of His dear Son," he is "no more a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God;" and, by adoption, he naturally speaks the language of the heavenly Canaan. His interests have become identified with those of his Father's family all his treasures are there, and his heart is there; consequently his conversation is there also. But, when he speaks, it is "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth:" for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God; and the Spirit taketh of these things, and reveals them unto him; and while, out of the fulness of his heart, he speaks of those deep experiences of high hopes, holy joys, and abounding grace, his words are accompanied with a divine power which reaches the hearts of others, and awakens in them kindred emotions of love and joy unspeakable.

The natural man, in distinction from the Christian, is an "alien from the commonwealth of Israel:" consequently his treasures are in the world; and, as naturally as the Christian, his heart and conversation are where his treasure is. Being of the "earth, earthy," "he receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And, were he to attempt to speak the language of Canaan, it would be utterly impossible: for, like those evil-minded Ephraimites who quarrelled with Jephthah, he "could not frame

to pronounce it right;" hence it would be, at best, but Shibboleth.

As the tree is known as well in *quality* as in kind by its fruit; so the man is known, not only by his conversation, but by his works: the former being the Shibboleth of nationality; and the latter, the Shibboleth of character. As naturally as a good tree brings forth good fruit, so a "good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, brings forth the fruit of good works; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart," brings forth or does the works of darkness. "Let us not be deceived: God is not mocked." We may succeed in deceiving the church and the world by a fair religious exterior; yet we cannot deceive God: for he "sees not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

The Ephraimites' test-word lacked but one letter of the true Shibboleth; yet its pronunciation betrayed both their nationality and character, and they were slain. For "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of *all*." Faith and works are inseparably connected; for, either one being alone, it is dead: hence the utter impossibility of salvation without both.

Are our Shibboleths uniformly such as evidence to the world our citizenship of Zion? Are they such as will insure to us the welcome "Come" at the great day of final decision? "For it is not every one who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth the will of my Father* which is in heaven."

Let us daily examine our hearts, and try them by the infallible Word, lest, when we are required to pronounce the Shibboleth which fixes our destiny for an eternal forever, it will be but the Shibboleth of "many wonderful works," even though done *professedly* in the name of Jesus; or that it be found wanting the emphatic letter in the law of righteousness, — Christ, — and we be numbered with those who cannot "frame to pronounce it right."

IONIA, MICH.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." — *Jesus*.

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The God of all grace is favoring us greatly with contributions from gifted minds all over the land. Most truly do our hearts say, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord! but to thy name, give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." An unprejudiced mind cannot but see that the cause of full salvation through Christ is rapidly gaining, and will unite with us in ascribing glory to God in the highest.

We have many excellent articles on hand, waiting publication. In our present issue, we give the experience of Rev. Dr. Allyn, President of McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. It is rich in all the excellences of the higher life, and we trust will be read by hundreds in our literary institutions, who may be inspired and aided in coming at once to the all-cleansing, ever-open fountain.

Our contributors must, with ourselves, have patience in regard to the tardiness with which their articles appear. We could wish that the number of our pages might speedily be doubled.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

MARCH 14, 1867.

STEAMER "RUTH."

When the rustic damsel Ruth gathered sheaves after the reapers in the days of Boaz, she little imagined that her name was being embalmed, that it might be handed down to posterity. Here we are, on board of a splendidly-furnished steamer, about eighty feet in breadth and three hundred in length, with accommodations for three or four hundred passengers, whose richly stained-glass window bears the likeness of the pretty young widow of Moab, who afterward became the wife of Boaz.

Here she is represented as triumphantly bearing away her sheaves, which, through the favoritism of her lover, had so largely accumulated. And it is thus, as we hasten along our watery path, that the beautiful steamer "Ruth" gathers her profit-making burdens as we pass from place to place.

What a river is this!—"the Father of Waters." Think of its meandering course passing along through a beautiful, fertile country,

a distance of scarcely less than a voyage to England! From the sources to the head of passes, where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River is two thousand six hundred miles. This is certainly not a mean voyage for the tourist. It passes through and bounds the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

On the 4th of March, we set sail from St. Louis for New Orleans. Winter, in that region, had scarcely chronicled a period more intensely cold. The first few days of our voyage, our passengers were disposed to gather closely around the fires in the large saloon. Our first stopping-place was Cairo, which we reached toward evening of the second day. This is a place of commercial interest. Rents are enormous,—nearly or quite equal to New York or Philadelphia. A snow-storm had rendered the streets very uninviting to the pedestrian; and the heavy floods made some parts of the town almost impassable.

The Ohio pours into the Mississippi at this point; and the city of Cairo also, being the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, and always accessible by the Mississippi River at its lowest stage of water, enhances its importance. As we were detained several hours, we sallied out in the evening, hoping to find in some one of the churches a gathering of the pious; but we searched in vain. The next morning, we called on Rev. Mr. Bryson of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, whose courtesies and religious converse we enjoyed. What a blessed day will that be when all the saints of the Most High shall be gathered from the four quarters of the world, and sit down in the kingdom of God! But we were bound for the sunny regions, and brighter skies soon dawned upon us.

Sabbath, the 9th, we reached Vicksburg. Here the eye rests, not on snow-capped hills as we had left three or four days previous, but on rich verdure, beautiful flowers, and fruit-trees everywhere in bloom. Our steamer lingered three hours, leaving the passengers time to go through the city. The city sits in queenly state on a high bluff; and many traces of the late fearful conflict still remain to tell the story of her proud defiance. Not only is the city approached by rising hills, but there are hills upon hills within the city bounds; and these hills tell a sad tale. Here are doors, made with almost mechanical precision, leading to chambers made

under-ground. Many of the inhabitants of this recently-invaded city here hid themselves from the bursting shells, which, for the space of months, were threatening life, limb, and city. We saw several of these subterraneous passages and rooms, some having windows dug out at the side of the hill. Aside from party-spirit, one unaccustomed to witnessing the sad verities of war cannot but feel the heart strangely moved in recalling the sad scenes of this age of terror, of which these things so forcibly remind us. A little before sunset, we passed the residence of the late conquered chieftain, Jefferson Davis, and his brother, Col. Joe Davis. These two lordly mansions are large and beautiful, and stand on the bank of the Mississippi, amid spacious and finely-cultivated surroundings. Large cotton-plantations are attached, with the usual accompaniment of little negro houses. What golden dreams of personal renown and political sunshine may here have had their birth, which have since been doomed to the night of utter oblivion! On the opposite side of the river, between Richmond and New Carthage, Gen. Johnson, of the Confederate army, was killed.

Monday morning. — We are at Natchez, where we again pause a few hours. The town is situated on a bluff, with pleasant surroundings. Summer has put on her attire: its sweet, balmy air, beautiful lawns and flowers, regale the senses. While the most of our company wander away among the flower-gardens, we conclude to forego the pleasure, and refresh our spiritual senses by inquiring after the welfare of Zion. We find the Rev. Mr. Linfield, minister, in charge of the Southern Methodist Church. He is mourning over the desolations of Zion. The church lately owned by his people having been sold to the colored Methodists, the Southern Methodists worship temporarily in the Baptist church, hoping soon to be able to build one suited to their wishes. May Providence favor them! This good minister expressed longing desires for the deeper spirituality of his people; and gladly would we have responded to his wishes, and remained a short time with him as helpers in the gospel.

A few hours more, and we pause to take in wood, not far from the town of Baton Rouge. Everywhere do we behold bounteous Nature at work, spreading her new velvet-like carpet of richest green. Just now, as I lift my eyes, I see an extensive sugar-plantation. About five min-

utes' walk from the bank is a large, snow-white mansion: doubtless this is the residence of some wealthy planter. A little farther on in the distance stands a group of negro-houses; and here, in days gone by, lived those through whose hardy toil these rich lands poured forth wealth into the hands of the owners of the soil, of which the humble toiler partook so slightly. Thank God for the change!

While engaged in writing the preceding lines, our steamer paused at the beautiful place just described to take in wood. The most of our lady and gentlemen passengers sallied abroad in companies; while the boat-laborers, under command of the mate, were engaged in taking in wood, and we were improving the moments of quiet in penning the above. A lady, who, with several others, has returned with rich bouquets from the snow-white mansion just noted, comes to us with a message from the lady and gentleman resident, asking that we will visit them, and saying that their buggy is waiting to carry us to the house.

A message from the moon could scarcely have surprised us more. We hasten to go, and find that the residents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gay, are Christians of our own persuasion, and receive us most gladly. Though belonging to the Southern portion of the Church, we had reason to infer that they are not discontented with the present state of things. The gentleman told us he found but little difficulty in supplying himself with laborers. We were informed that he owns five thousand acres, and has fifteen hundred under cultivation. He expressed an earnest desire for greater educational advantages for the colored people in his employ, and said he was endeavoring to get a teacher to reside on the premises. Not often have we met with persons with whom we enjoyed more pleasant converse than these new-made friends. We return to our home on the water, richly laden with flowers. Our vessel seems as a luxuriant garden (scarcely a passenger but has gathered a bouquet to grace the saloon); and again we are on our way.

Though so beautiful at this season of the year to pass from the cold North to the sunny South, we see much to excite our sympathies. The great freshet has been cause of sad disasters. In many places do we see little villages surrounded by and almost inundated with water. In a great number of cases, the levee has been washed away, and the river has risen thirty feet. About

half an hour ago, we saw a house nearly covered, with only the roof and chimney standing out of the river to show where it stood. Our steamer stopped for a few moments at the town of Helena. Such a scene I never witnessed. The town lies in the river. Judging from the size of the place, one might suppose that there are at least two thousand inhabitants. There are several churches, and many pretty dwellings; but the whole town, as far as seen from the river, is submerged in water. The only mode of going from house to house is by little boats. Each street is a river. We counted six boatmen, plying their oars with passengers, in one street. Some families seemed to be living temporarily in a boat at the wharf. We asked how the people fared in those dwellings standing in the water. The lady to whom we addressed the question replied, "Those that dwelt in two-story houses went to the upper part, and those that had but one had to leave for the high ground in the rear of the city." We were told that a number of houses near the banks of the river were washed away by being undermined, and several lives were lost. Here, as in a number of places along the river, the cattle stood as if in forlorn amazement on parts of the levee still remaining, surrounded for miles with water; and many of the cattle have been swept away with the flood, and many are dying. In other places, large plantations are under water. The loss of property will be immense.

When within less than a hundred miles of New Orleans, our steamer again stopped to take in wood. Being less than half an hour's walk from the magnificent grounds of the Ex-Governor of Louisiana, several of the passengers, in company with the captain, visited the place. Here we were ushered into rich orange-groves, the perfume of which might make one think of the odors of Paradise. Many of the boughs, though in bloom, were weighed down with large oranges. The gardener broke off a limb on which were two very large oranges; but the fruit was too heavy for the little branch, and we soon lost our treasure. Here were all sorts of tropical fruits and flowers of richest hue and odor. Here are figs, bananas, pine-apples, the Java plum, &c. How sad that a land so fair and fruitful should have doomed itself to such disasters! Perhaps Northerners, whose forefathers without our intervention so nobly repudiated slavery, do not sufficiently sympathize with our friends at the South, on whom the dis-

asters of war, and the great changes consequent, are still bearing so heavily.

It is true, we have been taught to regard slavery as a great evil; and, while we are thankful for this, let us not laud it over our brother; but, now that slavery is utterly abolished, let us love and sympathize as brethren; and, remembering that we have not been without faults of a religious and political character to deplore, let us seek forgiveness of God and each other, and, from henceforth, follow things that make for peace. The great cardinal doctrine of Methodism, — *perfect love*, — if experimentally apprehended, furnishes a platform on which we may meet, and, forgetful of all personal feelings and minor differences, work successfully, under the one controlling passion of love to God and man, in bringing a redeemed world to the world's Redeemer.

NEW ORLEANS.

As this is our first visit to this notable Southern city, our noticings may be interesting to those who may not have been alike favored at this delightful season of the year.

I need not speak of its commercial enterprise, as it is too well known to need comment. Its large wholesale warehouses, and showy, well-filled retail marts, and general features of mercantile prosperity, remind one of Philadelphia or Boston. It has some wide, beautiful streets, particularly Canal Street, which is about twice the width of Canal Street, New York. Midway of this street, dividing, as it were, two roads, is an area covered with verdure and forest-trees. This beautiful thoroughfare extends over a mile, through the densely-populated part of the city, blending rural comfort with business enterprise.

Most of the dwelling-houses are commodious, especially those of the more opulent; and are surrounded by verandas. Many of these are three stories high, each story of the house having its veranda, where, in the cool of the day, the residents intermingle in friendly converse, unrestrained by passing strangers. The modes of building, and usages of the people, seem to contemplate sociality beyond what is usual in our Northern climes. Many of the dwellings, particularly out of the heart of the city, have gardens, beautified by a diversity of flowers and tropical plants. Orange-trees are as common as apple-trees in the North. Banana and the Japan plum-tree are also common in the yards of the houses, and bear abundantly.

In the French part of the city is a beautiful

park, whose trees and shrubbery show the sort of artistic training more common in Europe than in America. In the midst of this magnificent park stands a large monument of Gen. Andrew Jackson, in equestrian attitude. The noble animal on which he rides is represented as on a gallop, in furious speed. On the tablet below are inscribed the words of the earnest and patriotic hero, "THE UNION — IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED!"

We were now on our way to the New-Orleans battle-ground of Jan. 8, 1815, of far-famed memory, which lies about five miles beyond; being accompanied by our excellent missionary, Rev. Dr. Newman; and our pleasant hostess, Mrs. Capt. Armstrong. A fine marble monument from seventy-five to eighty feet high, not yet in a state of completion, has been raised to mark the spot where the gallant Gen. Jackson achieved a victory of which a grateful nation will proudly boast.

About a quarter of a mile beyond, on the Plains of Chalomette, is a spot, which, though it marks a victory, tells a sanguinary tale over which angels might weep. Thousands of widows and orphans and other bereaved relatives have wept, and still weep, for the loved ones here entombed. Here lie closely, yet side by side, in a soldier's grave, over thirteen thousand bodies, all of whom were victims of the late fearful conflict. We could not but feel as though the blood of these slaughtered ones was still crying from the ground. Think of thirteen thousand four hundred mounds, extending over a large area of ground! Each mound is marked with a white head-stone, some giving the name and age of the lonely sleeper, and others only the number and company to which he belonged. Dr. Newman tells us that it is little over two years since he was called upon in his official capacity to consecrate this ground as a burial-place for our soldiers. Then not a solitary grave was there. Demon of War, what hast thou done! Surely generations yet unborn will weep for the many here sacrificed; and where will their blood be found?

But we will turn to a brighter picture. After calling on our friends Dr. and Mrs. Newman, we visited our colored brethren's Biblical Institute. This enterprise for the training of men for the office of the ministry among people of African descent is most praiseworthy. The institute is under the patronage of the Missionary Society of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

Rev. A. C. McDonald, to whom, under God, is committed the training of these young men, seems happy and prosperous in his work. After we had spoken to the students of the importance of the full baptism of the Holy Spirit as a prerequisite to the ministry, several of them spoke of their experience, showing that they were not strangers to the gift of power. The most of them through the recent national struggle emerged from slavery, and spoke affecting, not only of their freedom from spiritual bondage through Christ, but from their release from unrewarded earthly servitude. Particularly did Father Green, a veteran of over threescore years, exult in this, his twofold liberty. Like as the apostle Paul, he had repeatedly received stripes because of his determination to proclaim the gospel and attend meetings. He is now preacher in charge at the church where the training-school is held during the week.

Our friends of the Methodist-Episcopal Church are much in want of a church edifice. The devoted Dr. Newman has of late preached once on Sabbath in the Hall of Representatives, and held weekly prayer and fellowship meetings in private houses. During our short sojourn of one week, we were permitted to enjoy nightly meetings at the house of Capt. Armstrong and Judge Howell alternately. He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was graciously in our midst; and some were newly raised up to testify of the full power of saving grace, and others that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. The difficulty about church accommodation is likely soon to be obviated. A fine corner-lot in a very pleasant part of the city has been purchased on reasonable terms; and, through the favorings of Providence, the corner-stone will soon be laid. Let the church unite in the prayer that it may rise prosperously, and the records of eternity show that many were there born into the kingdom. The little band of missionaries laboring here in self-sacrificing efforts are worthy the most prayerful sympathies of their brethren of the North. Few places aside from outside heathendom present claims so imperative. Christians of both North and South may well lose sight of all political differences, and aim only at the one great Christ-like work of saving the lost.

Our only Sabbath in the city was most agreeably spent. In the morning, we engaged in the services at the hall of the House of Representatives; in the afternoon, we spoke to a congrega-

tion of about fifteen hundred colored people. The church is comfortable and commodious; and Brother Ross, the colored preacher in charge of the congregation, told us that the church edifice was paid for by the earnings of his own people, and the contributions mostly given in by dimes and half-dimes. The service with our colored friends was of most memorable interest. Dr. P. read to them of the new heaven and the new earth, where the tree of life grows, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; where there is no more curse; and where He, who is no respecter of persons, with his own loving hand as a tender Father, wipes away all tears from every eye, and his servants, though of lowly condition here, sit with the King on his throne, and reign for ever and ever. To many of our lowly, once-enslaved auditors, these were words of truth too applicable not to be understood and appreciated. Some leaped, shouted, and praised God; and others, with holy exultation depicted on their sable countenances, by expressive silence seemed to say, "What must it be to be there!"

But in nothing did we witness a more significant, hopeful lesson, than in their manner of giving. After we had addressed the people, their minister announced that a collection would be taken up for the purpose of building a school-house. They had already raised money among themselves for the purchase of eight lots contiguous to their church; and now they were being called upon to bring in their offerings to defray the expense of building.

A table was placed just within the altar-rail, upon which the offerings were to be laid; three or four stewards (colored) standing by to receive the gifts. The people were then invited to come forward, and cast their gifts into the Lord's treasury. In a moment, the more than willing offerers left their seats, and came crowding forward, casting their dollars, half-dollars, and dimes upon the table. So great was the pressure from the eagerness of the people to give, that another table was called for; and still they came and came, till it seemed as if well-nigh every one in that crowded house had presented an offering according to their ability, except the members of the singing band. These, during the time, kept up the singing. And such singing! I will not attempt to describe the tunes, so inspiring, nor to repeat the remarkable variety of words affixed to the chorus, —

"Pharaoh! let my people go!"

Last of all, the choir came; yes, the choir: certainly not quite after the spirit of a quartet-choir, who, in some of our churches, are paid for doing the part of the worship called singing; but a choir, who, according to the good Wesleyan stamp, had assisted in leading the people in a part of worship, which, of all others, is the most saint-like and heavenly.

"Now let the choir come," said the venerable commander-in-chief, Brother Ross. And, true to the word, they came, marching in due form, two by two, down the stairs and along the aisle, singing an inspiring chorus; and, as they reached the altar, each cast in his mite; and, maintaining their order, they passed out the opposite aisle, and again resumed their seats in the gallery. And now that the last mite has been so joyfully cast into the Lord's treasury, the doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

is sung, as led by the choir, the whole congregation standing, and the benediction is pronounced. From the jubilant spirit manifested, we imagined that this must have been a high day for them, and that the people did not often have the privilege of giving after this sort. We were reminded of an ancient people, who had been brought with a high hand and an outstretched arm out of bondage, and were soon afterward called upon to present offerings for the tabernacle.

But not more truly may it stand written of God's ancient people than of these: "They brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work which the Lord had commanded to be made." We cannot doubt that it is now the order of God that this people should be educated; and, now, that they come with hearts divinely stirred, and spirits made nobly willing, and give of their earnings, — probably all beyond their actual needs, — not only for church-expenses, but, as they are eager to learn, for building schoolhouses, and for the sustenance of an asylum for their sick and aged poor, and a colored orphan asylum. Yes, it is "for all manner of work" that money is needed; for this newly-enfranchised people; and the spirit in which they give is calculated to put people with far greater advantages to the blush.

"Your people give so willingly, perhaps you do not often have collections after this fashion." So said we to the colored preacher in charge. "Only about every other Sabbath," he replied.

"How much have they cast into the treasury this afternoon?"—"A little over two hundred dollars," was the answer. Who will, in the presence of such facts, dare repeat that such a people cannot take care of themselves?

Revival Miscellany.

THE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY AND HIS LABORS IN ENGLAND.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

This devoted minister of Christ, during a six-months' visit to Sunderland, has had the joy of seeing 3,300 persons saved in pardon and purity. Twenty years ago, when the Wesleyan pulpits in this place were open to him, Mr. Caughey was honored by the Head of the Church with the salvation of hundreds; and it must have been highly gratifying to his feelings, after so long an absence, to find numbers of his spiritual children still "standing fast in the Lord," many of them leading members and officers in the Methodist societies, and all of them alike eager to welcome him among them once more. We have given the number of those only who recorded their names: the extent of the real lasting good accomplished, eternity alone can fully reveal.

A contemporary states that the Wesleyans in the Sunderland Circuit, at their last quarterly visitation, admitted 570 persons on trial. We are sorry, however, to find that this fact is simply mentioned, without any reference to the agency, either human or divine, by which so large an increase had been secured. This, to say the least of it, reveals a state of feeling highly discreditable. Mr. Caughey can well afford this kind of slight, when his record is not only written on the hearts of thousands in this country and in America, but is also with Him who "judgeth according to every man's work," to augment his bliss and brighten his crown for ever and ever. And we still pray and hope that that spirit may yet come upon people who thus ignore Mr. Caughey, which shall lead them, as the Rev. William Arthur expresses it, to "bless every laborer," and especially a laborer bearing so unmistakably as Mr. Caughey does Heaven's credentials, proving him to be indeed an ambassador for Christ.

We have visited many families belonging to both the Wesleyan and the Methodist free

churches, who have had Mr. Caughey in their hospitable houses for months; and we have heard from them but one opinion as to his uniformly holy and consistent life, and every one of them have expressed regret at his leaving them so soon.

His labors in this visit to England have extended over just forty-two months. From the reports of the recording secretaries, we have ascertained that *eleven thousand one hundred and fifty-eight persons* have professed to find pardon or purity (Rom. v. 1, and Matt. v. 8) in the services God has enabled him to hold in that time. The greater part of these have joined the various Christian denominations. Of these eleven thousand, two thousand recorded their names as having obtained the blessing of purity or perfect love. Think not only of the spiritual good,—which is beyond all human computation,—but also of the numerical increase, and consequent financial benefit, accruing to the churches, by the blessing of God on the ministry of one "man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," in three years and a half! A most marvellous result this, when we take into consideration the low state of spiritual religion in the English churches generally; and shows how soon the world might be subdued to Christ, were all the thousands who minister in holy things like James Caughey.

We believe there is no minister living who can more truthfully adopt the language of Paul in 2 Cor. vi. than Mr. Caughey: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God. . . . By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." The gifts and graces, trials and triumphs, here enumerated, have been fully experienced and illustrated in the life and labors of this truly apostolic man during his sojourn in this country.

"Of all the records of praise," asks the Rev. William Arthur in his "Tongue of Fire," "which our merciful Lord will give his servants, who would not covet that his record should be, 'The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in

peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity'?" Judging from what we ourselves have heard and read and witnessed the past twenty-three years of his life and ministry, we doubt not this record will, through grace, be James Caughey's at the last day. And what the same author exhorts fathers in the ministry to do before they go hence, Mr. Caughey has already accomplished. He has shown us the way to victory: he has led the churches to downright conquests. And, going hence, he leaves to his successors a glorious tradition of multitudes broken under the power of the Word; of notorious sinners suddenly transformed into bright examples of grace; of throngs of inquirers asking the way to heaven with tears; of churches, once dying easily, roused through his instrumentality to apostolic zeal, — traditions to be told, and told again, to children and to children's children; and his "tongue of fire" will be multiplying itself in our homesteads when his voice has long been silent, and the fruit of his labor will go on propagating itself until the trump of the archangel sounds.*

We had the pleasure of Mr. Caughey's company when on his way to Birmingham, where he purposes resting for a short time. And indeed he needs, greatly needs, rest; for he has had very little the last twelve months. His intention is, God willing, to return to America about July. In the mean time, we trust the churches will avail themselves of his labors as much as his strength will permit; and the Lord's people, especially where he has labored, will pray for him that he may have strength to prosecute his arduous calling, and to fulfil the ministry which he has received of the Lord Jesus with increasing success. His departure from amongst us will be a great loss. Never since the Reformation did England so much need ministers like Mr. Caughey. As in the days of the prophet, "the faithful fail from among the children of men." "Pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness," too generally characterize both the ministers and churches of this country. Hence neither have a heart for revivals and soul-saving; and, as a consequence, the mass of the people composing our congregations, as well as those in the world, perish. And, unless the different sections of Methodism awake up to the importance of having a Spirit-baptized ministry, they must continue, even with increased

means and ministers, to witness an increasing want of that power which alone can quicken "the dead in trespasses and sins."

On Friday night, the 1st inst., we bowed together in prayer before parting, and realized the divine presence and benediction; and, though we may not see each other again until "mortality is swallowed up of life,"

* "Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We to each other fly."

Farewell, beloved brother in Christ, and friend of our soul! "Very pleasant hast thou been to us." And when in a far-off land, thy name shall still be dear to us, and precious memories of thy faith and labors shall encourage us to persevere "in well-doing;" and as we have heard nothing from thy lips but wishes of peace and prayers for blessing upon the whole Israel of God, so may that God who has been with thee in all thy journeys and labors, and has "shown thee great and mighty things which thou knewest not of," fill thy remaining days with peace and blessing, and crown them with a gorgeous sunset, "a triumphant end"! The conversion of sinners being of infinitely greater importance than all merely moral reformations, we have no hesitation in saying, there is no man to whom England owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to James Caughey; and, should it please the Head of the Church to direct his way amongst us again, there is no man whose presence we shall hail with greater joy.

REVIVAL AT LEBANON, ILL.

Rev. Dr. Allyn, President of M'Kendree College, writes, "Under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New-York City, this place, and M'Kendree College, located here, have enjoyed a very powerful revival of religion. The work has gone on in two different directions, — the sanctification of believers, and the conversion of sinners. As many as sixty have probably experienced the blessing of perfect love; and not less than one hundred and sixty have given their hearts for the first time, while many backsliders have been reclaimed."

Yesterday was the day for the concert of prayer for colleges, and seminaries of learning; and it was a precious and memorable season. More than forty young men — students in M'Kendree College — came forward to the altar, and solemn-

* See p. 361, "Tongue of Fire," by Rev. William Arthur.

ly gave themselves to Jesus and his work for life and eternity, and pledged themselves to seek the blessing of holiness till they find it. It was an affecting scene, and an occasion of power and of interest, not only to those present, but to the entire church. It is always a subject of praise for any young person, in any walk of life, to give the heart to Jesus. The Church thereby gains power, and the Adversary loses one who might have been largely influential in drawing souls to the pit: but, when a young man or young woman becomes a real convert to Christ, angels rejoice; and why should not the world, that needs every power which can be applied to raise it to God and goodness? I have never been present when there was such an evident manifestation of the divine presence and blessing upon the hearts of all. Many were enabled to take hold on Jesus by faith, and claim a full salvation. Such a baptism of power has never been witnessed in this vicinity, and is rarely seen anywhere in the Church.

The labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been specially blessed here and in the vicinity. Persons, in many cases, have come ten, twenty, and thirty miles, and in one instance sixty miles, to enjoy their ministrations; and their blessings have been generally proportionate to the efforts and sacrifices made to hear. These eminent servants of the Church are wise in the methods of winning souls to Jesus; and they begin rightly by increasing the power of the membership of the Church, and inducing them to become holy. "Holiness to the Lord" is their motto of action and life and work in the salvation of souls.

Correspondence.

THE HOUSE UPON THE ROCK.

BY MRS. E. BLANCHARD.

For the Guide.

I had retired to rest a little earlier than usual a few evenings since, but was awakened at an unusual hour by a noise at the window, which proved to be my son, fourteen years old, getting in. Upon inquiring the cause of his being out at such a late hour, he replied that the ice was passing out of the river, and the water was coming up to the doors and gates of the people, and they were in a state of great excitement and fear. But farther down, all unconscious of danger, dwelt

a family in a house built upon a bend of the river. All that saved them from being completely submerged was a huge pile of ice that had forced itself between them and immediate peril, as if to give them an opportunity to make their escape. Others saw their danger, and gave them timely warning.

The endeavors to alarm their fears, and induce them to prepare for the worst, were unavailing: they treated the matter with stoical indifference; said they were not afraid; the water never *had* done them any damage; and their kind monitors left them to meet their fate.

What was the result? It was ascertained the next morning (the house was a quarter of a mile from any other) that the ice had given way, refusing any longer to interpose between an overflowing tide that was pressing against it and their safety: and, in less than an hour from the time they were warned, the flood came; the house was submerged. The inmates, with the exception of one who was taken up in a boat next morning, had to escape for their lives in water up to their waist. The circumstances suggested such a train of thought to my mind about the house upon the "rock;" and when my son told me how much alarmed the people were who lived upon the bank of the river, although I pitied them, I felt thankful that not only was my temporal dwelling secure from any such danger, but I had the witness of the Spirit that my spiritual building was not only upon the *rock*, but upon the *mountain of holiness*. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name."

Do you ask me how I know? First, by comparing my experience by the word of God; second, by the inward witness of the Spirit; and, last of all, the *foundation* has been *tried*. "The rain has descended, and the wind has blown, the floods have come;" but it *stands*! Oh, hallelujah! How *sure* a foundation is this spiritual *rock*, this *mountain of holiness*! Oh that all would build upon it! But, *alas*! how many have and will treat the faithful warnings of God's ministers, and those who love their souls and see their danger, with indifference, until it will be *too late* to escape the consequences, and God's mercy — the only intervening power that saves them from his wrath — shall be withdrawn, and his judgments seal their eternal doom! Oh that *Christians* would arouse themselves to a sense of their great responsibilities in these matters! It does seem to me that *two-thirds* of professing Chris-

tians, and too many *ministers* by far, act as though life were a long, pleasant dream; religion a very pretty *outside* garment, to be put on *merely* to please the eye or taste of something else: as though neither themselves or neighbors had an immortal soul destined to run parallel with Deity himself, either in happiness or woe! O God! wake us up; *to-morrow* it may be too late and

"Let Zion's *watchmen* all awake,
And take the alarm they give."

For the Guide.

EVENING SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.

In the fall of 1836, at a camp-meeting, at about two o'clock in the morning, God, for Christ's sake, forgave all my sins. Then, for the first time in my life, I found happiness; although I had been seeking for happiness from childhood up to the time that I gave up the pleasures of the world for the sake of Jesus. I ran well for a short time, and then turned back; but the ever-blessed Spirit followed me all the time in my wanderings, until I turned to God, and sought and found pardon. Not long after this, I saw the need of a pure heart; and sought, at times, for the blessing of perfect love. But, somehow, I always sought mostly by works: then, because I did not obtain the blessing, I would cease my efforts; and often, when I would think of renewing my endeavors in this direction, the Tempter would say to me, that, if I should seek and obtain this perfect love, I could not keep it. And thus I travelled on for thirty years, vacillating.

Oh, how much time has been wasted during these thirty years! Oh the wonderful goodness and mercy of my heavenly Father in sparing my almost useless life! for which I most heartily praise him. My main object in penning these lines is to state to the lovers of Jesus what my heavenly Father has done for me of late. About the middle of November last, at or near ten o'clock at night, while bowed around the family altar, I gave my little all — soul, body, time, talents, substance, every thing — as an evening sacrifice, and, by the help of God, placed it upon the altar. Glory be to Jesus! my Father accepted the offering, and at the same time filled me with pure love, that casts out fear. Words fail to tell of the joy that I received at that time. The evidence was perfectly satisfactory to me. Praise God! But, since that time, I have been tempted more severely than ever before. But thanks be to God that I have had grace to come off victor!

and I am fully persuaded that my heavenly Father is able to keep what I have committed to his hands to the last day of time with me on earth. And now I feel like trying to do the will of my blessed Jesus. Oh the blessed rest of faith! But I am all weakness, as far as the mortal man is concerned, and can do nothing; but I feel, that, through Christ strengthening me, I can do something. S. T. CORNELL.

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS, 1867.

For the Guide.

A WITNESS FOR JESUS.

I was converted at the age of sixteen, and united with the M. E. Church. At that time, there was a great change wrought in me. Things that I previously enjoyed, I found no satisfaction in; but the service of God was my supreme delight. I could then fully say, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

More than twenty years have passed away. Since that time, I have never had to go into the world for enjoyment; but my experience has been far below my privilege.

When I have been in a state of justification before God, I have been seeking for a pure heart. I have read considerable on the doctrine of holiness, — taking different publications treating upon that theme; and, during that twenty years, a number of times I have been an earnest seeker after full salvation, but did not obtain it.

A year ago last March, Rev. B. W. Gorham came to this place to labor a few days. For a number of months previous to that time, my experience had been the most satisfactory it had ever been. During his stay, I entered "the land of rest from inbred sin, the land of perfect holiness."

A greater change was then wrought than at my conversion. Such deadness to the world, such clinging to Jesus, such perfect rest in him, such perfect love for the race, such humility, meekness, and patience, I never before realized.

I then understood what it was to be dead to the world, and have from that time to the present.

I have been endeavoring to walk in the narrow way. Language fails me when I attempt to declare what God has done for me. To him be all the glory! I am striving to honor him in all things, and am deeply interested in the doctrine of holiness; and have been trying to aid others, and advance the cause of Christ.

About the 1st of November, I commenced to

get subscribers for "The Guide" among the young converts in our church. I have labored earnestly, and with some success. The names which I send you are all new subscribers, and have been but a short time in the way.

I have not sent this for the critic's eye, but to declare what God has done for me.

Affectionately yours,

L. M. PLUMMER.

For the Guide.

WHAT HOLINESS WILL DO.

BY S. G. S.

For twenty years, I was a member of an evangelical church in Boston, in which, like most of the churches of that day, "holiness to the Lord," or sanctification, was either entirely ignored, or passed over in God's word as a grace not attainable in this life, and not expected of weak, sinful mortals to strive after. We moved into the country. There were then three churches in the village, — Baptist, Methodist, and Unitarian. As we happened to become acquainted first with those who attended the Baptist, they persuaded me to go there; but, alas! I was not permitted to partake with them of the sacred emblem of my Saviour's dying love, and I turned away with tears.

The next communion Sabbath, I went to the little, humble, and then feeble Methodist-Episcopal church. There I found my Saviour and a home. Twenty years I have worshipped there. The three first years I found how little I knew of saving faith. I eagerly read works upon this subject: among them, "Faith and its Effects" proved a great blessing to me. The commencement of the fourth year, God sent us a pastor who was full of the Holy Ghost. Holiness was his constant theme. For many months, I think I was in possession of the blessing, without knowing it. So strong had been my battle in the past with inward foes, that my mind did not take in the true idea that the heart could be so sanctified as to have no sin within to contend with; and, while I daily felt a sweet peace and rest in Jesus I had never known before, it was hard to believe that I could receive so great a blessing as perfect love.

One evening in class-meeting, our pastor spoke very clearly and solemnly upon the duty and privilege of every Christian to seek and obtain this blessing; and being filled with it himself, his words had power, and light clear as noon-day dawned upon my soul, and I felt I did in-

deed possess and realize it now, — that which my soul had long panted for. And what has it done for me? It has brought a rebellious spirit into perfect submission to God, while it has entirely subdued a quick, irritable temper; it has emptied my heart of all desire to sin, and filled it with love for Jesus; it has brought me, a worm of the dust, into constant, sweet communion with the infinite, holy God, and given me a "title clear to mansions in the skies."

"Oh that the world might taste and see

The riches of His grace!

The arms of love that compass me

Would all mankind embrace."

A WILLING HEART.

At an early age, I was the subject of deep religious impressions. I read the Bible through while young, and was delighted in its pages.

As my heart grew harder, I turned from the Bible to the world for enjoyment. I ran greedily after sin; though, to the world's eye, I might appear moral and innocent. In the twenty-second year of my life, I was stopped by sickness, which shaded my future prospects, and led to my conversion; which was so clear, that I have never for one moment doubted it. I joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church; which has faithfully watched over me ever since. I enjoyed the sweets of religion for about a year and a half; when the Enemy came in like a flood, and took my shield. Then followed years of soul-torture, which time will not allow me here to describe. At a special means of grace held on the first evenings of January, 1861, I yielded to the Spirit, and was enabled to resolve, by grace, for God to live and die. I was re-instated in the love and favor of God, and have been kept by the power of his grace until the present.

I have long been a believer in the doctrine of holiness, and have enjoyed it for short seasons; but, never having read much on the subject, I was not prepared to meet the Enemy of my soul, who told me to keep it to myself until my Christian character was more established, and then let it shine. I followed his advice, and gradually lost the blessing. I have had the reading of "The Guide" of late years, for which I have reason to praise God. I love its pages; I have feasted on its burning messages of love: may it ever continue to stir up believers, and spread scriptural holiness throughout these lands!

During the summer months of 1866, I felt

more than ever the need of a clean heart, and prayed for it; but, the more I prayed for it, the more my heart seemed to revolt against a holy life. At length, I asked God to give me a willing heart, and lead me to himself. He did so. On the eighteenth of October, 1866, I knelt down where no human eye saw me, and consecrated my all to God. The Enemy powerfully assailed me. In the evening I went to the house of prayer, renewed my consecration, and told my vow. God accepted me, though I did not receive the full witness for two days. Since then, this God has been my God.

ANDREW ROSE.

MOUNTAIN, CANADA WEST.

For the Guide.

**"THE NOXIOUS WEED;" OR, KNOWLEDGE
AND DUTY IDENTICAL.**

"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not,
to him it is sin."

Wherewith shall I find words to express the tremendous importance of obeying the truth? It is absolutely perilous to listen to or read any divine truth, without instantly obeying it.

It was remarked, "One might backslide even in a religious meeting." Ah! indeed, wherever the truth is presented to us, we must instantly obey it, or fall under condemnation. Such has been my experience. The word of the Lord "is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart: by it the secrets of the heart are manifest." It presents duty distinctly to the mind, and "becomes a savor of life unto life (if we obey), or death unto death" (if we refuse to obey, and rebel). Oh, how earnestly God's Spirit pleads with us to "lay aside every weight, and the sin (the most easily-besetting sin) that doth most easily beset us;" to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service;" to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God;" to "ask (in faith), believing we receive the things we desire (and we shall have them), that our joy may be full"! Oh, what sorene, pure, sublime joy springs from obedience! All is well, life or death. Some say, "What troubles me is a very small matter, — even the 'smoking a cigar.'" My blessed Lord, and is it true that thy dear people will forego all the sweets of blessed "obedience" for that trifling indulgence! But

it's a "little thing," say they. True, in one sense; and the less excuse for the indulgence. O brother! give it up for the smile of Deity. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the things that he allows."

"He that doubteth is condemned."

"But will God punish me for so small an indulgence as using a little tobacco?" Why not, as truly as for eating an apple? It is the spirit of *disobedience* in small as well as in more important actions that constitutes rebellion against God, and incurs his eternal displeasure. The smallest offence or sin, so to speak, will as assuredly destroy (or cause the ruin of) a soul as the violation of the whole catalogue. But why cling to so small or trivial an indulgence? One says, "I cannot live without it." Ah, how the "little sin" rises in importance before the appetite! And, again, says another, "My passion is so strong!" Ah, how imperious and positive and loud the inflated, pampered appetite becomes when required to be regulated by *reason* and *grace*! But better do it, and faith, consecration, and the almighty power of God, will conquer all.

Have you ever had doubts, my brother, about the propriety of using tobacco? When, for instance, you had anew consecrated yourself to God at a sacrament, or in a revival, or in severe trouble on being delivered, have you had doubts about the propriety and duty of using it? This is the experience of all with whom I have conversed on the subject. When their hearts were warm, they had felt that its use was hurtful to them, prejudicial to their health, offensive to their associates, and displeasing to God; and they were willing and resolved to "give it up," viz. "abandon the use of it."

My brother, better do it. It was the voice of God, the Great Jehovah, to you: see that you "turn not away from Him that speaketh from heaven." "The pure in heart shall see God."

"No foot of land do I possess, —
A stranger in this wilderness;"

But, "in my Father's house, there are many mansions." I shall soon know the extent of my legacy, and enter into its fulness forever. While I tarry, an abiding peace makes my heart glad.

From Drops of Water.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

ALWAYS IN TUNE.

Rev. Brother I. never wearied in speaking of what the Lord was doing in him and for him. He did not need much prompting to speak in this meeting. Not that he had such a variety to speak of; for it seemed to him it was one thing over and over again, only more and more of it. He was going on very peacefully, and often thought of the passage, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." His mind was kept thus, because he trusted in God. He had a habit of trusting on the Lord. He had acquired a habit of blessing him, and so it went on from day to day. This grace was not an idle thing; but he was conscious it was a reality, and not a merely intellectual or mental process. It was the work of God, the Spirit's performance in him; and his spirit and the Divine Spirit were joined together in perfect harmony. He could, in the spirit of Almighty God, and appealing to him, say, —

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine:
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me."

He found this way of living agreeable and comfortable, in that he was sustained by the Divine Spirit, and that, with the Spirit, his own spirit seemed to be in such harmony. There was no war within, — not a particle. Sometimes there was a great uproar outside the wall, and the Enemy every now and then sent forth a great flourish of trumpets, and they would try and make the impression that there was a breach in the walls; but, on examination, it was not so. Now, he was not under the necessity of making any great and unusual effort to go along. It seemed as if the vessel was full, and it was so easy for it to run over! He expected to live in this way until he died, and did not think he would alter this life of perfection if he could: for it

seemed to answer admirably in preaching, praying, or visiting, or whatever he did; it seemed to go so well. Now he loved to visit the sick, which once he did not like; and to talk with persons about religion. Once, to come right out from a certain state of things, and go to talking about Jesus, seemed rather contradictory; but now he was always in tune. Away he went, triumphant or depressed, as he might be, but yet having Christ as his a'l-in-all.

AN OFFERING OF PRAISE TO JESUS.

A sister was presenting her whole being an offering of praise to God. This was a glorious thought; and it was what they were aiming at then, to honor and praise him in our bodies and spirits which we consecrate to him. It was her privilege to bear witness to the preciousness of the promises particularly; and she felt she could do this with the utmost sincerity, and from the very depths of her soul, when she spoke of the word of God being fulfilled in her. Though she had shrunk back frequently, and said, "Can it be that in me these promises shall be fulfilled?" and then, oh, how she had shrunk into her own nothingness! Still the Lord led her in his way. Not only one sort of promises the Spirit of truth had revealed in her, but also those like "Without me ye can do nothing." Christ was all in all to her. There was a deep and continued and inexpressible triumph in Jesus. She had known many trials, and in past years many crosses, which were very hard for flesh to bear; and it seemed to her, from the weakness of nature, when they were first presented, she felt a shrinking; but in most cases she triumphed; for the Lord helped her. She would claim nothing for herself: it was all of Jesus. The encumbrances, hinderances, and reliance on self, the looking back on self and looking forward for self, were taken from her. She seemed rather to be looking up to God. It was, after all, in doing, more than in feeling. She was more and more forgetful of herself outwardly. She could more and more fully say, "Lo! I come to do Thy will." She rejoiced that we could, as little children, do the will of our heavenly father. To him be all the praise for ever and ever!

"Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng," &c.,
was then sweetly realized in song.

THE SOUL SEEING GOD.

Rev. Brother H. could not tell how glad he was to find himself among them once more. Here

he would stay, and sing, and enjoy himself, until, if it were the will of God, his spirit should take wing for the home of God. He desired to speak with the simplicity of a little child; and, if he spoke of the good and beautiful and true, it was all to the glory of God. If some one had told him, a little while ago, of things which should come to pass in his own experience, he would have thought of Fairy-land; but now he knew it was not Fairy-land, but the place Jesus had fitted up for his own children. Like a Crystal Palace, each succeeding department was more beautiful and glorious than the last. God was showing all things were ours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all our ours; for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. At the present time, God the Holy Spirit was indeed showing him how he might enjoy all things in God. It seemed to him of late as though He had made all the universe to manifest His own glorious attributes; and, as he saw all the things about him, they showed him forms of the goodness and benevolence of God. In all Nature's forms of beauty and sublimity, his soul saw God. When he went into the realm of God's Word, he found the morally beautiful and sublime: and then he went out into the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and met with his brethren and sisters, and listened to their experience; and how beautiful and lovely they seemed to him! And, again, it is God revealing himself to him. And so, in whatever direction he went, thanks be to God! he found himself more and more in harmony with whatsoever things are pure or lovely, or of good report. He trusted God was more and more bringing him into harmony with himself; and he now saw, as never before, how every thing turns itself into a source of enjoyment. As he liked the good, and shunned the evil, so he gave himself up to God; and the longing of his soul was for God to unfold himself, and lead him into himself. Blessed be God! he is in all, and met him at every point; and in him he lived and moved, and had his being. He remembered the time when he could almost curse the day he was born; but now he thanked God for the day. Sometimes the speculative thought of the possibility of his not having been born at all would arise; but then he thanked God that he was, and was thrilled with the fact, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

PROGRESS IN HOLINESS.

Rev. Brother B. said, "Then shall I know if I follow on to know the Lord." In the eighth chapter of Romans, it is made very evident that there are many who are groaning within themselves, waiting for the heavenly adoption. In the third chapter of Philipians, the apostle speaks of himself and others as being perfect, and yet of not having attained all that was to be enjoyed; and he felt to respond to that, and with them to believe in progress. Before he received sanctification, he thought there would be no progress, but that it would be getting all the fulness there was at once. God brought him into that state several years ago, and he found it to be a sweet ecstatic glory in his soul. Years ago he bought a small piece of land, and it was all his when he paid for it; and then he ditched it, and set out fruit-trees, and it became a great deal more his own than it was at first. It was right to say he was more the Lord's than when he was sanctified, though at first he was sanctified fully. He had no hesitation in saying that on the 10th of August, 1842, he was sanctified fully. He came to Jesus, and laid every thing on the altar, and believed that Christ as fully received him as he gave himself up; and he believed that his offering was as complete as his intelligence could make it. Sister Palmer had been teaching Brother Hill the simple way of faith; and though he had a struggle through a whole night before his unbelieving soul could rest in Jesus, yet he was blessed; and then he told how he had been gently led along, and he took the same way, and the result was the same, and he rested by faith in Jesus. About that time, Sister Palmer quoted a passage of Scripture that startled him a little. The passage with which she led us along was, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." We had come out, and separated ourselves; and therefore we ought to believe God had received us. Consciously we had the inward witness that we had separated ourselves. Then, on another occasion, she quoted these words: "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." She said, "Let us grow perfecting holiness in the fear of God." This gave him the idea of progress, and he yet saw the need of progression and advancement. There was not only

a great difference in the experiences, but in the expressions, of people. There were some who were so far ahead of him, that he did not always understand them; and it was a difficult and hard lesson to let such experiences alone until he could understand them. He quarrelled with this, and wanted to know all the lengths and depths and heights that anybody spoke of. But he read, in the Scripture, of saints who had not the fullest inspiration. Where he found things he did not understand, and what he could yet know, he rejoiced in, and pressed forward unto; but was willing not to know what the Lord would prefer him to remain ignorant of. He was anxious to advance in His love. He had been impelled to encourage and help those who have been brought into the way, even more than it had been his desire to help persons into the way. If there was one idea that tended to death more than another, it is that there is no progression in holiness. There is progress in it. There is advancement, unspeakably beyond any thing he had ever conceived. He was scarcely saved, and hoped to be among the number of those who were scarcely saved in the great day. He had given up attaining any absolute perfection in this life. But Christ is a perfect Saviour, and he rejoiced in him; and, for some time more than formerly, he was able to look away from self. He did not care about this poor miserable self: he stretched out his arms and took Jesus, and he was glorious; and so long as he could forget himself, and take Jesus, he was his exceeding joy. Sometimes his strength was utterly prostrated while under the glorious manifestations of the Holy Ghost, and sometimes God withdrew himself. But in such an experience he had learned to have as steady a faith as though His glory were burning in his soul, and was willing to let God teach him. But this great idea of progression should be before us all.

Then was sung, —

“Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee,” &c.

SEEKING A BETTER STYLE OF HOLINESS.

Sister B. didn't know, until they began to sing the second verse, what chord it was going to strike. For some time past, she had known constantly the service of love. There had been a shutting-off from the delightful joy and conscious presence of the Master; but she had borne it, and was thankful that there was a joy of service. The language of the hymn, —

“In the patience of hope,” —

gave rays of experience, which at times it was very difficult to speak of; but the great assurance was there. Sometimes she played a melody with variations. The tune was there; but occasionally the variations were gone, yet all the tune was left. She was thankful for progression, and was often taught through children. Her eldest son had said that morning of a young brother who had called, “Mother, I don't think he is like most young men.” — “Why, my son?” she said. “Why, he seems kind of holy.” — “Why, Willie, how does he act?” — “He seems so kind, so tender, and seems to think so much of me! Don't you think that is holiness?” — “Yes I do,” said I. And she wanted the style of holiness which some of those present had. She thought she had the true metal; but it was not polished up, and her soul cried out, —

“Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee.”

A brother came up to tell what Jesus had done for his soul. Glory be to God! his blood had washed him clean, and he knew it for himself. Over three months ago, he got down at the foot of the cross, and presented himself there, body, soul, and spirit, saying, —

“Here, Lord, I give myself away,” —

and the Lord came. Yes, glory be to God! And he stood before them, wholly the Lord's, with glory in his soul. This body was not up in heaven yet, but Jesus saved him.

BENDING WITHOUT BREAKING.

Rev. Brother W: The Lord bless you! — the Lord bless you all! How his heart was drawn out towards them! How he loved them in Jesus Christ, and wished them all success in making their way up, — up! And how he knew to feel for any of them when it was along the line of discipline they had to go! That was the way he had been led; so that, if any talked of service without rapture, he knew all about it. A good many years ago, he was stationed in a town where there were many jewellers; and he learned there they never made gold into jewelry until they had got it so by bending, burning, and fusing, that it would bend without breaking. And that is just what these trials are doing for us. He thought he was getting a little nearer, where he was bending without breaking. He blessed God that in the Lord Jesus Christ he was so accounted, that he was not given up; but it cost something to make him right. It was

his habit to go in the blunt, rough way: but the Lord had him in his hand, and he thanked him for kindling fires round him; yea, O Lord! so the fires were not so hot as to consume him.

PREPARING TO SING IN THE CHOIR ABOVE.

One of the ministers heard a woman speak of her boy, who was a beautiful singer. The lady was an Episcopalian; and her little boy was promoted to join the choral choir that intoned round the altar. The minister said to him, if he tried hard, he should be again promoted; and one day the mother looked around the church and didn't see her little boy, and mentally inquired, "Where is Willie?" and thought, what if she should lose him? Willie came bounding to her after the service with a flushed face, and said, "Mother, I've been standing by the big organ; and the minister said I could sing well enough to go up in the great choir." At first, he didn't know one note from another, and was much discouraged, and thought he might as well give it up, but persevered, through great difficulties, to final success. So with him. His soul was fixed to learn to sing here, right amid the difficulties and trials of life, so that he could go and sing in the great choir above. These meetings were good to him, and doing good to others. While he was walking up the Bowery, he was addressed by a gentleman, who said his sister attended his church; but he was not a Christian. "And," said he, "I have been so unhappy since a lady who had just been to one of these meetings for holiness spoke to me about my soul's salvation!" And he wanted to know how he could be a Christian. A man in agony about his soul, on the Bowery, in the midst of the whirl of business, who had been talked to by a woman just from one of these meetings! The ambition of his (Brother W.'s) soul was to go to the visible companionship of the Lord Jesus Christ; and there, sitting down at the base of his throne, his soul would be satisfied.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Sister P. said it was a precious thought that a crown of endless life had been purchased for every one of us; that we are a redeemed company, — not that we are to be redeemed, but that we are. The greatest price that heaven could pay had been given to redeem us from all iniquity. When Christ bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished!" then a full re-

demption was wrought out. Professor Upham had well said, "It is only to give all, and take all." She had always found it was "according to thy faith;" and her faith apprehended Christ as a perfect Saviour from all sin. Her heart was very much in sympathy with the language of the poet, —

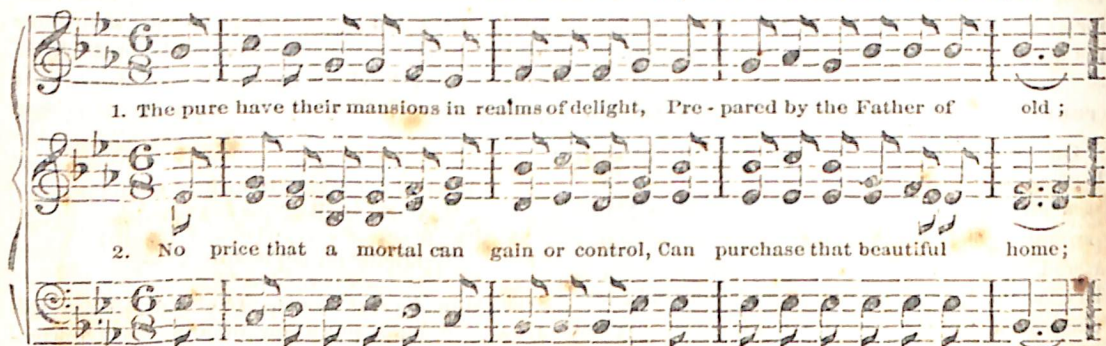
"Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous act is Thine," —

ever thine, *through Jesus*. Oh! it is all through Jesus. She did not know of any other perfection than Christian perfection; that is, not absolute or angelic or Adamic, but Christian perfection, which presents all, every moment, to Christ. This is a theme which never grows old: as Brother I. said, it was the same, but is ever new, because Christ saves us. She realized, that, through Christ, she had a present salvation, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" and had received the end of her faith, — even the salvation of her soul. Christ will be all to us that we will trust him for. How precious were those words that we read at the beginning of the meeting! — "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." — If we never can do anything by looking to ourselves, and trusting to ourselves, why may not every one look to Christ, and wholly to him, as the Saviour from all sin? It was an ambition which God approved, to aim at having an "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom." The way of holiness was a way of progress. — a way above the world; and we should count that day worse than lost in which we are not making actual progress. We may have a crown with many stars. "We may have the joy of Christ and the joy of angels." Who can speak of the joy of working for God, or of seeing souls born into the kingdom? What cannot we do with the enablings of the Holy Ghost? Let us apprehend our privileges in Jesus Christ: they are so glorious! The body a temple for the Holy Spirit! Would we have stars in our crown to cast at the feet of the Lord Jesus, let us be filled with the Holy Ghost. Let us ask ourselves, "What has Jesus done and suffered for me? what is he doing for me now? what do I expect him to do for me?" The next question should be, "What can I do for Jesus?"

For the Guide.

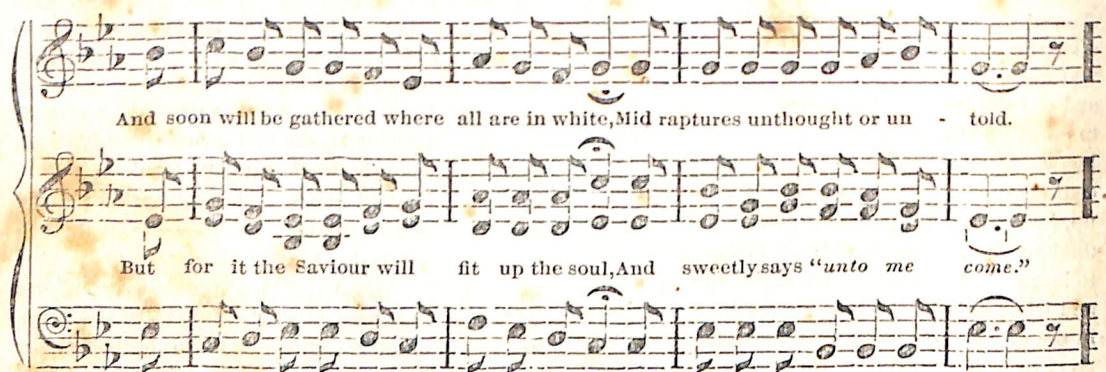
BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, Utica, N. Y.



1. The pure have their mansions in realms of delight, Pre - pared by the Father of old ;

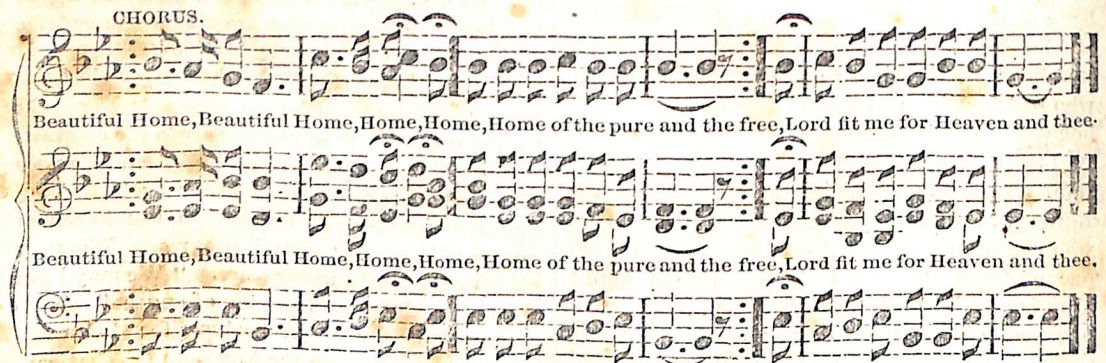
2. No price that a mortal can gain or control, Can purchase that beautiful home ;



And soon will be gathered where all are in white, Mid raptures unthought or un - told.

But for it the Saviour will fit up the soul, And sweetly says "unto me come."

CHORUS.



Beautiful Home, Beautiful Home, Home, Home, Home of the pure and the free, Lord fit me for Heaven and thee.

Beautiful Home, Beautiful Home, Home, Home, Home of the pure and the free, Lord fit me for Heaven and thee.

3 The hearts that are pure are all blessed indeed ; 4 These mansions are palaces beautiful, fair,
For Jesus says they shall see God : With gardens forever in bloom :
In the home of the soul there can never come need : The fruitage of Life with the angels we'll share,
This, this is the pledge of the Lord. For earth's weary millions there's room.

5 Lord show us the way that shall lead us safe there,
As pilgrims we wander below :
Each cross help us bear till the crown we shall wear,
In that home never reached by a foe.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1867, by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

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Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1867.

For the Guide.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. G. M. PIERCE, A MEMBER OF THE
BLACK-RIVER CONFERENCE.

At the age of eighteen, in my native village, in Central New York, I gave myself to the Saviour. At once, my attention was called, by my class-leader, to the work of entire sanctification. Just then arose an unhappy controversy concerning this doctrine. This controversy created in me a disrelish for the entire subject. I practically resolved to *think no more about it*; at least, until the "doctors could agree."

While pursuing the studies of my college course, I had concluded to embrace the law as my profession for life. Hence, on graduating, I soon entered on the study of law, which I pursued until I secured my certificate of admission to the bar. God, however, overruled my plans; and in obedience to his will, at the age of twenty-one, I entered on the regular work of a Methodist itinerant.

For five years, I gave myself, as far as I knew, unreservedly to the work of God. I ever found acceptance with the people. In fact, success appeared to be sent of God in all departments of ministerial labor save in one; viz., the salvation of souls. In this I had but limited success. I often lamented my lack of "revival power." At times, I became quite discouraged in view of my limited success in this work.

At the end of five years of labor in the regular work, I was led (as I firmly believe), in the providence of God, to enter on the work of a teacher in one of the academies within the bounds of our conference. My *great* motive was, increased

qualification to be secured thus for subsequent ministerial efficiency. I have sometimes thought that my comparatively limited success in the work of saving souls *may* have had *some* influence in the matter. I remained teaching four years. During this time, I preached frequently; and was instrumental, under God, in the salvation of quite a number of souls. The Lord gave me success in teaching.

After four years of experience as an instructor, in answer to what I believed was a call of God, I re-engaged in my former work. During the first four months of my labors on my charge, my experience, personal and ministerial, was not unlike that of former years. We had a church enterprise which engaged our attention, and which God conducted to a successful issue.

From the commencement of my ministerial experience, through a period of nine and a half years, faint glimmerings of something better and deeper and sweeter, and more complete in Christian experience than I was possessed of, would occasionally appear; but they were only transient, because unwelcome and unheeded, from my prejudice against the whole subject of so-called "heart-purity." I struggled at times to rise above the prejudice occasioned by the controversy of former years, but struggled in vain. I then settled down to try to "*let the subject alone.*"

In the fall succeeding the time just referred to, I attended the camp-meeting of our district. My charge had no tent. I was led, in the providence of God, to make my home, during most of the meeting, at a tent where personal holiness was the great theme. It was urged upon me by friends:

I acquiesced in their views, but did not feel to give myself to the work then. I returned from the meeting, thinking *more* and *more favorably* on the subject than ever before.

On my return to my work, I felt resolved to go to work for the salvation of souls in right good earnest. I worked hard, but yet with only a limited success. There was evidently weakness somewhere. I felt all along, during the remainder of the conference-year, that I ought to be able to "reckon myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord;" yet my mind was befogged. I had conviction; resolved again and again to be altogether the Lord's; prayed often, "Lord, sanctify me, soul and body;" yet no light. I promised, when God would give the needed light, I would walk in it.

I had felt, at the close of the conference-year, that, in view of my limited success in "winning souls," it would be better for the charge to have a man of more "*revival power*" sent them the next year. Still, it appearing to be the general wish of the charge, no change was made. During the summer, my convictions for a deeper work of grace in my heart were increased. I felt as though a revival was needed, and resolved that I would not be in the way, and told the Lord I was willing to be any thing or do any thing for the furtherance of this object. How often I wished I could "drop in," even but for a few moments, at "23, St. Mark's Place," for advice and counsel concerning "the higher life"! I still covenanted with God, that when he sent the light, that I might see my way clear, I would walk in the light. I was sincere in this declaration; yet it may be that the covenant or contract was the *more readily* made, that thus I might, *for the time being*, satisfy my conscience for neglect of doing the work then, and still retain my justification.

This year I resolved that we, as a people, should be well represented at the camp-meeting. We had a goodly number present during the whole meeting. I there learned to account for my convictions on the subject of entire sanctification since we last met on the camp-ground. Friends had been wrestling with God during the entire

year, that fulness of liberty might be mine. Holiness was the great theme at the camp-meeting. It was preached from the stand, and was the constant subject of conversation among the more devout. My own convictions on the subject were very strong: still I procrastinated. I purchased the work on "Perfect Love," by Rev. J. A. Wood. I commenced its perusal, and endeavored to satisfy my mind for delay with the thought, "After I read the book, and see my way clearly, I will act." I still renewed my covenant solemnly with God, that, when the light came, I would walk in it.

On Friday morning, Rev. Brother Belden, of Brooklyn, preached. His theme was holiness. Its presentation was clear and happy. Darkness and fog were dispelled, in a great measure, from my mind. This sermon was followed by one from Rev. J. A. Wood on the same subject. Brother Wood was wonderfully assisted from above. Before he had concluded, the last vestige of darkness was gone, and I had no longer even the flimsiest pretext for further delay. These two sermons were of remarkable clearness and power. Hundreds, to their dying day, will thank God for them.

The general expression was, "Well, we are settled now: we see our way clearly. We never want to hear another sermon on this subject, lest it might destroy the effect of these." They were *light* and *fire*.

I now had received what I had long sought, and on which I had based my promise to God, that, when I should receive such as this, I would yield. But, strange to say, I still refused to act. I then had reason to believe that I had all along made the promise, conditioned thus, too much as a soother of my conscience for delay. At the close of the prayer-meeting, after the preaching before mentioned, all, preachers and people, who were willing to covenant at that time to wrestle with God to secure full salvation before the camp-meeting broke up, were invited to manifest it by the uplifted hand. I was unwilling to make the covenant then. I was also unwilling to let the people, especially those of my charge, know that I would not make the consecration. I dared not assume such a responsibility. I therefore sat down behind the

seekers on the stand, and, at the close of the meeting, retired to my tent, restless and unhappy, and conscious that I had violated my pledge to God.

At once a prayer-meeting was called for in our tent. About the middle of the meeting I could no longer pray or speak, but, under the convicting and melting power of God, could only sob like a child. My pride was mortified, myself humbled, to be thus exercised in the presence of my people. After this trial in the crucible for more than an hour, with my pride humbled, myself extremely broken down, I could only say, "Lord, only this; and what thy will?" It seemed at once as if God, by his Spirit's impress, thus addressed me: "My will is your entire sanctification. You promised me, that, when the light came, you would walk in it. The light has been afforded; and yet you are ungratefully and criminally allowing your pride of heart, your prejudice arising from controversy, and imperfect professors of heart-purity, and your fear, lest, if the fulness of the Spirit should be poured upon you, you should be obliged to be exercised in some way that would not be acceptable to the carnal mind, and you should not be popular, — you are allowing all this to make you a perjurer in my sight; for you are thus, in the violation of your solemn pledge, lying, not unto man, but unto God."

Oh, what a view God then gave me of my folly, ingratitude, and sinfulness, in thus treating my Saviour, when desirous of bestowing a most blessed boon upon me! I was enabled to yield, after quickly and yet thoroughly weighing the matter. I freely gave up all, — pride, prejudice, regard for man's applause or worldly popularity as a preacher, — and simply, by faith in his word, took Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. At once was presented to me, as a cross that must be borne, "You must go out to the prayer-meeting before the stand, and make your confession and consecration known to preachers and people, without a moment's hesitation." I responded, "Christ helping me, I will." This was one of the most trying requirements of my ministerial life. The cross was hard, and a burden was removed from my heart; and, during the rest of the meeting, I felt like a prisoner at lib-

erty. How many times since have I blessed God that *he held me to the work at that time!*

THE BLESSING RECEIVED.

I had no evidence direct from the Spirit, while on the camp-ground, that God had saved me wholly, nor did I have for several days afterward; though the consecration was full, and the faith unwavering. Still the people of my charge remarked that there was evidently a great change in the spirit of my preaching on the Sabbath after my return. The direct Spirit evidence soon fully came; though I cannot say at what particular moment, or in what special mode, except that it seemed to come, like the morning light, *gradually*. The words which would best express my feelings when deliverance fully came, and which are the best index to my constant Christian standing since that full deliverance, are, *ABIDING IN CHRIST*.

I now, as my life, realize an unrestricted intimacy with the Saviour, a consciousness that whatever is not to the glory of God is distasteful to my heart, the worth of the soul, and the sanctification of the gospel; the privilege of the true believer in a life of faith, limited solely by the word of God; which life is one of constant reliance on God, and expectation of fruit from him. This has been my experience in preaching, in the various social means of grace; and in my visiting from house to house, while in the constant panting within for all the fulness of God, and in the unceasing burning of soul for the salvation of others, to which the Lord is abundantly responding, I realize that the spirit of Christ is fully mine.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

For the Guide.

"THE PEACE OF GOD."

BY F. H. W.

'Tis like a river, deep and strong,
Still widening as it flows along:
And on its bosom we may glide,
Serene and safe, whate'er betide,
Till Death's dim, shadowy bark shall come
To bear us to our heavenly home.

CLEVELAND.

READY FOR ACTION.

When God has fully prepared the heart for religious action, we need not fear that he will fail to find for us our appropriate work. He knows the work which is to be done, and the time of its being done, as well as the dispositions which are fitted for doing it. Be watchful, therefore; but wait also. A good soldier in the spirit of watchfulness is always ready for action; but he never anticipates, by a restless and unwise hurry of spirits, the orders of his commander.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

For the Guide.

SUNSHINE ABOVE CLOUD-LAND AND STORM.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

I remember reading, some years ago, a letter from an Alpine traveller, in which he described a morning walk with a fellow-traveller and their faithful guide. The path commenced from a peaceful village in a valley, through the ascending slopes up to the mountain's side, away through Cloud-land on to the mountain-top, where, after passing through rain and storm and cloud, they found, on the golden summit, bright, warm, beautiful sunshine. This scene was a leaf in Nature's book which very few are permitted to read. The letter made a deep impression upon my mind, as it was made to illustrate lessons which the Holy Spirit was then teaching me. Although I parted with the letter, and memory does not retain the language the writer used in his beautiful description of it, yet the impression made to my mind by the Spirit, are as vivid as if the letter had just now been read.

It is natural to suppose that what has helped us in the hour of mental anguish and sorrow would most likely be the means of helping others in similar circumstances. With this hope, trusting that it may be made a blessing to some one who reads it, I send you the substance of the letter, in my own language, and the practical thoughts and lessons that were suggested to my mind, and riveted upon my thoughts.

THE LETTER.

"We were aroused from our slumbers this morning at an hour that to us seemed rather early. There was a loud rap at our door, and

with it the earnest voice of our faithful guide: 'Gentlemen, please arise, dress as soon as you can, and let us go up the mountain immediately. There is a beautiful sight up the mountain: it will soon be gone. Please, come. I know that you will be pleased to see it. Unless we go soon, it will have passed away forever.' Disposed to rest a little, and thinking him over-zealous, we urged that it was too early; that it was teeming rain; that it was very unpleasant out in the thunder-storm; that we should have breakfast first. But he urged with so much earnestness and kindness, assuring us that he knew we would be the gainers, that we dressed quickly; and, taking our umbrellas, we followed him through the street in the mud and rain. Leading the way, he urged us on with, 'Come quickly, gentlemen; come quickly: it will soon be too late.' — 'It must be something more than ordinary,' said the travellers, as they paused to rest and breathe a moment, 'that will pay us for such a run as this, up hill, and in the rain and storm;' the guide, urging them on, assuring them of a good reward if they would only haste up the mountain. On and up, in the rain, a narrow, zigzag, rocky path, now climbing an overhanging cliff, and then pushing our way through the dripping foliage of the shrubbery on either hand. The cloud began to thicken as we entered it, and become more dense and dark, until we were almost lost to each other, and to the world around us, in a vast ocean of mist, — a soft, smooth, white vapor. As we ascended Cloud-land, it became darker, colder, and more dense; but the voice of our guide encouraged us as he still urged us on. We could see nothing of all that was around us, except a little of the path on which we trod; and, to see it, we must press forward in it. 'We'll soon be there!' shouted our guide, as he pressed on some distance ahead of us. 'The light is breaking!' said he: 'here it is!' The next moment, suddenly, our heads rose above the level of the cloud. We passed the boundary of Cloud-land, where misty Ocean meets with an ocean of sunshine, up into the clear air and sunshine. Oh, what sunshine! — so bright, so beautiful, so abundant! From the mountain-top we could see on all sides, not the valleys full of life, but an ocean of mist hiding the valleys from our view, with here and there an island or mountain-top bathed in sunshine. Oh, how beautiful. Such a scene we never saw before. We had no conception of so much glory in an earthly scene. Below us was the village,

full of life. We could hear the hum of busy labor, the ringing of the village-school-bell, the noise of village carts, and the barking of the dogs, and the lowing of the cattle. In the distance down the valley we could see the flashing of the lightning, and hear the rolling thunder. The birds were visible on every hand, darting up through the cloud into the sunshine, and then diving and disappearing in the cloud; singing as they went out of sight, as if to remind their mates that there was song and sunshine for all who ascended the mountain."

Such is a glance at the substance of the letter referred to. To one in my state of mind, seeking long and earnestly for the constant sunshine of a full salvation, there was in that picture of Nature a curious symbol of many things. The principles of nature and natural philosophy often afford beautiful illustrations of the principles and economy of grace, when those lessons of nature are seen and understood in the light of the Divine Spirit.

FIRST LESSON.

To me it seemed there was a voice saying, Faith may, any morning, ascend the mountain-top, and see the fogs and storms of unbelief under her feet, as she bathes and luxuriates in the glorious sunshine on the mount of perfect love. The sunshine and beauty of such a scene, in contrast with cloud and storm, is never seen by those who remain in the valley. To enjoy it, we must go up on the mountain, must make the sacrifice of time and ease and creature enjoyments, and strive and toil and climb and trust until the point is gained.

Like the pedestrian starting in the mud and rain up the mountain-slopes, onward and upward, walking, creeping, climbing, obeying, trusting, undiscouraged by cloud or storm, till his face glistens in the sunbeam, and he sees the fogs and storms all below him, and returns, not to forget the splendor of the sunlit summit, but to tell his neighbors and friends of more than meridian brightness and beauty; or, like the bird soaring from the earth, when it was dark and rainy, flew up and up and onward, undiscouraged, till heaven was shining on her wings, and the clouds and storms were in the distance below her, and then returned, singing to her companions of sun-

shine and fair weather: so Faith, when all is dark and dreary without, and all is fog and fear within, rises upwards and onwards, higher, and still higher, till heaven is visible, and God is seen shining in the face of Jesus Christ; and then, as it were, comes back with glad tidings, to tell the soul to be of good cheer.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

To me the voice seemed again to impress my mind with the thought, "No man will undertake the task of climbing the mountain of faith, or perfect love, until roused from the drowsy slumbers of carnality, formality, and unbelief. The sleeper must 'awake,' and 'arise.' There must be a listening ear to the voice of the trusty guide. The voice of dull sloth, the lull of nature, the siren-song of the Tempter, must not be heard by him whose duty calls him 'to go on unto perfection.' He must spring from the couch of apathy, of ease, and of indifference, and gird himself to duty, to toil, to sacrifice, that he may win the prize."

TRUST THE GUIDE.

There must be confidence in the existence of a benefit or blessing before we can be eager in its pursuit. The mind must rest satisfied of the existence of "love that casts out all fear," of a "fountain that cleanses from all sin," of a Saviour "that is able to save to the uttermost," before the man can put forth the effort to secure those blessings. The man who is in doubt of the existence of the "land of Beulah," and the "celestial city," is not likely to become a pilgrim from the "city of destruction." The man who refuses to credit his guide will lie still, and allow the last, the only opportunity to pass, of seeing sunshine beyond the storm.

UNBELIEF.

There are a great many in the Church who refuse to go up to the "Pisgah of faith;" they won't climb the "mount of holy contemplation;" nor will they believe those who have gone up. They live far away from the sacred scenes of Calvary, of Tabor, or of Pisgah: they live away down, far off in the Vale of Siddim, or of doubt and despondency, surrounded by the fog and

dust and smoke of worldly-mindedness and party feeling. There are loud calls made at the door of their intellect and of their heart by the special providences of God, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the word of God, to awake out of their sleep, and haste to the mountain: but the great majority refuse to listen to those calls; and some who do hear, and arise, and make fair promises, never get farther than Zoar. The Guide says, "Escape to the mountain:" they go a little way, and become weary, and refuse to comply with the instructions given.

MUST RESOLVE.

There must be a firm determination to go; *to go* at all hazards; to go the whole way; to surmount all the trifling hindrances and difficulties that may present themselves; to overcome every form of opposition; to meet sin, Satan, earth, and hell, and all their forces, in Jesus' name; and conquer through the blood of the Lamb. A fixed determination is all-important in order to success. To be able to say, "O God! my heart is fixed," is to have the victory already won. From the tops of the mountains, men have clearer views of the surrounding country: they who would have clear views of heaven and glory must get as far up the mount of vision as they can, and live as near heaven as possible. They must resolve to go up and possess the goodly land. "I can, I will, I do believe," has helped a great many in the exercises of faith. "We are well able to go up" has enabled many an earnest soul to enter into sunshine.

JOHN WAS CARRIED.

The Spirit of the Lord carried John up into a great and high mountain, "and the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip." These men had yielded themselves to the Spirit's teachings and influences, to do its work, and obey its commands. The Spirit led John, and then it carried him. Had he refused its teachings, and rejected its counsels, it would not have taken him in spirit to the mount of holy vision.

PERSEVERANCE.

There must be perseverance in the path of duty, a continuance in well-doing, even amidst gathering clouds and thickening

fogs. When left to tread the new and untried path of faith, our senses no longer able to point out the way, though the clouds should thicken around us, and the darkness increase, we must, even then, tread with firm step the path of duty, cheered, not by what we see, nor by what we feel, nor by what we enjoy, but rejecting seeing and feeling and sense, and trusting alone to the voice of our Guide, in faith in his word we urge our upward way, through storm and darkness and cloud, into sudden sunshine and glorious realization.

OBEDIENCE.

There must be the spirit of active and cheerful obedience. The Guide says, "Follow me;" "I will guide thee by my counsel;" "To obey is better than sacrifice." Sometimes in our journey we see a path that looks more congenial to our tastes and preferences, and it seems to lead to the same end. We enter, thinking to meet our Guide beyond; but we soon lose our way, and get hemmed in and hedged up, until, like "Bunyan's man in the cage," we "can't get out." Then, when God has stripped us of all self-confidence, and humbled us, and taught us obedience, he opens a way for us, and leads us back to the path of duty and our Guide.

FAITH.

Sometimes we say of the path up the mountain, "This can't be the way of duty: the mountain here is too high, too steep, too rugged. The path for me must go the other way: I'm sure it must. I think I'll try this way around the mount." Don't try it, reader. I have tried all these by-paths, so full of selfish ease and worldly comfort. Remember "by-path meadow," and "Giant Despair's castle," and the tears of the pilgrims who sought the sunshine on the mount, and tried to parley with flesh and blood by going round the mountain. Some of these paths, that promise so fair, and look so much like the path of duty, would lead you round by side-galleries, across drifts of snowy reasonings as cold and as deceitful as the crust of glittering ice, that, among the Alps in the mountains, covers the fissures, where, if you step, you sink, and are out of sight forever. Keep in the path of obedi-

ence, the path of firm trust. The appointed path may be rough and steep, and sometimes dark and difficult: still trust, still follow your guide. In the path of duty alone are you safe. Up and on, and on and up, as he directs. It is the path of faith; simple, strong, stubborn faith; faith in God's word; faith in God's mysteries; faith in God's promises; faith in God's Spirit; faith in God's Son; faith in the all-cleansing blood; faith, active, living faith; faith without reasoning; faith without feeling; faith against reason; faith against feeling; faith before feeling; faith in God's word because it is his word; faith because God says so, — that is the highest reason.

“ Save us, by grace, through faith alone;
A faith Thou must Thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown;
A faith that purifies the heart;

A faith that doth the mountain move;
A faith that shows our sins forgiven;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.”

Dear reader, that faith, in exercise on Jesus Christ, will bring you up into the sunshine of a full salvation, and it will bring sunshine into your soul. Oh that the Holy Spirit may teach you those lessons suggested in Nature, and so clearly revealed in the word of God! then you will be able to sing with the poet, —

“ Dwell who will in the valley below,
I go up into the sunshine!
Free and warm and glad is its play;
Light and life are in every ray,
Beaming to brighter and brighter day:
Let who will in the valley stay,
I go up into the sunshine!

Mists are down in the valley below;
Shadow and cloud wave to and fro;
The rivers go creeping sluggish and slow;
The very winds have forgotten to blow:
Dwell who will in the valley below,
I go up into the sunshine!

Down in the valley tread listless feet;
The pulses move with a measured beat;
The senses are steeped in a calm unmeet;
The soul is lulled by an opiate sweet:

Let who will to the valley retreat,
I go up into the sunshine!

On the golden summits the Morning sings
Like a glad bird pluming her radiant wings;
The torrents flash like living things;
Sparkling and foaming the rivulet springs,
Every bright drop like a joy-bell rings,
Away up there in the sunshine!

There in the veins the life-currents flow;
The heart with fervor is all aglow;
Trumpet-calls the wild breezes blow;
The soul like a warrior would go:
Stay who will in the valley below,
I go up into the sunshine!”

BROCKVILLE, C.W., 1867.

For the Guide.

CONSECRATION MUST BE PERPETUAL AND
ACTIVE.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

It is a great mistake to suppose that consecration is a work which can be done or consummated at any given time. The obligation is constant and life-long. Every moment, the covenant is to be renewed and ratified by a willing, obedient, and cheerful soul. There is, to be sure, a sense in which one can say, —

“ ’Tis done, — the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:”

but in what sense? The young man who enlists as a soldier in the service of his country, or the maiden who stands at the hymeneal altar and plights her vows, may say, “The great transaction's done.” And so it is; but what significance has this act for all the future? Henceforth the enrolled soldier must obey the orders of his captain, stand on perilous guard, make the weary march, or rush into “the imminent, deadly breach,” just as he may be directed, without question and without hesitation; yea, with cheerfulness and enthusiasm. And this obligation will continue during the whole period of his service, till he shall receive his “muster out,” and retire upon his honors. The betrothed maiden must, henceforth be dead to all other men; must leave her father's house, and perhaps her girlhood friends and associates, and cleave unto her husband and his fortunes, in prosperity and adversity, through good

report and evil report, till death disrupts the sacred relation into which she has solemnly entered.

Thus it is with the Christian. He is consecrated to Christ as a soldier to his flag, as a wife to her husband. He has enlisted under the banner of the cross, and he must follow whithersoever that victorious banner leads him. He must not be ashamed of his colors, of Bethlehem's star rising in the east, of the descending Dove, of the emblazoned cross, nor of the royal inscription, "*HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.*" For that banner he must stand, march, fight, suffer; endure the loss of all things; and, if need be, die. He cannot permit it to be struck down for a single moment without treason to his Lord. No matter how long he has been in the ranks, he must not grow impatient for release. There are no furloughs in Christ's war; but the King of saints, in his own good time, grants a discharge, and calls his faithful servant home. Or, in other words, the Christian is espoused to Jesus, and must be *faithful* to the end. There can be no dalliance with the world, no lusting after former lovers, no "aid and comfort" given to Christ's enemies, without essential dishonor, and damning sin. Every moment, the consecrated soul must be ready to exclaim, "I am not my own: I belong to Jesus. I feel, purpose, speak, act, suffer for him. I have no life but in him. I am in the world, mingling with men, transacting the business of the world, but not of the world. The strong under-current of my being flows constantly towards God; and to magnify Jesus, whether by life or death, is the master-passion of my soul."

Certainly, if we are under obligation to be able to say this at any moment, then, also, at every moment: if the grace of God is sufficient for this consummation at any time, then likewise for every time, and to the end of time. "I am jealous over you," said Paul to his converts in Corinth, "with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear lest by any means, as the Serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Sacred as love, and sweet as heaven, is this constant, loyal

repose in the bosom of Jesus. And if we maintain our *simplicity*, "intent on *one* object most tender;" if we guard, cherish, and preserve the virgin purity of our perfect love, — we shall not go after "another Jesus," nor shall we "receive another spirit;" but we shall triumph over all the arts and devices of our great Enemy, and keep ourselves constantly on the altar of sacrifice, and "in the love of God." Let us ever bear in mind, then, that our consecration must be life-long; that we are perpetually under obligation to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God; and that it is our privilege always to know that we are *all the Lord's*. Consecration must also be *active*.

There is a kind of passive, quiescent, sentimental offering, which some souls seem to make of themselves to God. But the consecration which the gospel contemplates is a consecration of *service*. It demands that time, talents, possessions, strength of body, brain, and heart, and all our capacities, of whatever character, shall be constantly used in the work of Jesus Christ. The Lord requires us to "serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind;" and he hath delivered us "out of the hand of our enemies," that we "might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life." "If any man serve me," said Jesus, "him will my Father honor." It is plain, then, that an active consecration is demanded. It is not enough to say, "I am the Lord's:" we must *be* the Lord's. It is not enough to say, "I give up my will:" the will must be engaged in recording decisions for Jesus. "My property," says one, "is on the altar:" and it would seem that it remains there; for it is not employed in building churches, sustaining missions, multiplying means of usefulness, or in ministering to the necessities of saints.

If we consecrate body and soul to Christ, it is that body and soul may be used, as Christ used his body and soul, in works of love and beneficence. If we behold him instructing the ignorant, healing the sick, comforting the despondent, relieving the wretched, counting it more than his meat and drink, more than all earthly advantage, to do the will of his Father, and yearning

even for the baptism with which he was to be baptized, — the baptism of tears and sweat and blood, in the garden and on the cross, that he might accomplish the world's redemption, — then we shall discover the class of labors to which we are called as the servants of Jesus, consecrated to his will and work, and coveting, above all things, the advancement of his kingdom and the revelation of his power. Did Jesus leave behind him the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, and suffer and die a malefactor's death, — a sacrifice and oblation for a guilty, thankless race, that he might save souls from guilt and ruin; and shall we, if consecrated to his service, refrain from manifold labors, or shrink from heavy crosses, or fail in any effort, expenditure, or endurance, which may be necessary to bring these same redeemed souls to the knowledge of sins forgiven, or to the higher life of holiness and heaven? The consecration of Jesus was positive and practical. Is it not enough for the disciple to be as his Master? Since he left heaven itself for the work of redemption, is it too much for us to leave the heaven of our closets and our contemplations, and go forth into the vineyard, and work with him for the restoration of paradise to man?

Jesus has taught us, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, that *beneficent activity* will be the standard of judgment in the last great day. The faith and holiness, if such there be, which do not lead to service and sacrifice, are of no value. In other words, the power of the gospel is proved by *the service rendered to man in the name of Christ*.

And even in that world in which there is no more curse; in which grows the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; in which flows "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal;" in which the throne of God and the Lamb pale the light of the sun, and make everlasting day, — in that world "HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM; AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE, AND HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS."

Fear to do wrong, and doing wrong will never cause you to fear.

For the Guide.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

REV. J. MUDGE.

PLEASING CHRIST.

Christ cheerfully underwent inconceivable sufferings that we might have salvation; and now, when he looks for some grateful return from us, we continually thrust more thorns into his bleeding forehead. Have we reflected, Christian friends, that our inconsistencies, our thoughtless words, and deeds of worldly conformity, give actual pain to the loving heart that bore our sorrows? And, when we think of the enormity of such ingratitude, can we continue it longer? Oh! let us settle it as a fixed maxim of our conduct, that to please Christ is more important and desirable than to satisfy anyone else, however nearly related or dearly beloved.

SUBLIME INDIFFERENCE.

Yes, that exactly expresses the slight hold which worldly things have on the heart whose affections are centred above. It surely makes little difference, that, during these few years of our pilgrim journey, discomforts and privations are to be borne, if, when we get home, feasting and joy await us, and perpetual repose. Is it not rightly called sublime thus to be lifted up to the position where circumstances which rule the peace of others are trodden under foot, and we serenely gaze on blasted hopes, contented with what our Father sends?

DEATH.

There are three kinds of death, which may be characterized thus: death *by* sin, brought on through Adam, and fatal to this fair form of clay; death *in* sin, fatal to the Godlike soul once endowed with life by the breath of its Creator; death *to* sin, made possible by the second Adam, and restoring the immortal spirit to its birth-right.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Can it be that all know how simple is the way of true happiness? It is nothing more nor less than the utter abandonment of self. Yet this way, which is the only sure one, seems to the world, in its race after happiness, the most unpromising of

all. Who shall open the eyes of a blind universe? He who will leave self-seeking to seek the good of others, leave self-love for the love of God alone, shall arrive at those pleasures which fill heaven's courts with harmony.

NATURAL EXCELLENCE.

It is one of Satan's most skilful tricks to persuade men that their good actions, which have in reality sprung from natural qualities, and which they could not help but do, are to be placed to their credit as the fruit of Christian culture and superior moral power. Just here is a subtle snare, because the best traits of character in one purposing well are precisely those most liable to be carried to extremes. The thrifty and provident become penurious and selfish; the prudent, planning man slides into anxiety that takes undue thought for the morrow; the strict upholder of truth and right is almost sure to fall into censoriousness, and apply to his neighbor the standard which should have been kept for his own guidance only. Here, then, must a double watch be set, that the good gifts of God lead us not into pride; for "the excellency of the power" is not of us.

THE JOY OF JESUS.

Jesus, when about to leave his disciples, desired that *his joy* might remain in them. What can this be? The context seems to indicate that it meant abiding in the love of the Father, and doing his will; and we know that this constituted the Saviour's supreme delight, his meat and drink. This, then, may be fulfilled in us; for Christ has thus prayed, and the Father may not turn away the presence of his Son. Oh, unspeakable gift! oh, priceless treasure! To do God's will, and enjoy his favor, leaves nothing to be wished for more: it is the sum of all happiness here and hereafter. This is joy to the fulness which no man taketh from us.

INTENSITY DEMANDED.

Spiritual earnestness must reach a very high pitch before it can conform to what is indicated by Scripture, and by our own reason, as most fitting. It is hunger and thirst, fierce appetite, that is called for:

it is the distressed and hard-hunted hart, panting for the water-brooks, that symbolizes our true condition. The soul must be *lifted*, as by a mighty effort, from earth toward heaven; the zeal of God's house must eat up our sloth and self-indulgence. Let us *press* toward the mark, with every muscle strained, and every power stretched to its utmost, if by any means we may attain an immortal crown.

LAMBS.

"As lambs among wolves," so are we to be in this world. Does that comport with our feelings at all times? and have we a sincere desire to be *shepherded* as simple-minded, helpless things, wholly dependent on a higher Power? Would we not rather go alone, and say, "Now I am strong. I can meet the wolf without fear; yea, the roaring lion should quickly flee from my firm defence"? To be really mighty, and yet acknowledge constantly that it is only the power of God's might; to relax no endeavor after improvement, and yet put no trust in our most strenuous endeavor, — this is great perfection.

THE RICHES OF GOD.

How contemptible, in comparison with them, are the riches of men! God is rich in mercy, in goodness, in grace, in glory, and rich "unto all that call upon him;" never pleading poverty to the most plentiful demands. Yes, the humblest Christian can take up the words his Master used when on earth, and say, "All my things are thy things, and thy things are my things." Since we have so freely received of God's mercy, forbearance, and patience, may we be ready as freely to give the same to those requiring it at our hands! So shall this unsearchable, incorruptible wealth bear abundant interest, and all our spiritual coffers overflow.

BEARING INFIRMITIES.

"We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." Now, those claiming to be perfect in love should keep this in mind, or they will become grievous stumbling-blocks. If charity is the "bond of perfectness," its broadest, stoutest folds

should envelop us who have received the blessing of entire sanctification. When a brother shouts extremely loud, be not offended; when another does not choose to manifest his emotion in outward signs, set it not down against him; if one cannot speak of God's workings in his soul in the same dialect as you, withhold not, therefore, your sympathy; if another is unable to see the phenomena of the higher life in the same light as you, still give him cordial fellowship, and regard only the points of union. If censoriousness, strife, and spiritual pride, creep in among the very elect, how shall those in the lower plains of piety avoid them?

PENNINGTON, N. J.

For the Guide.

GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

Oh, joy to know that Jesus' blood
Can cleanse a being vile as I;
To feel the Spirit witnessing
With mine that it *does* sanctify!

Yes, *now* I feel its cleansing power,
While through my conscious being roll
Rivers of peace, that fill and flood
And satisfy my thirsting soul.

Before I found this peaceful way,
My heart was often sore oppressed
With anxious thoughts and cares and fears
And reasonings; but now I rest, —

Rest on His everlasting word
With filial trust I had not known,
Till, buried in the cleansing flood,
I rose to live for Him alone; —

To live for God! — Oh precious thought! —
A life with but a single aim,
A single theme, a single work, —
To glorify the Master's name!

What lips can speak, what words express,
The glory such a life affords?
In joy or sorrow, ease or pain,
Labor or rest, still all the Lord's!

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

O Lord teach me thy statutes.

For the Guide.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

BY S. C. BROOKS.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." This promise is especially given to those who call upon the Lord out of a pure heart, and are earnestly contending for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints.

Let us notice, by the light of God's word, what will be the effect produced in the Church, if, as individuals, we sustain that relation to the Saviour as is made our privilege by a sacrifice perfect and complete. God hath called us unto holiness; and, by being in possession of this, we are placed alone as the recipients of the abundant fulness of the power, and as willing subjects to receive and obey the commands, of God. As Moses pleaded and agonized with him upon the mount until the will of God was revealed, so is it our privilege and duty, as children of the Father, to test the promises, and hold sweet communion with Him who hath said, "I will answer thee." If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other, &c. We fear there are comparatively few who are determined to know only Jesus and him crucified; who refuse all engagements where Christ is not honored, and forsake societies in which the Spirit of the Holy One will not enter. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing," is the positive injunction. All must be abandoned that does not receive the fellowship of God, and where the blessed Holy Ghost will not rest with sweet complacency.

Let the work which God hath assigned us be our chief delight and employment. Daily let the consecration be complete, and the soul find new joys while pleading alone in prayer. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Unto such, God will be manifest, his will revealed, and power given to accomplish the command; and if God is willing to make his power known in vessels of weakness, and through them put to nought the wisdom of this world, let such an honor destroy self-righteousness, and bring us meekly at the feet of Him to whom praise, honor, and glory alone is due.

If our own nature is thus subdued, and brought into close union with the divine nature, "a little one shall become a thousand, a small one a strong nation; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "Go work to-day in my vineyard" is the command given to all. Each has a talent which must be employed for the Master. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance;" but, if not employed, from him shall be taken, and given to the faithful steward. Dear reader, be vigilant and untiring in your efforts. Soon will an account of your stewardship be required; and, though your zeal may have produced but little good, remember God will not reward for your usefulness, nor the good you have done, but for the determined effort to save souls, and build up the Church of Christ. "He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

CAPE MAY, N. J.

For the Guide.

ON BEING IN THE SPIRIT.

REV. D. NASH.

"Let us live in the Spirit."—PAUL TO THE GALATIANS.

What a brief and comprehensive description is this of the true element and sphere of the Christian life! Undoubtedly there is a sense in which this expression is sometimes used, when the Holy One in his mighty energy elevates the soul to the apprehension of truths and events unattainable by uninspired reason. So John was "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," and had his natural faculties so greatly enlightened and strengthened, that he was fitted to become God's amanuensis,—the writer of the epistles of the Son of man to the Asiatic churches. He doubtless then received the spirit of prophecy, and was under its full influence when the Son of man appeared to him as given us in the first chapter of Revelation.

But there is an ordinary and general sense in which it is to be taken, indicating the real state and action of Christian believers. The all-surrounding, all-sanctifying, all-filling Spirit is the great element and sphere of the new life in the regenerate soul. "In Him we live and move, and have our being." The fish lives in

the sea, the great waters being the feeder and orbit of its life. The bird lives in the air; and, without it, it can neither enjoy life nor motion. So the believer "lives in the Spirit;" the Holy Ghost being absolutely necessary to the sustenance and action of his heavenly life.

"In times past," sin was the element and sphere of our being. Sin filled the circle of our nature and activities. All in us, all around us, was sin: our carnal man lived and moved in it. But when we were "quickened," when, "born of God," we breathed a new atmosphere, and moved in a new orbit of action, then we were in the Spirit; the Holy Ghost became the essence and element of our life, filling and sustaining the very vitals of our spiritual nature. The Holy Ghost became also the sphere of all our activities, out of which we cannot move; for we "walk in the Spirit." The branch lives in the vine; but how? By the continued flow of the sap from the parent stem. So we live in Christ Jesus by the continual procession of the Spirit from him to us. Without this, in neither case can there be either life or fruit. The Church of God is founded upon the holy apostles and prophets; the underlying chief corner-stone being Jesus Christ himself. But it is the Spirit that gives life to the stones, and so frames them together, that they grow into a holy temple. The temple of our humanity is thus a habitation of God "through" or "in the Spirit."

Hence it is that prayer is to be "in the Spirit." "Praying in the Holy Ghost," says St. Jude. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication *in the Spirit*," says St. Paul. It is the Spirit that reveals our wants to us, and helps us to express them; that creates in us the pangs of hunger for the bread of heaven, and thirst for the waters of life, and then assists us in our cry for them: for "we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." Prayer may be very fluent and very noisy without the Holy Ghost; but such prayer is heard only on earth. Prayer must be "in the Spirit" to be acceptable and effectual; and only such can ever climb to heaven. And this may be affirmed of all other Christian duties. To be heartily, healthily, and

successfully performed, they must be accomplished in and through the Spirit.

Peace and joy also can only be found in the Holy Ghost. False peace, withering joys, may be grown in the "weak and beggarly elements of the world; but true peace, unfading joys, can only grow in the divine element of the Spirit. And this it is which renders the believer's joy independent of the external circumstances of this earthly life. Bonds usually manacle the wretched, and prisons are mostly the habitations of mourning and despair; but let a man be full of the Holy Ghost, and though he be bound with fetters that groove bloody channels in his limbs, and cooped up in a dungeon, blinding and fevering him with its darkness and malaria, yet there is the very incarnation of peace and joy.

John Bunyan sleeps and dreams of heaven in Bedford prison as sweetly as in his own home; Paul and Silas, prisoners, their backs lacerated with stripes, and their feet in the stocks, sang as joyously in the dungeon at Philippi as in the meeting-house at Ephesus; and John, though an exile, was as glad some on the Lord's Day at Patmos as when he lay on the bosom of Jesus at the supper in Jerusalem. And an aged friend of mine, lately departed, while stretched on a bed of intense suffering, sang triumphantly "in the Spirit,"—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;

So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death."

A pure and godly heart can find a heaven of gladness anywhere in the sphere of the Holy Ghost.

We rejoice because we live under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. But do we "*live in the Spirit*"? Does he glorify us as his habitation? Does he pervade the entirety of our being? Does he constitute our life, and inspire all our deeds? If so, the world will "our influence feel, our gospel grace partake." They will acknowledge us as the temples of God, and

feel the sanctifying power of our divine anointing.

Let us be "*in the Spirit*," and we are always ready to work for God; ready for prayer, for exhortation, for testimony for Jesus; ready for the class-meeting, for pastoral visitation, for any work in the cause of our divine Redeemer: and when the day of the holy Sabbath arrives, the day of his holy worship, what new scenes of glory, rivalling those of the ancient Pentecost, should we see, if all the congregations of Christendom were to sing and pray and worship, "*in the Spirit*"! The Spirit would give a melody and power to our songs, such as angels hear in the courts of heaven. The one prayer of the congregation would cleave the skies and bring down "showers of blessings," making the "wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." What an era of triumphant gladness would be inaugurated if all the heralds of salvation were to preach in "demonstration of the Spirit and of power"! Multitudes of seared consciences would be enlightened and quickened, multitudes of stony hearts melted and softened, multitudes of unhallowed breasts cleansed and purified, doubting Thomases rising into a nobler faith, backsliding Peters rejoicing in repeated pardons, sin-cased formalists bursting into the life of God. These would be the glorious signs of such an era. How great is our sin! and how great should be our sorrow because these signs are so sparse and scanty! Shall we not pray for them? shall we not expect them now? O God the Spirit! forgive our forgetfulness and our contempt of thee. Re-anoint thy ministry, re-baptize thy Church, and hasten the world's conversion.

REDDING, CONN.

INFALLIBLE BALM.

Nature bleeds when our reputation suffers from the evil opinions of our fellow-men; but the true and only infallible balm for this wound is the consciousness that we have done those things, for which our fellow-men blame and distrust us, with a single eye to the divine glory.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

TALLEYRAND AND WESLEY.

Rev. Dr. George, in his excellent work entitled "The Satisfactory Portion," compares Talleyrand and Wesley. The former was minister of state under both Bonaparte and Bourbon; who had wealth, titles, honors, pleasures, whatever the world has to bestow. The fate of empires waited upon his word; the diplomacy of Europe was in his hands; the luxuries of a court were his constant joy; and the splendors of his external life were gilded with the charms of a genius at once versatile and profound. Did he find the world, in any of its ministrations of pleasure or power, a satisfactory portion? "In the flush of youthful ambition," says Charles Sumner, "in the self-confidence of success, we may be indifferent to the calls of humanity; but history, reason, and religion, all speak in vain, if any selfish works not helping the progress of mankind, although favored by worldly smiles, can secure that happiness and content which all covet as the crown of life." Look at the last days of Prince Talleyrand, and learn the wretchedness of an old age which was enlightened by no memory of generous toils, by no cheerful hope for his fellow-men. Then, when the imbecilities of existence rendered him no longer able to grasp power or to hold the threads of intrigue, he surrendered himself to discouragement and despair. By the light of a lamp which he trimmed in his solitude, he traced these lines, the most melancholy lines ever written by an old man, (think of them, politician!) — "Eighty-three years of life are now past, filled with what anxieties, what agitations, what enmities, what troublous complexities! — and all this with no other result than a great fatigue physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and of disgust for the past."

Poor old man! — poor indeed! In his loneliness, in his failing age, with Death waiting at his palace-gates, what to him were the pomps he had enjoyed? what were titles? what were offices? what was the lavish wealth in which he lived? More precious far, at that moment, would have been the consolation that he had labored for his fellow-men, and the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the prog-

ress of his race. This is a sad picture of worldly greatness and wretchedness.

But let us consider the career of another man, who was *not* "indifferent to the calls of humanity."

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

A young clergyman of the Church of England devotes himself wholly to God and his work. His earnestness and zeal provoke opposition. He is driven from consecrated walls; but he preaches to the multitude in the streets and fields. He takes for his motto, "*Holiness to the Lord*;" he declares himself *homo unius libri*; and he avows heroically that the world is his parish, and that it is his sole business to spread scriptural holiness over all lands. He is ridiculed, derided, caricatured, mocked, and mobbed; but he pauses not in his sublime career.

A scholar, with a scholar's love for books and study, he spends the greater part of his life in the saddle and in active duties. With a passionate love for art, especially music and architecture, he turns from their weird charms to blow the gospel-trumpet, and call sinners to repentance. With a keen relish for the enjoyment of home and domestic quiet, he becomes the wide world's inhabitant for the sake of souls. With an intense hungering for the sweets of human love, he rises above disappointment which would have crushed an ordinary man, forgets his "inly-bleeding heart," — his own words, — and pauses not in his generous toils to alleviate the condition and brighten the future of his fellow-men. Wandering over the splendid grounds of an English nobleman, he exclaimed, "I, too, have a relish for these things; *but there is another world*;" and, inspired by the vision of his faith, he falters not in the prosecution of his great life-work. He seeks the poor, the abandoned, the outcasts, the wretched miners underground, and the drunken in the vilest haunts of thickly-populated cities. He is a true gospel reformer. He denies himself, and lives for Jesus. Thousands rise up to call him blessed. The moral waste which he waters and cultivates buds and blossoms as the rose. Songs of praise to God take the place of loathsome ribaldries and disgusting blasphemies.

And when at length life closes, and he is gathered to his fathers, having "the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the progress of his race," and shouting triumphantly, "The best of all is, God is with us!" he falls amid the tears of thousands who mourn the departure of one who has been to them a father in the gospel, and is welcomed to his heavenly home with the hallelujahs of other thousands saved through his instrumentality, and gone before him to the immortal shore. Had Prince Talleyrand, or John Wesley, chosen the satisfactory portion?

For the Guide.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Weary of self, and sick of sin,
Where shall my spirit flee?
What tender friend will take me in,
And love and shelter me?

Does pity move the human heart?
Will no one help me find
A balm to heal the painful smart
That sin has left behind?

Ah me the careless lives we live,
While souls in sorrow die!
No cheering, hopeful word we give;
No tear of sympathy.

Ah! whither shall I turn, distressed
And worn with misery?
Nor tears nor cries can give me rest:
Oh! who shall comfort me?

I mind me, in my mother's book,
When but a child, I read
Of One who came to earth, and took
My sins upon his head;

And how his lovely life was given
To save the souls of men;
And, when the bands of death were riven,
He sought his home again.

And more than this that old Book said,
(The words my pulses thrill:)
This wondrous Christ, whose blood was shed,
"Receiveth sinners still."

And will he wash my sins away,
And bid my suffering cease,
And on my spirit's tumult lay
His holy hush of peace?

O loving Saviour! hear my cry;
My soul has need of thee:
Come, heavenly sweetness, pass not by,
But stay and dwell with me.

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BISHOP HAMLINE."

REV. WILLIAM REDDY.

I must say that nothing in the line of biographical literature has fallen in my way which exceeds this book in the interest and satisfaction which it yields. Bishop Hamline was a rare man. His early history is full of interest and lessons. His conversion was remarkable. His experience of the work of entire sanctification was marked and distinct. His convictions for this work were very distinct and pungent. The struggle began in the closet. Prayer was his constant employment. Day after day, he besought the Lord to purify him from all sin. It might be said of him that he lived upon his knees. He became so used to this posture, and so intent on the blessing which he sought, that he grudged the time devoted to his sleep and meals. Meanwhile he was more and more blessed. Joys often overflowed his soul.

In 1842, while editor of "The Ladies' Repository," he attended a religious meeting at New Albany, Ind., under the pastoral charge of Rev. W. D. Daniels, who had for six years walked in the light of sanctifying grace. The editor there heard a sermon on "perfect love." Believers were invited to the altar to seek the blessing, and he was one of the seekers. He went, and waited before the Lord for more than an hour. From thence to his room; and, while waiting on God in his closet, the seal was set upon him; the image of Christ was stamped on his heart; the baptism was received.

From that time, he was a flame of fire. I had no idea of the labors he had performed prior to his editorship as a circuit preacher: but now, as editor, he was in labors more abundant; full of joy, of yearn-

ing compassion, of zeal untiring, of success truly apostolic; carrying his manuscript with him, and writing his editorials from the midst of revival-scenes, far away from office and home. We remember what a holy influence and atmosphere attended and surrounded him in his episcopal visits to our conferences. And what an impetus was given to the work of God among us by his influence! He and I were fellow-guests at the conference held at Binghamton. I never knew his equal for the geniality, humility, simplicity, and spirituality and wisdom, that characterized his social intercourse.

The book is a treasure. It is well gotten up. The editor has made no ostentatious attempt to show off the author, but simply to bring out his subject, and let him appear and speak in his own beautiful, simple, chaste, and dignified character.

I deeply regretted his resignation as bishop in 1852; but I voted to accept it, because it seemed to furnish such a practical confirmation of our *theory* of episcopacy. Our bishops are not such, *jure divino*, but officers in an order. No application and illustration of that theory had till then been furnished; and I, with regret for the loss of the officer, cheerfully accepted his resignation for the sake of the principle. The act on his part heightened my estimate of the man, and of the system of government of which he was an exponent and example.

The book is opportune. A new interest is being awakened on the subject of perfect love, of which he was such an eminent example and advocate. The introduction to the book is "An Affectionate Tribute" to his memory by three of our bishops, who were most intimate with him; namely, Bishops Janes, Thomson, and Morris. And I am happy to see that Bishops Janes and Thomson, in speaking of his experience while editor of "The Repository," use the old Methodist, distinctive phraseology, and say, "He sought for that blessing of perfect love," &c.

The work cannot fail to do great good to all who read it. Let every preacher add it to the list of his choicest books. May his like be reproduced in the young and rising ministry of the Church!

CHITTENANGO, 1867.

For the Guide.

OUR ALL-IN-ALL.

I. N. KANAGA.

Who is thus near and precious to us? It is God, and God alone. And he becomes "all in all" only to his own, — to his adopted children. He becomes our righteousness, our sanctification, and our redemption. He is our shepherd: he leads us into green pastures. He is our refuge, our sure defence in every time of trouble.

Christ, to his followers, is a prophet, priest, and king. He is our strength and our stay. Christ, too, is our defence and bulwark from all our spiritual enemies. He is our guide, preserver, and friend; our safeguard and rock; our rest and eternal excellency. Let us rejoice in him as our song and our salvation. "God is our sun and our shield: he will give grace and glory."

"God is our sun; he makes our day:
God is our shield; he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within."

NEWARK, N. J.

For the Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN BOND.

BY C.

Sacred and holy is the Christian bond,
Uniting hearts in fellowship divine:
Precious and pure, the pearl is heaven-born;
Descends in blessings from its own bright
clime,
In all its pristine purity and worth,
To bless the sons and daughters of the earth.

'Twas this that nailed the Saviour to the cross, —
This bond of sympathy for fallen man.
Its name is Love: it purifies the dross
Of human nature, through redemption's plan.
Thrice blessed, then, is all humanity,
Bound in the bond of sweet Christianity.

Spirit of Power! let thy light of love
Direct our ways, our footsteps e'er control:
Oh, may the bond of peace most sweetly prove
The harmony uniting Christian souls,
Till yon bright world doth burst upon our view
As we triumphantly bid this adieu!

Robed Ones Gone Before.

MRS. JULIA DIKEMAN.

EDITORIAL.

"Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes!" were the solemn words which we heard pronounced over the inanimate remains of a dear friend yesterday afternoon. The departed was one that was eminently social in her nature; and just such friends as she would have loved to gather around her, had she still been an inhabitant of earth, were now surrounding an open grave on Ocean Hill, in the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery.

Julia Dikeman, the loved consort of Rev. W. H. Dikeman, departed this life, and entered upon the bliss of life eternal, May 9, 1867, in her sixty-fifth year. She entered upon her new and better life when about fifteen years of age, which she endeavored to maintain by a conscientious discharge of the duties of her Christian calling in its various phases. Hand in hand with her affectionate husband, she aimed to train the dear children the Lord had committed to their fostering care for immortality and eternal life. Three of these, after having arrived at the years of maturity, preceded their now-sainted mother to their home in the heavens. Their entrance to the abode of immortality was glorious. Julia, who in her young womanhood, at the early age of seventeen, was called for by the heavenly Bridegroom, stood beautifully attired in blood-washed garments.

As Julia lingered, waiting and watching, her eye of faith opened on the invisible world, and she saw shining ones waiting to bear her away to the palace of God and angels. "She sparkled, was exhaled;" and as those weeping parents saw her ascend to heaven, leaving the bright effulgence of her meteor-like angel-life, they could not but feel that the King of heaven had divinely favored them in permitting them to rear a child so honored of Heaven.

A few years passed on, and another loved one ripened into all the loveliness of young womanhood. Dear Mary had learned, in early life, to sit at the feet of Jesus: and she was not; for Jesus took her. Just as she was leaving the scenes of earth for the

regions beyond the sun, she announced to her weeping parents and friends that the heavenly chariot had come. "See!" said the joyous one, now about to be translated,—"see! the chariot has come for me; and Sister Julia is in it!" And then, casting a last, loving look on the weeping group, she exclaimed, "Good-by! Meet me in heaven!" And the sweet sister-spirits, the loving Mary and dear Julia, were together, mingling in blissful companionship in the regions of immortality. And now, though earth was made the poorer and more lonely, heaven was enriched; and those bereaved parents could not but feel that the anguish of parting was mitigated by the thought that they had angel-daughters before the throne.

Again the messenger commissioned to unloose the silver cord came to that family circle; and a dear son, who had given himself to God and the Church, having ministered at her altar, was called from the lower to the upper sanctuary. But still the united head of that family circle, hand in hand, pursued their heavenward course, knowing that He who gave had a right to recall: they questioned not the sovereignty of his claims. Tearful, yet not sorrowing as those without hope, they together encouraged their hearts in the Lord, and in loving, cheerful activities, passed onward to their heavenly home, blessing the world with their charities and pleasant hospitalities.

And now the crowning trial has come. What earthly parting-pang can be compared to that which dissevers two loving, confiding beings, which, for near half a century, has been united in the marriage-tie? Surely 'tis the survivor dies. He who was robed in humanity, and wept at the grave of his own loving heart-friend, will not chide such as weep over the remains of the dearly-loved, when over their coffined remains the officiating minister says, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!"

But Mrs. Julia Dikeman is not in the grave. The loved form that enshrined the body, we saw entombed, but yesterday, amid a group of heart-mourners; but she passed through death, triumphant, home. She has now entered upon life eternal. As she passed through the portals separating the

two worlds, He who hath said, "I am the resurrection and the life," cheered her with his joyous presence. Gladly did she put off mortality. For many hours previous to her dissolution, as the angel of death was permitted to do his fearful work, and the earthly tabernacle was being taken down, the convulsions of nature were terrific. But grace eventually triumphed, and wonderful was the victory. As the repeated paroxysm of pain subsided, she again and again shouted, "Glory! glory! glory!" When the final hour came, she gazed fondly for the last time on the loving ones around her, and said, "Good-by all!" And then her eye gathered brightness. "Such an unearthly lustre I never witnessed," said a beholder, "as beamed in her eye after Death had set his seal on her lips. Could she have spoken, she would doubtless have said, as did her sainted Mary, 'The chariot has come!'" Our excellent Bishop Janes, who was repeatedly at her bedside during her severe illness, and saw her take her last triumphant flight, said, "Never do I remember to have seen a more triumphant death." The funeral-services were at St. Paul's Church, corner of Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, where a large concourse assembled. Bishop Janes and his brother, both of whom were her former pastors, officiated; other ministers, several of whom were present, taking part in the services. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

P.

A SUFFERING WITNESS.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, of Albany, N.Y., Dec. '66."

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Clark came from England to this country about forty years ago with her husband, who proved himself unworthy of her choice.

She had one daughter, who was her great earthly comfort, especially in later years. She would sometimes say, "Sarah will miss

me when I am gone; but, poor child! she is nearly broken down lifting me so much."

Our dear sister was crippled by the rheumatism twenty-five years ago, and mostly helpless all that time.

I saw her, the first time, in the early stage of her suffering, but have been most intimate the past thirteen years.

Once, while visiting her, I was quite desirous to know how she came into this state of entire submission and perfect peace.

And, in answer to my inquiry, she said, "In this little room, sixteen years ago, I received the blessing of perfect love;" then for twenty years she lived in the continual comfort of this blessed state of grace. Glory to God for grace in suffering!

Only those who knew her well could understand the greatness of her afflictions, and wonder at her patience and entire resignation. To her was emphatically applied, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." She only spoke of her sufferings in answer to affectionate inquiry. Her afflictions were not her theme; but God's goodness was her delight. Then she would say, "It is all right. My Father knows what is best: it will not last always." Although she was not burdened with the riches of the world, she was rich in faith, and often expressed herself as the happiest woman in Albany; and, when her wants were supplied, would say, "I knew my Father would provide. I shall never suffer for any thing."

When her particular friend would part with her for a few weeks, she would answer, "Well, I shall be lonesome without you; but, if I am gone when you come back, you will know where I am." Again she would say, "You will know that I am at home." Her daughter would say, "I do not see, mother, why you suffer so much." The patient sufferer sweetly replied, "What we know not now we shall know hereafter."

For the last fortnight of her life, she was in great raptures in her thoughts of nearing home. She could say, "I am going. My Jesus is coming: I see Him! Poor crutches, farewell! You have helped me through my pilgrimage; but I shall want you no more." Again she said, "It seems as if I must shout;" and to her daughter, "Oh that

you could see what I see!" As she was in expectation of a friend to minister spiritually, and he did not come, she said, "No matter: I have much inward consolation." When not inclined to speak of her sufferings, her friend replied, "No danger, Sister Clark, that you will murmur." Her answer was, "My Jesus says, 'Be patient a little longer, then you shall come and be with me.'" She was such a comfort to her friend, that she knew not how to part with her; but for the past two years her sufferings have been so severe, that she released her hold, and said, "It is enough: let thy handmaid depart."

No doubt she has been spared thus long in order to show the Church the perfect Christian in the midst of most severe sufferings.

Her placid countenance and sweet smile was a lesson, without a word from her lips. At times, her sayings were apples of gold in pictures of silver; and it is regretted that they were not noted down when fresh in memory. She frequently spoke of "*my beautiful mansion*;" and now, with all the redeemed from earth, she is "*there*."

"We speak of its service and love,
And robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be *there*?"

S. B.

For the Guide.

ON THE DEATH OF A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

M. L. HAWLEY.

Suggested by the following remark, made by her on the evening before her death: "I shall see the sun rise no more; but of that bright world to which I am going the Lamb is the light thereof."

The dying Christian turned her closing eye
Once more upon the lovely earth to gaze:
The sun, then sinking in the western sky,
Threw o'er the scene his mild, retiring rays.

It was an hour when all things fair appear
In mellowing light upon the landscape shed:
A farewell look she gave each object dear;
And, as the sun at last went down, she said, —

"I shall not see the sun again arise,
But to a world of ceaseless joys I go:
The Lamb himself with light doth gild its skies,
And there no night my happy soul shall know."

And so it was; for, ere returning day
Dispersed again the gloomy shades of night,
Her spirit had triumphant winged its way
Up to the realm of everlasting light.

A brighter scene burst on her vision there
Than fairest morning brings to mortal eye;
And thus, the joys of the redeemed to share,
She proved it gain unspeakable to die.

What though the dreary night of death awhile
Should o'er her early tomb in silence reign?
On it the resurrection-morn shall smile,
And wake the sainted dust to life again.

Lo! of the Christian's prospect all is bright:
Heaven beams afar, and in its radiant glow
The cloud that rests upon the tomb is bright;
Bright is the prospect all, — above, below.

ELK RIDGE LANDING, MD.

Several articles designed for publication in the present number have been crowded out. Biographical notices of Miss Mary L. Smith and Miss Caroline Lee are in type, and will appear in our next.

Editorial.

LETTER FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR.

Homeward Bound. — Sabbath Service. — Steamboat Disaster. — Vicksburg. — Dr. Camp. — Memphis. — New Albany. — Arrival at Cincinnati. — Our Home. — Morris Chapel. — Few Witnesses. — "Bait of Satan." — "Doctrine committed to our Trust." — Act of Faith. — New Witnesses. — Definiteness. — Questions. — How to know of the Doctrine. — Journeyings. — Columbus. — Wheeling. — Harper's Ferry. — Meetings for Holiness in Baltimore.

In our last, we left our readers at New Orleans. Our return-passage occupied nearly two weeks. The skies were less propitious than when outward bound. Lowering clouds and dense fogs impeded our progress. One night, our steamer lost her course, and came dashing her way amid sturdy forest-trees. The crash was sudden and serious, tearing away part of the upper deck and wash-house. Some felt that the time to close life's career had come; and few, I fear, were ready. But we looked to Him, who, when the waters of Galilee were troubled, walked on the pathless wave. As individuals, we felt

that we had not only received Jesus in the ship, but our hearts were cheered with his holy, indwelling presence, as we listened to his tranquilizing voice, "Peace; be still."

To us, the damage done to the steamer seemed *retributive*. By permission, we had attempted to have divine service the Sabbath previous; but, while thus engaged, the ordinary every-day work of the vessel was going on, such as cleaning, &c. We had asked that the Lord of the Sabbath would vindicate the sanctity of his own day by reproving those in authority for the wrong. When we saw the disaster, and the expense incurred in repairs, we could not doubt but the Lord had taken his own way to reprove and punish. The next Sabbath, we were *asked* if we would not have a religious service, and were told that unnecessary work should not be done as on the Sabbath previous. The bell was rung, and a favorable announcement made. We trust that the seed sown may take root in some hearts. One of the officers of the boat told us that he had never before known a Sabbath service to have been on board the vessel. Could we have compassed the voyage within the week, we would have spared no pains to have spent the holy day with worshippers on land; but, as we were not able to do so, we indulge the humble hope that the Lord enabled us to let our light shine in a dark place.

On Tuesday, the steamer stopped at Vicksburg to take in coal and freight. Called on Rev. Dr. Camp, an excellent minister of the Methodist-Episcopal Church South. We had an affecting and most interesting interview. Here, as in many other churches, the war has had a demoralizing tendency, which is still exerting a disastrous influence on the spirituality of the Church. Dr. Camp was urgent that we would labor a few days with his people; and gladly would we have responded but for other engagements. With this dear pastor, our hearts groan with unutterable desire that the doctrine of *perfect love* may prevail in the churches South and North. This alone will heal dissensions, and empower the Church for her mission of bringing the world to Jesus. If churches in their individual or collective capacity fail to do this, the object for which they have been called out of the world is a failure. We also called at Memphis, Tenn., and New Albany, where we met with those, who, though we had not before seen them in the flesh, hailed us in love as fellow-helpers in the Lord.

On reaching our destination in Cincinnati, we

were met by the good town missionary, Brother Vigeon, and conveyed to the pleasant residence of J. F. Cunningham, Esq., one of the excellent leading brethren in Morris Chapel. On Wednesday, the day of our arrival, we commenced our work for Jesus. Our first meeting at Morris Chapel, though well attended, was not crowned with as definite results as we generally witness elsewhere. While we would not doubt the sincerity of those who do not favor explicit testimony, we greatly regret the tendency of what we regard the anti-scriptural and certainly anti-Wesleyan teachings of some gifted mind on the subject of holiness. These teachings have produced, in these regions, what Mr. Wesley terms "a general faintness" in regard to definite experience or testimony on the theme. Witnesses, who, as Caleb and Joshua, stand up courageously, and say, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land," are few, very few. Many who once professed the enjoyment of the witness, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth, have lost the blessed experience in the same way that Fletcher did; that is, by what he calls "*this bait of Satan: let your life take the place of your lips, and testify for you.*" In thus refusing to testify of the definite work of the Holy Spirit, they have become indefinite in their experience, and again feel that they are in a wilderness state. Trusting in the Lord alone for strength, we endeavored to lift the banner, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

This, says Mr. Wesley, is the *Methodist testimony*, — the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust. Where it is enforced explicitly as a blessing to be received *now*, and to be received by faith, there Methodism prospers; but, where not thus enforced, it does not prosper. In our daily endeavors for a period of over three weeks, holding afternoon and evening meetings, we had the joyful satisfaction of seeing the standard raised for the people. Many rallied round it. At both afternoon and evening meetings, the altar surroundings were filled with convicted persons seeking forgiveness, and earnest seekers of sanctifying grace. Of those who were raised up to testify that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins were some very interesting cases. One afternoon, when we were telling just how justifying grace might be obtained through faith, we paused, and asked how many seeking ones would at that moment try the power of faith. Several rose. He who justifieth was near. The faith brought

power to love, live, and work for Jesus. One of these was an individual for whose conversion special request for prayer had been made by an aged mother less than an hour previous. As both justifying and sanctifying grace is received by an act of faith, we then, through divine aid, endeavored to set forth the simplicity of that act. Surely the reckoning has been paid by which the soul of the believer has been redeemed from all iniquity; and, if so, why may not every waiting, longing one claim entire freedom from sin, and rest in Jesus as a perfect Saviour at once. Every moment's delay is, in fact, a trespass against the divine clemency, and against one's own soul. "Likewise reckon ye yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ," is a command of Infinite Love that requires *present* and *continuous* obedience.

Many seekers of the great salvation were present; and when we asked that as many as would from that moment reckon themselves dead *indeed* unto sin, only and wholly because the reckoning *had been paid* by the infinitely meritorious Redeemer, would testify to it by rising up, several new witnesses joyfully rose.

And thus the work went on; new witnesses for Jesus being daily raised up, and the banner of holiness as a speciality more firmly planted. We say, as a *speciality*; not merely because the good founder of Methodism said, "*This is the Methodist testimony*," but because the great Founder of our holy religion has so presented it in the divine chart which specifies the way-marks from earth to heaven. "There shall be a way, and it shall be called THE WAY OF HOLINESS."

But says one, "Do we not enter fairly and fully upon the King's highway the moment we are brought out of spiritual Egypt?" We will answer your question by asking another: Did the Israelites enter fairly and fully into Canaan, and, resting wholly from their own works, fight the Lord's battles, the very hour they were brought out of Egypt? Was it not a *definite* point in the career of the Israelitish nation when they were brought up to the borders of Canaan? Was it not a *definite* command, anticipatory of new and higher experiences of greater activities and a more perfect trust, when God said to Moses, "Command the people that they go forward,"—a command requiring a *definite* act of obedience, and also at a definite time? And, when they refused to go forward, how sig-

nally and *definitely* was the one act of disobedience punished!—"they entered not in because of unbelief."

These surely are not far-fetched figures by which divine and most momentous verities are made tangible to the perceptions of all Christians of every name, however humble or exalted in mental capacity. The God of truth would not place before his people a subject of fictitious fear. Yet how *definitely* does he forewarn those who have been brought out of spiritual Egypt of the *danger* of falling after the same example as did his ancient people!—"Let us fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into this rest, any of us fall after the same example of unbelief: for unto us is the gospel preached as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." We feel jealous with a godly jealousy in regard to those occupying, by permission of the Head of the Church, positions of most solemn, holy trust, who, we infer from their writings, regard definiteness on these points of Christian experience as unimportant.

We fear that the day of reckoning may disclose that thousands have stopped short of a definite experience of heart-holiness because of the indefinite teachings of those who are over them in the Lord, whose *faith* they might have followed, had the steps leading into the holiest been definitely traced; had the captains in Israel's hosts led the way. And how much more power in the Church might have resulted, had all those who have been brought out of spiritual Egypt been brought forward at once into the rest of faith! Instead of going on year after year battling with their inbred corruptions, the masses might have been up into spiritual Canaan, and long since fighting the Lord's battles. That is, making still greater and greater aggressions on Satan's kingdom, thus fighting the Lord's battles wholly in divine strength, thousands more might, with every passing year, have been brought over to the ranks of the saved. And if dissuasive teachings, in regard to explicit testimony, and definite experience on this subject, has weakened the force of the divine and explicit command, "BE YE HOLY," where may the blood of those be found whose carcasses lie bleaching in the wilderness, and also the multitudes of unsaved ones who might have been to the feet of the Redeemer had the Church possessed the gift of power which holiness gives?

Our hearts sadden in view of the responsibility of those who blunt the edge of truths so important by their sophistries, and thereby make requisitions fearfully indefinite, that the Infinite Mind has at infinite pains and precision set forth with the utmost definiteness and exceeding tangibility. The question has been asked, "How is it that so many good people differ on a theme so momentous?" Our answer is, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Was there ever any one, either of the ministry or laity, who resolved to know of the doctrine of holiness *experimentally*, and brought it to *God's time*, now, but has proved the faithfulness of God, and found the day of the Lord near in the valley of decision? **NEVER!**

But we have been borne on, by the importance and urgency of our subject, quite beyond the anticipated bounds of our article. Our visit to Cincinnati will be remembered with pleasure. New witnesses were raised up, both among the ministry and laity, who are now ready to stand forth nobly amid the unbelieving multitude, as did Caleb and Joshua. "We are well able to go up and possess the good land," will, we trust, be the definite testimony of many. We know of more than one church community, where both minister and people have promised, through almighty strength, that the banner inscribed with "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" shall ever be kept floating to the breezes of heaven.

Two weeks of special service for Jesus were spent at Morris Chapel, and one at Wesley Chapel. Gladly would we have remained longer; but the worn state of our health, and imperative duties, commanded that we should bend our steps homeward. On our way, we paused over night at Columbus, O.; enjoying a season of heavenly converse with Rev. Mr. Felton, of the M. E. Church. Pursuing our journey, we arrived the next evening at Wheeling, Va. Rev. S. Steele, of the M. E. Church, called on us. He had long been hungering and thirsting after the witness of purity; and while we engaged in talking of Jesus as a full Saviour, and together pouring out our souls in prayer and praise, he was enabled to exult in the precious witness, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. On the ensuing day, we passed over a territory noted for sanguinary scenes in the late war. Harper's Ferry and its environs everywhere shows the hand of the destroyer. We spent a delightful hour with the minister of the M. E. Church and his official

board at Cumberland, Md. Passing through Baltimore, called on Rev. Dr. Roberts, whose praise is in all the churches. For many long years, he has stood among the chieftains in Immanuel's army. Many, through his agency, have been induced to go up and possess the good land. He has sustained a Saturday-evening meeting on the precious theme of holiness many years, and also a meeting held every Sabbath afternoon alternately in some one of the several churches for the promotion of heart-purity. Perhaps few in any city or country have, according to Wesley, more courageously maintained the "peculiar doctrine committed to our trust" than the devoted Dr. Roberts. He is now in feeble health. May the blessing of the Highest be upon him, and his useful life long be spared!

Biblical Miscellany.

ELGIN, ILL.

In reading your publication ("Guide to Holiness"), I find many testimonials from various and widely-separated places, all certifying that "the Spirit is moving mightily in the hearts of the people;" and in these assurances I find so much pleasure, that I wish to encourage and strengthen others.

Surely "Jesus of Nazareth" is passing by, and many souls in our midst are coming into the kingdom.

The Sabbath schools and prayer-meetings were never so well attended as at present; and the veterans in "the army of the Lord" are made to rejoice daily. Praise the Lord! c. b. s.

"The New-York Advocate" of the 28th ult. states that letters received at that office during the eight days previous show a total of three thousand conversions.

God has graciously revealed himself to his people in Painesville, O., Rev. J. M. Green, pastor, in revival influences. Over one hundred conversions are reported; seventy-five converts entering the pale of the church.

Rev. W. G. Miller, presiding elder, Fond-du-Lac District, Wis. says,—

"We have had about one thousand converted in the district, and an unusual number profess holiness."

For the Guide.

MADISON DISTRICT, WEST WISCONSIN,
CONFERENCE.

The work of the Lord is reviving gloriously in this district. Fully five hundred have been converted since Jan. 1, 1867; and many sanctified. The foundation of this work was laid at our camp-meetings last summer. Our preachers were deeply baptized with the Holy Spirit. They entered into the work fully, preaching a free and full salvation; and glorious have been the results.

E. YOCUM.

MARCH 14, 1867.

For the Guide.

KIRTLAND, OHIO.

Rev. S. B. Torrey writes, —

"The doctrine of holiness of heart is being revived on this charge. We attended a meeting in the city of Cleveland; heard Dr. and Mrs. Palmer; caught the hallowed fire; have tried to preach it on our charge, to live it ourselves. And God has helped us; brightened our experience; and several of our brethren and sisters have entered the land of rest. God has convicted sinners, and believers also. The former have been converted, the latter sanctified. We hear the good old 'Amen!' 'Glory to God!' We have witnessed the *power* of the Lord. The Holy Ghost has been poured out. The work is permanent. Glory to God! Jesus is precious. Oh, what a need that holiness be revived all through the Church! Come, Spirit of burning, come!

"KIRTLAND, O."

THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

A camp-meeting is to be held in New Jersey during the summer, with the special design of promoting the work of Christian holiness. The friends of the cause in every part of the country, and in Canada, will be invited to come together in solemn and joyous convocation, and put forth a united and mighty effort to promote the Redeemer's kingdom. The work of bringing sinners to repentance will not be overlooked; and it is anticipated, that, in this department, divine visitations will be realized, which will not be forgotten. But the meeting is especially designed to raise the standard of holiness high; to have its friends enjoy one camp-meeting together, as far as practicable, in sweet, holy counsel; and it is hoped that the occasion may be signalized by

the clear, unmistakable sanctification of hundreds, yea, thousands, of believers.

The meeting will probably be held early in July; and it is the devout wish of those interested therein that it shall give the key-note to other camp-meetings later in the season. Every lover of Christian holiness is earnestly invited to make the contemplated meeting a subject of special prayer in the closet. Due notice will be given in "The Christian Advocate," and other religious journals, of the time and place, and other arrangements.

REV. G. HUGHES.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The introductory exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. I., as follows: Reading first chapter of Ephesians; singing the 484th hymn, beginning, —

"Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;"

then prayer, followed again by singing the lines commencing, —

"There's a Friend above all others."

Rev. Brother I. said, "Friends, Jesus will never leave us." He was very happy in the thought that Jesus doeth all things well. This, to him, was not merely a suggestion of his understanding. He always thought he was a happy man; but he felt it now. The sudden death of Dr. Monroe had pressed him into a close examination, to see how the matter stood between God and himself; and he had come to the conclusion that he was nothing, and Christ was all in all. "Oh, blessed be God!" he said. "I realize that he is my Saviour,—my Saviour." He put a great deal of emphasis upon that pronoun *my*. He loved to call him so. He rejoiced when he thought of how many were living in the enjoyment of this great salvation; and, at such meetings as that, they had very precious times, wonderful good seasons, in telling what God had done for them. But did not those dear friends think they could keep their feelings a little in abeyance?

OPPORTUNITY FOR SEEKERS OF PURITY.

If they should let that whole meeting be for the benefit of those who are crying, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" it might prove very profitable. He had not a doubt that there were fifty persons there that afternoon who might go from the meeting filled with the perfect love of God. He was sure in his own mind there were that number present of that class, and he was sure he was willing to give it to them all. Would it not be an era in this meeting if all who are seeking should find? Would to God it might transpire! But one might say, "I don't think I can have it:" but look to Jesus, and trust him, and believe; and he will do what he says he will. If they had made the consecration, and kept nothing back, and left themselves in the hands of God to be dealt with as he thinks best, they may this very moment feel his salvation. He hesitated to say quite as much as he had done; for several times he had gone away from this meeting, desiring that more time had been given to those who were seeking for purity of heart. If persons felt they must tell how God gave them that blessing, tell the simple fact in as few words as you can; and, if we must tell our experience, let a hundred, instead of eight or ten, give in their testimony. The time is yours. The first thing to be done is for those who have come here to obtain this blessing to stand up and say so, — not merely to arise, but to bring yourselves to the test, and say, "Brethren and sisters, I have come here to seek this blessing;" and, if the whole afternoon can be occupied thus, it will be a time of great power and victory. He hoped the blessing would come down upon them all.

A brother said he wanted to love God with all his heart. He had been converted but about three months.

YOUTH RENEWED.

A brother said it was about sixteen months ago since God gave him this rest. It is a holy, peaceful, and glorious rest. Not a speck of sin in his heart, but his blood purified him throughout, — body, soul, and spirit. When he was converted, he thought he was very happy, but not as now. He had this rest at morning and mid-day and midnight. The first thing in the morning, he prayed to God, and sung; and the power of God came down upon him. It takes away all the fear of death. Now he was seventy-eight years old, and this grace made him young again, glory be to God! He should never forget the day when Jesus put him in the school, and

taught him humility and love. May the Lord bring all seekers into full salvation this afternoon!

"Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone, —
My hands, my head, my heart," —

was sung.

A brother thought his experience might help those who were seeking this blessing. When he was seeking, he did not question whether anybody enjoyed it, or stop to think of what others said about it: but he trusted in the word of God, and rested in his promises; and, four days after, Christ came in and filled his soul with glory; and this was about eight months ago, and God had kept him faithful, and there had scarcely a cloud passed before his mind since that time. When he looked away from this world, he was happy with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. He filled his heart with praise and glory. If there was one in that meeting who wanted this great salvation, do not question any thing about it, but give yourself to God, and trust him.

HOLINESS FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

Brother W. thought he noticed two brethren coming into the meeting, both of whom, he trusted, were seeking for a clean heart. It seemed to him such needed a good deal of help; and he should not wonder if it was found advantageous to call upon such to speak. If he might judge of others by himself, it was difficult to rise up and speak. He thought the order laid out for this meeting a good one; but that was such a good day to his soul, he thought he might say something. He felt that it had pleased God to intensify, as never before, his love for holiness; that others should enter this state for the sake of holiness, and for nothing else; that persons should be holy because God says so. He had such a wish that every one should feel that it is God who says so, and therefore they should not be afraid to ask God to make them holy. From the experience which it has pleased God to give him, it seemed he had but to say, "Be ye holy," and we are holy. One day, when Dr. Palmer was reading a chapter in which occurs a passage the Holy Spirit gave great force to, and repeated to his heart all the time, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you," it appeared to him he had gained a conception of Jesus as he was on the earth; and if he said, "Be ye holy," he believed his word, and was made holy. He was

brought into this state of holiness he hardly knew how. At that time, he did not know there was a being in the world that had a holy heart; but God took pity on his great ignorance, and accomplished it without his knowing how it was done, and yet seeking after him in the blind way, and speaking some word, or doing something, that filled his mind with a consciousness of purity. He did not then suppose it was possible for a human being to feel so much of the power of the Spirit as was given to him. It was quite a good many years ago since God gave him a clean heart, and he has kept it clean. But it was only a few days ago that he had such an intensified desire that others might be made clean. He wished, just then, that Jesus would speak to every sympathizing heart, "Be ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Every one needs a clean heart; and God does give it, glory be to his holy name! He had learned the force of that passage, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." They need not wonder that he spoke there, for he had had for so many years such an unclean heart; and then it pleased the Son of David to pass his way, and he said, "Be ye clean." He trusted that more than one heart would feel the efficacy of that word. He wished that God would teach us to come to him in a simple and direct way. Oh that he would teach us the meaning of that scripture, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive"! Oh! if there is any thing that Jesus is solicitous to give you, it is a clean heart, — a heart just like his own.

A brother felt he wanted a clean heart. He was one of those who were prayed for as of a fearful and trembling heart. He would ask an interest in their prayers.

A sister rejoiced that her way was upward and onward; and would ask that she might be kept, and go on to perfection.

THE TIMID EMBOLDENED.

A sister said the last time she was there, several months ago, she heard one testimony that made a deep impression; and afterward said of it, "If she could only hear that testimony by going ten miles, and paying ten dollars for it, she would gladly do it." At that time she was much puzzled about the distinctions between temptation and sin. Since that, she had found many conflicts, but felt that, with such a leader

as Christ, she was sure to win. She had no fears or doubts now; though once she was the most timid and fearful of souls, and would not have spoken in such a meeting as this for the fortune of Astor. Then, when she did her duty, Satan would suggest, "How dare you, such a worm, do such a thing?" She often thought it was a good thing to mind her own business, and not to mind whether others were doing so or not. Sometimes she would ask among her children, "Why don't you do so?" — "Why," the answer would be, "because William or James did not do it." — "But *you* have my command;" and so she had the command to obey God. So she felt like letting the example of others alone. And when strange and subtle things are presented, and you cannot tell how or wherefore or whence they come, she remembered this teaching of Jesus, to mind her own business, and Jesus would take care of her. She had been looking too much to her own experience, and hence there would be dimness. Sometimes there was a great deal of dimness in the daytime; but she had found, "at evening time it shall be light." She was learning to turn away from all things else, and look to Jesus; and was charmed with the prospect. How her spirit cried out for the fulness which is in Him! she did not mean the dews, or an occasional shower, but to have all the mind of Christ. This was so great a desire, that it absorbed all others. Oh that the Holy Ghost might descend upon all! She had to mingle with such a variety of persons, and all classes of humanity, that she must have the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the wisdom that came from above. A preacher once spoke to his people, "You accept the proof of this doctrine, and of the willingness of the Spirit to help you; but then you begin to cavil, and say, 'If I cannot understand all about it, I cannot take a step.' Do you do so," said he, "when you purchase a calico-dress? Do you say, 'I will not purchase it until I understand all about its manufacture, and the chemical process of its coloring'? Or do you refuse to sit down to eat until you understand all the process of germination and digestion? Why, you would starve to death thus! Why don't you do in holiness as in these other respects?"

A sister rejoiced to belong to Jesus, and to be called to be a fellow-laborer with him; but she could not say that she was wholly sanctified. It was her earnest desire that the Holy Ghost

might be imparted. She had never more earnest desire than now.

"I WILL DO WHAT I CAN."

Sister L. remarked, that this was the fifth one who had expressed this desire; but, as had been said, there were probably fifty there whose hearts had been going out for the sanctification of their souls. That morning, when she arose, she prayed to be filled with the Spirit; and God said by his Word, "Be ye clean;" and then all that class of passages came up, as "Let there be light," "Be ye holy," and so on; and he says, "Be ye filled with the Spirit." There was such a sweet and abounding hope, not only in the command, but also in the power which he communicates to keep all his commandments. She had asked that God might carry on this meeting, and send just the right one to lead it; and it was being answered. She had that intense desire that had been spoken of,—that souls might know the way of holiness. The difficulty is with us, not with God: he says so explicitly, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." What is it that shuts against God? What is it that hinders? What bolt is it that keeps the door closed? She believed the Spirit was revealing the hinderance; though, before, it may have been almost imperceptible to you. If it is to yield in every degree to your convictions, do not try to divest yourself of them, but say, "I now give them all to thee; I yield my heart; I do it as well as I can." Don't stay away, and withhold it, because it is so sinful. He saves us from our sins when we let him do it. While Brother W. was referring in prayer to the sweet rest of faith, it seemed her soul was enraptured: it was so sweet to be resting while walking or sitting!—such a rest of the believer under all circumstances! She exhorted them to say, as she said when she entered the way of holiness, "I will do what I can." The consecration she then made was perfect, and was not questioned; but when it was suggested, "Reckon ye yourselves dead indeed unto sin," the Adversary said, "What presumption that you should say this!" But she said, "I will, because He says do it;" and again and again she said, "I will, I will;" and it took some time before she could say, "I do." So they should say, "I will," until they could say, "I do." Now, let those five persons say, if they have consecrated all, and yielded up

their wills, "I will reckon myself dead indeed unto sin; *I will do it now*;" and then add, "Thou dost, thou dost;" and then, before the meeting has closed, you can speak again, declaring, "God has sanctified me;" and, while you continue thus to say, the Spirit will communicate its help, and you will be able to say, "He saves me now."

Rev. Brother I.: Why cannot those persons do so now? Take that little chorus as your own, —

**"I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus saves me now."**

Just think in your heart, "I can believe what Jesus says. I give myself now; and he says he receives me, and I can believe him." "He has done so much for me already, I can, I will, believe him now." It may be suggested, "You are so unworthy!" So you are; so we all are: but look up to Jesus, and say, "I will," as you see him smile, and hear him say, "Be ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Say now, "I believe." Lord, help them! *Lord, bless them now, save them now!* Has God saved any here so they can say, —

"I can, I will, I do believe"?

Keep looking! It seemed to him, He smiled; and, oh, how sweet was that smile to the eye of faith! How his countenance beamed with gladdened and intensified interest as he looked down and saw his blood applied, washing every stain away!

A sister thought she heard her Saviour say, "Be thou clean." She praised the Lord for what she then enjoyed. Oh for fulness! "Come, blessed Jesus," she said, "and wash my soul, and make it clean and every whit whole. Oh! bless the Lord; for he is good."

A sister said she could not tell it; but she praised the Lord, and all within her magnified his holy name.

A sister wanted a clean heart. For the last two years, God had been striving with her; but that hour she gave all to Jesus, and asked an interest in their prayers. Leader of the meeting asked her if she did not believe Jesus took all she gave him.

A brother said he did not stand up with others when the invitation was given for those desiring holiness to do so, because he did not come there expecting a clean heart, but with doubt as to the blessing. But, while kneeling, he said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make *me* clean;" and then he had such a manifestation of the love of

God as never before. "Oh, hallelujah!" he exclaimed; "how precious! I feel the Saviour."

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day"

was sung under the evident unction of the Holy One.

VOWING ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Rev. Brother L. regarded it as a privilege to stand there. He had greatly desired to look upon their faces. This was but the second time he was ever there. He had experienced this power, and was then in its enjoyment. If he ever had entertained any doubts of it, the blessing he received when just within the door of this house, that day, would have convinced him. "Your people," he said, "are my people, and your God my God." About four years ago, with a ball through one of his lungs, he lay on the field of Fredericksburg, — expecting to die, — and there found Jesus very precious. He promised there, with shot and shell flying all around him, if he lived, he would preach the cross, and nothing but the cross. After a while, he attempted to preach, on his back, in the hospital; and God gave him great peace and great power. He went into the work with this motto, —

"'Tis all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'"

And, by the grace of God, he had been able to keep to the text; and for four years he had been in the midst of revival, and was in the midst of it then; and it seemed very easy to preach, and easy to believe, and see sinners converted. He used to be a little sceptical, a little in favor of gradualism, but found in this highway he could

"Pitch his moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

He had come to believe just what God says; and he preached under the inspiration of the thought that He would be with him, even to the end. "May my tongue," he said, "cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, if I forget thee, O Jerusalem!" "Holiness" should be on all our banners.

Last summer they had his church frescoed and beautified, and the brethren wanted a motto put over the pulpit; but he said, "Brethren, we'll let God fill the space with his presence and the glory of the Shechinah;" and he has done it.

"My all to Christ I've given," &c.,
was sung.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS; with Notes by the Way. Being a Narrative of Experience resulting from a Determination to be a Bible Christian. Fiftieth American edition. 12mo, 288 pages. Retail for 70 cts.

A new and beautiful edition of a work that has been before the public about a quarter of a century. The publishers have placed on our editorial table a copy of this and other works from the same author, requiring, as is usual with publishing-houses, that each should be honored with a proper notice. As we hesitate in publishing our own opinion, we will give a hasty sketch of some notices of the press, as they have occasionally appeared in various evangelical periodicals:—

"Pure in sentiment, correct in theology, and beautiful in composition. Of all that has been written on the precious theme of entire sanctification, it is doubtful whether any thing is better calculated to rouse pious desire, and guide the soul in its seeking." — *Ladies' Repository*.

"Contains a remarkably clear exposition of the doctrine of entire sanctification, and the scriptural way of attaining to the experience of this inestimable blessing." — *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, England*.

"We recommend it as one of the best books that can be put in the hands of inquirers after full salvation. It bears the stamp of no one particular sect, but teaches the way of holiness in truth and love." — *Evangelist* (congregational).

The author, in her preface to the fiftieth edition, says, "Over twenty years ago was published the first edition of **THE WAY OF HOLINESS**, &c. Scarcely could we have anticipated at that time that our little volume would have won its way so rapidly to both hemispheres, and to so many devout hearts of various denominations. Hundreds of testimonies have been received from those who, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit on its teachings, entered into the holiest by the new and living way. It has been translated into foreign languages; and people of various tongues have, to the glory of Infinite Grace, united in the testimony. 'Glory, praise, might, and dominion and power, be ascribed to God and the Lamb forever.'"

Children's Corner.

AN EYE-SERVANT.

For the Guide.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

"Mamma," said Bella Grey, "please tell me what papa meant when he said to you this morning, in a whisper, that he was afraid that John was an eye-servant."

"Why, my little girl, that was not intended for your ear."

"Well, I heard it, and think perhaps it is right for me to know."

Mrs. Grey thought for a moment, and then concluded a lesson should be taught, which she had been watching the opportunity to give to Bella. "My dear, this is what it means to be an eye-servant: A little boy, girl, or servant, will do very well while we are watching them; but, when they are out of our sight, they will do wrong, and do as they please. I think I have known cases of this kind, as well as your papa, and have felt *very bad* about them."

"Now, if a mother goes out to spend the evening, or is out any other time, and she expects her little children will be as good as if she is watching them, and she somehow hears that they have been very rude and disobedient to those who have the care of them, would you not call those children eye-servants? They do well while they are watched: but, the moment their father or mother is out of sight, they are very unpleasant children; and those who have the care of them feel as if they never wished to be left alone with them again; and, besides, God sees them."

Bella looked down, and became quite confused; for she remembered very well how badly she had behaved to Jane when she gave her and her brother their tea, and they threw pieces of bread at each other, jumped up from the table, and ran about the dining-room, and said to Jane, they would not mind her, for she was not their mamma, and they meant to do just as they liked.

"And the worst of all, the oldest child is often the worst, and leads the others into mischief when their parents are absent."

"O mamma!" said Bella, "I will not do so again; for I have been so *mean* as to be an eye-servant!" And she burst into tears, and fell upon her dear mother's bosom.

"There is one thing I wish you always to

remember, — that I put my dear children under God's special care when I go out; and, only think, *his holy eye* is upon you to see if you do well! I'll see if your repentance is sincere by your behavior next time. You may tell me all about it before Jane, — how it has been with you and your little brother. Only think, for you to teach *him* to do wrong!"

For the Guide.

THE BELOVED CHILD.

EDITH F., New York, March, 1867.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

A few weeks ago, it pleased the Good Shepherd to say about a lamb of his, "I will that she shall be with me."

Edith lived about nine years: and it is said that her mother began to train her when she was six months old; for she often said, if Edith was the only child, she should not be a spoiled one. Every one that knew Edith loved her; for she was so obedient and kind, and had such sweet ways!

The first hymn she learned to sing was, —

"I want to be an angel."

"Rock of Ages" was her favorite; and other hymns she had marked in her book. When she was observed to say her prayers, after repeating "Now I lay me down to sleep," she would place her hands more reverently to say "Our Father;" for she was once heard to say that the one was written by man, and the other by God. She was apt to be terrified by fire; and, her aunt being anxious to keep her quiet, she answered, "O Aunt Mary! I am not so foolish now as I used to be; I think God will take care of me;" and after a pause said, "Aunt Mary, I want to be a Christian." At another time, having some trouble with her teeth, she said, "Mamma, I ask the Lord for a great many things you don't know any thing about, and always have what I ask for: now I am going to ask the Lord to help me have my tooth out."

She expected to be promoted two classes ahead in her school; this her little heart was much fixed upon: and, as she was leaving the school one day, the teacher said to her, "Now, Edith, you must not get sick; for I depend upon you as one of my best scholars."

The little one never heard again that kind teacher's voice: she went home not very well; and, in three days, Edith was in the Good Shepherd's bosom.

Friends mourn; but Edith knows no sorrow.

THE

S. Briggs

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

EDITORS:

DR. AND MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.



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Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1867.

For the Guide.

SCENE AMID A SNOW-STORM.

EXPERIENCE OF REV. S. MILLER, D.D., PRESIDING
ELDER OF FOND-DU-LAC DISTRICT, WIS.

DURING the summer and autumn of 1844, emigration began to push vigorously towards the central portion of Wisconsin. The Rock-river Valley had already become the theme of conversation, and the object of interest to the settlers. Each wave of population bore its eager burden still farther on; until early in July, among others, we found our resting-place at Wanpun. Having made our selection to embrace as much prairie, woodland, and water-power as we could well encompass, our first duty was to prepare a shanty as a dwelling-place; and our next, to provide means of subsistence. In connection with opening of farms, we soon entered upon the erection of a saw-mill; and a competence blessed our household. Religion consecrated her altar in the "shanty," as the close of the first day saw it completed, and the shades of evening mantled the unpretending evidence of the march of civilization. A walk of twenty miles to attend a quarterly meeting at Fond du Lac secured the attendance of a regular itinerant — Rev. Joseph Lewis, at Wanpun — to organize a class. The class consisted at first of six members, — Rev. Silas Miller, a local deacon at that time; his wife, Eunice; his daughter, Mrs. Malvina F. Hilyar, and her husband, Henry L; the second son, Ezekiel T. Miller, who was made class-leader; and the present writer, a younger son, and then an exhorter. With the increase of settlements, there came an increasing demand for ministerial labor. Until early in the summer of 1845, these

calls became so pressing, that they largely embarrassed our business arrangements. A consultation was held; and it was finally decided that the writer, being then twenty-two years old and single, could leave home better than the father. It was then believed to be only a temporary provision until men could be obtained from abroad. But how little do we know of the future! A few weeks were spent at Brothertown among the Brothertown people, in the absence of the missionary; and, at the close of the summer, I returned to Fond du Lac, in which charge Wanpun was included, and was licensed to preach, and recommended to Conference.

My first charge was called Green-lake Mission, and included Ceresca (now Ripon) and Wanpun. When I inquired of the presiding elder, Rev. William H. Sampson, as to the boundaries of my charge, he said, "Fix a point in the centre of Lake Harican, and strike a line to the north star, and another to the Rocky Mountains, and you will have your eastern and southern boundaries." To these two appointments others were added, until in due time the charge numbered twenty-four. The spirit of revival came down among the people, and many were added from month to month; until, at the close of the year, the Lord possessed the land.

But I took my pen more especially at the present moment to refer to an item of personal experience, which has already been to my mind like Jacob's Bethel.

My large circuit, when fully organized, required long journeyings, which I mostly performed on horseback in summer, and sometimes in cutter during the winter.

Sometimes my ride on the Sabbath would be forty miles long, and afford the pleasure of preaching four times. On one of these excursions, I became very much exercised on the subject of Christian holiness. I had previously given the subject special thought; but now it seemed to assume an importance with which I had never clothed it before. Not only did the teachings of our standards bear an unusual clearness, but my heart began to realize an impressiveness I had not felt before to the same extent.

I preached on the subject at my morning appointment; and as I swept over the prairie some ten miles, in the face of a driving snow-storm, to my noonday appointment, I resolved to preach on the same subject again. I did so, and with much better satisfaction to myself. Twelve miles more of storm, and I was again before a congregation to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; and I am free to say, I had become so full of my theme, it seemed to me that this alone could be my subject; and hence, though changing my text, I discoursed on gospel purity, showing that experimental religion presents itself to the conception of the mind under three clearly-defined ideas, — justification, regeneration, and sanctification. The drift of thought ran on this wise: By justification, in this connection, we mean simply the pardon of sin; and the man who finds this grace stands as fully accepted before the law, through Christ, as though he had never sinned. By regeneration, we mean that radical change of man's moral and spiritual condition which subjects all the faculties and powers of the soul to the control of the Divine Spirit.

The work wrought in the heart by the Spirit includes not only the entire subjugation of the "man of sin," but the introduction of the spiritual reign of Christ. This change is so radical, that it may well be said, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." These states of grace, wrought at the same moment, we ordinarily call conversions; and they are attested to the heart by the witness of the Spirit. If the subject of them shall "go on unto perfection," the Spirit will lead him "into all truth." The justified

person need not backslide in order to have a sense of his need of sanctification. Nay, he must not backslide if he would have either a clear conception of the great blessing, or even a drawing towards it. If he shall be faithful to the grace already received, the Spirit will enlighten him, and lead to the discovery of new fields, as the astronomer rests his calculations on the worlds already discovered when he peers into the unexplored regions beyond. The increase of spiritual illumination will reveal conditions, both as to himself and the economy of grace, of which he had no adequate conception before.

The moral perception, thus quickened by the Spirit, will furnish painful revelations as to himself. He will discover that there linger still some remains of the carnal mind. Pride, the love of the world, selfishness, self-will, and sometimes even anger or other evil passion, will begin to stir in the heart. The revelation will awaken alarm; and often the temptation will follow that he is not a Christian at all, or these motions of sin would not be realized. But there need be no alarm. The evidence of conversion is not wanting; yet there needs to be an additional work to secure entire freedom from sin. This additional work is sanctification. The old carnal nature is not entirely renovated and made pure. Though the tree is cut down, the roots show their remaining vitality by sending up the shoots around the old stump. The "mightier" than the "strong man armed" must come, and pluck up by the roots. When the evil principle is thus plucked out and destroyed, the blessed Christ holds the heart without a rival; the graces of the Spirit now become planted in the garden of the Lord, where neither brier, thorn, or thistle grows.

Do any ask, "Is this perfection?" We answer, Yes: not that absolute perfection which admits of no growth or expansion, for none but the Infinite can know such a perfection; but such a state as casts out sin, the evil principle which has retarded the growth of the soul, and has now planted in the genial soil all the seeds of righteousness. So far from being opposed to growth, such perfection intensifies the agencies of growth. A sanctified soul will grow faster than any other, inasmuch as such

soul is relieved of all hinderance, and also enjoys in richer measure all the conditions and agencies of growth. The sermon closed with an exhortation to "go on unto perfection."

At the close of the service, a good sister referred in very earnest terms to the discourse, and was especially grateful for the ministry of a man who evidently understood so much about the deep things of God. Instantly the thought passed my mind, "Ah, yes! but there must, after all, be a great difference between merely understanding the theory and knowing 'the deep things of God' in the heart." This thought troubled me. It came back again and again, and often resolved itself into the other question: "How can you teach others what you do not know yourself?"

The hasty supper was eaten, and I was away, as I had ten miles to my evening appointment across the prairie. The snow was still falling moderately, but borne on a driving wind, which was rendering the going heavy and the path invisible. As my noble horse headed towards home, my next appointment, he seemed to go with the wind; but, for a time, I seemed scarcely to heed him, as my thoughts were busy. The question came with still increasing force, "How can you preach to others what you do not know yourself?" At length I resolved; and, scarcely stopping to measure the movement, or estimate the consequences, I was on my knees by the side of my cutter, engaged in prayer. My first conscious thought of my surroundings was awakened by the wrestling of my horse as my right hand held him firmly by the lines. Then came the suggestion, "This is a very unpropitious time to settle a matter of this importance. With a fractious horse by the rein, a terrible storm sweeping over the bare prairie, filling the already blind snow-path, you had better defer the matter for the present." My reply was, "It is time this matter were settled, and I propose to settle it now."

"But the snow-path is nearly filled; and you will lose your way, and perish." I still replied, "It is time this matter were settled, and I propose to settle it now." — "But it is getting dark, and your congregation will be waiting for you. You had better go on and fill your appointment, and then attend to

this matter." The Lord helped me to reply again with still greater emphasis, "*It is time this matter were settled; and, God helping, it shall be settled now.*" Instantly the light broke, and I was able "to reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord." Feeling assured I had learned by happy experience the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin, I was found in due time at my appointment, preaching from the text, "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him."

For the Guide.

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D., ON
SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

Some of our readers may remember that our article on Dr. Chalmers's views of Christian holiness, promised a short time since, was lost through the mail. Our valued correspondent, Rev. W. H. Poole, not disposed to be weary in well-doing, has very kindly furnished another on the same subject. Our readers will be richly repaid by the perusal. — EDS.

A muddy metaphysics, combined with the fog and smoke of party strife, has done and is doing much to promote the wordy wars of theological disputants, who, in their mistaken zeal for ourselves and our sect, think it commendable to fight the battles of the Lord with the weapons of the Devil; whereas a calm and thorough examination of their points of difference in the clear sunshine of "perfect love" and gospel truth would show the belligerents that they are much nearer to each other in point of doctrine and experience than they suppose; that they share, much more largely than they are aware of, the same sympathies and feelings in the work of saving souls; and that, as they each press forward to the great central Source of light and life, of purity and power, they do, of necessity, approximate nearer to each other.

It was in a parsonage at —, where a company of Christian friends were enjoying (not wasting) an evening, when, after a conversation on things in general, religious experience engaged the attention of all present. There were several ministers in the company, of different denominations. Each seemed to enjoy the passing hour; and each, in his turn, gave his views and personal experience of the subject of holiness, as a

privilege and a duty of all the Lord's children. One dear brother, the Rev. —, condemned very strongly, but with great kindness and respect, what he called the too frequent use of the words "perfection," "sanctification," "holiness," "purity," &c., as, in his opinion, there was no warrant, either in the Scriptures, or in the example of the great and good, for the use of such terms; and, in his opinion, Methodist ministers were to blame for encouraging people to expect sanctification, perfection, or holiness, in this life. We soon agreed that none of us present would violate the law of love, and that calmly and kindly we would define the terms in question, and proceed to ascertain how often these words and their equivalents occurred in the Holy Scriptures in reference to the children of God and their duty. It soon appeared that the terms sought for were counted by scores, both in the Old and New Testaments. When we had gone round the company until our memory was exhausted, aided by a concordance, we added others to our list. Let the reader introduce the question in the next social gathering, and I venture to say that the company will be ready to say that these terms, with their many equivalents, are at least scriptural.

It next became our duty to produce the example of some of the truly great and good. Knowing that Dr. Chalmers had his mind much exercised on that subject, and very frequently, in his expositions, letters, and written prayers, used those terms, "holiness," "sanctification," "perfection," &c., I assured the company, that, on that subject, the learned Dr. Chalmers was almost a Methodist; that, so far at least as the use of those terms and their equivalents were concerned, it was very evident that he was a firm believer in the doctrine of sanctification, and that this sanctification was subsequent to and distinct from the blessing of justification, or pardon of sin.

The best proof that could be given on that point was the doctor's own words; and, as his works were produced and read, I have reason to know that lasting impressions were made upon the hearers, some of whom belonged to the country and the church of which the Rev. Dr. Chalmers

was one of the brightest stars. Hoping that, as those extracts are read, they may prove a blessing to some weak or undecided one, I send you a few of the many that might be gleaned from his works. Were I to give volume, chapter, and page, for each extract, it would occupy too much room.

He says, "Holiness lies neither in circumcision nor in uncircumcision, neither in eating nor in not eating, but in keeping the commandments of God."

Again: "Holiness is separation; and its essence lies in our being separate from sin and sinners. 'Without holiness, no man can see God.' This is just as much God's truth as that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;' a very alarming consideration, truly, to those who are not seeking after holiness, or who know not where alone it is to be found, even in the fulness of Jesus, through whom it is that we are washed and sanctified, as well as justified."

He says, "I think that holiness is looked upon by some evangelical writers in rather a lame and inadequate point of view. They value it chiefly as an evidence of justifying faith." "Christ came to give us a justifying righteousness; and he came also to make us holy, for the purpose of forming and fitting us for a blessed eternity." "Let holiness be prosecuted as that which constitutes the very element of heaven, and without which we could not breathe in it: then we have the most powerful, direct, and intelligible argument that can be conceived for the acquirement of a character, without which there is no possibility that a man can see God."

Again: "There is one name that takes in the whole of Adam's race: that name is *sinner*. And here is the message from God to every one that bears that name: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' And there is a style of universality in these truths, which warrants the believer to make a personal application of them to himself. If the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, why may not the believer say from *my* sin?"

"St. Paul made Christ his sanctification as well as his righteousness, and reached a habit of holy obedience by doing

what we, in order to obtain holiness, must do after him,—live a life of faith in the Son of God.” He says, “It is only by living up to our privileges that we can live up to the full measure of *Christian perfection*.” “O my God! perfect that which concerns me. May the great elements of my being, my soul, my *sanctification*, my eternity, be enough for me!”

In his journal, Oct 11, 1811, he prays, “O God, refine and elevate and sanctify all my principles.” On the 11th December, he says, “O God! carry on my sanctification by faith; and may the Good Spirit never abandon me!” Again: “Let me look confidently up both for the mercy that *pardons* and the grace that *sanctifies*.” “O God! enable me, from this time forward, to make an entire heart-work of my sanctification.” “Do thou so separate and sanctify me, O God! that I may break loose from all sinful conformity to the world, and be holy as thou art holy.” In a remark on Lev. xiv., he says, “And this is the blood of Christ’s propitiation, first sprinkled upon our souls, that we may be reconciled and have peace, and then the unction of the Holy Spirit, the anointing which remaineth, that we may be regenerated, and go forth on the way of progressive holiness.” Then he prays, “O God! let me share in the whole of this twofold salvation: may I be saved, not by water only, but by water and blood,—the blood to cleanse me from my guilt, the living water to cleanse me from my pollution! Thus may I be *washed* and *sanctified*, as well as justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God.” Again: “Give me a part, O God! in this blood of sprinkling, even the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ; and, oh, may it evidence its twofold property of being at once an atoning and a sanctifying operation,—not only for cleansing me from my guilt, but for the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost!” “Never let me overlook the special application of this purifying water, this water of separation, which separates and sets apart and sanctifies.”

“This fruitful institution (the Passover) tells me of my required sanctification, as well as of my assured justification. O my God! sanctify me wholly, and let not sin any

longer have dominion over me.” “Sift me and try me, O God! and, whatever wicked thing is in me, separate and sanctify me therefrom, that so, entirely renewed and purified, I may be remoulded in thine own image of righteousness and true holiness.”

In his prayer following his remarks on Exod. xxx., he says, “And give me, O Lord! the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Christ came by water as well as blood. Wash me thoroughly from the pollution of sin by the living water, even as thou hast washed me from the guilt of sin in thy blood. Make fast my sanctification with my justification,—these two great blessings, which are linked inseparably together, and form the constituents of salvation in every man who has part or lot therein.”

Again: “O Lord! lest I fail of thy grace, and fall short of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, save me from all cowardice and false shame; and, in the hearing of my children and acquaintances, let my tongue sing aloud of thy mercies and thy righteousness.” “From this moment may we be thine devotedly, and thine wholly!” “O God! may we keep fast by thy covenant, and never forget that the way to heaven is a way of *holiness*! Let us maintain the sacredness of the Christian character, and herewith hold ourselves separate from *all sin* and *all ungodliness*.” “On every action and on every footstep let there be inscribed, ‘Holiness to the Lord.’”

In a letter to a friend, he says, “He, (that is, Christ) is the Captain of your salvation; and I take him as such. I came to him with my heart, such as it is; and I pray that the operation of his Spirit, and the power of his *sanctifying* faith, would make it such as it should be.”

There is a passage of Scripture (John vii. 17) we very often quote, showing the way we are to attain a knowledge of the will of God touching this high state of grace. This verse the Rev. doctor quotes to his friend. He says, “He that will do the will of God, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.” “A will and an ambition to be *perfect*, if firm and consistently proceeded upon, will lead us to the humiliating acknowledgment, that we are helpless and

irrecoverable sinners. It will bring us to the foot of the cross, and lead us to take to Christ as our power and wisdom and *sanctification* and complete redemption." — Vol. i. p. 258.

In a letter to his much-loved sister Jane, dated April 20, 1814, he says, "If you rely on the blood of Christ, you will obtain forgiveness; if you rely on the spirit of Christ, you will obtain *sanctification*; and when the Spirit of adoption is at length given; when you go out and in with filial confidence, and have free access to our heavenly Father,—then the work of obedience is easy and delightful. I feel myself far, very far, from what I conceive on this subject: but let us press forward, my dear Jane; let us support one another; and, in the mean while, let us, in reliance upon the Spirit, and in prayerful dependence on the name of Christ, aim at keeping all his commandments."

Says he again to his sister, "But, in all this care about the progress of *sanctification*, let us not lose hold of Him who is the head of all influence and strength for the work of sanctification. My chief difficulty is to combine a rejoicing dependence upon the Spirit with a personal activity on my part as the result of the Spirit's influence. I can understand how it is that God worketh in me; but I should like such a view of it as to consist with my own diligent working. We may rest assured that the effect of his working in us is, that we work ourselves (Phil. ii. 12, 13). Now, the teaching of the Holy Ghost, which I stand in need of, is to combine the simplicity of faith, and dependence upon the promise of strength, with an actual working or putting-forth of that strength, so as, at one and the same time, to rest and run,—rest upon God, and run in the way of his commandments."

He says, "What a marvellous gospel is that which opens a free portal to the friendship with God to every sinner that will, and into which, if any sinner enters, he will find *purification* as well as peace! May the very God of peace *sanctify* you wholly, and grant, that, by being kept steadfast in the faith, you may be kept steadfast in the whole discipline and obedience of the gospel!"

Again: "Could people see that that salvation is not so much a punishment of sin as a purification from sin itself, they would be less doubtful about the necessity of *sanctification*; for, in this case, to be sanctified were something more than the fruit of being saved. It were to be saved itself; and, in truth, heaven has no other happiness to offer than that which springs from righteousness and goodness and truth. Let us cultivate these, and, instead of looking upon heaven as the reward of them, look upon them as our heaven. They form the commencement of heaven here; and will be perfected hereafter, when we shall behold Him as He is, and so become like unto Him." — Vol. ii. p. 45.

Sunday, May 24, 1812, he says, "I am now preaching on the sacrifice, from Rom. iii. 24, 25; and have to bless God for the near and confident and satisfying views that I obtained this evening of the great remedy. I feel that a firm prospect of heaven is a sanctifying sentiment; and let me never cease to pray for the Spirit to make good my sanctification. O my God! I pray, in the name of that good Saviour whom thou hast revealed, that thou wouldst complete the *sanctification* of my heart."

"June 1. — Spent the forenoon in devotion. Feel the force of God's entreaty and command to believe in Christ. Am elevated by a joyful confidence. Read the promises, and prayed for acceptance through Christ, and general sanctification; not rapturously near, but feel serene and confident. Prayed for knowledge, for growth in grace, for personal holiness, for that *sanctification* which the redeemed undergo."

"June 16. — One of my dedication-days. Dedicated myself to God. Threw myself into the arms of Jesus, to whom I dedicate myself as one of his redeemed, accepting him as my alone Saviour. Felt the power of the prevailing affection give way to the exhilarating thought of my Saviour. I look up to him, and pray, that, through him, I may be able to do all things. Suffered an interruption in seeking a concordance for the passage, 'He that will do the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine.' Thought of Christ as my sacrifice, and tried to bring up my mind to the doctrine of the cross in all its peculiarity. Prayed.

Professed to receive Christ as my propitiation, and made a dedication of myself to him accordingly. Thought of the service which this laid me under to him. Recollected several passages to that effect, and acquiesced in them accordingly. Dedicated myself to the Holy Ghost as my Sanctifier, and prayed for the Spirit to reform and make me a new creature in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"During the whole of this last interval, was much occupied with that affection which has taken so exclusive a hold of me." While thus engaged in what he calls an "*unqualified dedication*" to God and to his service, earnestly praying for the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, an unusual influence rested upon him,—a "prevailing affection," he calls it; such a baptism, doubtless, as filled the heart of the Rev. John Fletcher when he exclaimed, "Lord, stay thy hand!" Chalmers says he prayed "that God would *moderate* and *restrain* that influence." It gave him "much comfort," "great buoyancy of spirit." He felt himself so much under that influence, so overpowered by the "prevailing affection," that he prayed for self-control. Was afraid of being prostrated under its power; and he said, "I pray that God may moderate and restrain it. Give me self-government, and may all these things issue to my good and thy glory!" Afterwards he prayed, "May the fruits of this dedication grow every day, and be more abundant!" "Let it henceforth be my care to lay up treasure in heaven by the perfecting of my holiness." Again: "Let me crucify and resolutely kill those enemies of that holiness without which I cannot see God." Again: "If I enter not on a life of sanctification, and aspire not with practical aim and effect to all its virtues, I have neither part nor lot in that covenant." In speaking of the work of grace wrought within him, he said, "It is a good thing to have had my guilt washed out in the blood of the Lamb."

When speaking of the death of his father, he says, "He was a veteran Christian, who had long walked in the good old way of justification by faith in the righteousness of Christ, and sanctification by the Spirit."

These quotations from the doctor's pen

fully prove that he was a firm believer in the doctrine of sanctification; that, in the use of these terms and their equivalents, he included something more than what he experienced in his conversion long before he wrote these extracts; that he taught, and intended to teach, that sanctification was a blessing subsequent to justification, to be sought for and enjoyed by all believers; that, through the great atonement of Jesus Christ, ample provision was made for the twofold blessing of reconciliation, and then of sanctification,—first, as in our justification, to change our relation, and then, as in sanctification, our nature; that he felt in his own experience the necessity of personal holiness of heart in order to happiness, usefulness, and heaven; that he felt the operations and influences of the Holy Spirit working within him to will and to do, enabling him to present himself a living sacrifice to God; that the way to obtain this sanctification was clearly revealed to the mind of Chalmers, and his "*unqualified dedication*" of self to God and his service is evidence that he saw the path of duty; that he felt it to be his duty to be a witness for Christ to all around him, and was admonished, lest, by *cowardice* or *shame*, he would be involved in loss and final ruin; that he desired, with intense earnestness of soul, to lead others to the all-cleansing blood, and rejoiced that his friends had been found walking in the highway of holiness.

Who is there belonging to the church of a Chalmers that ought to utter a word of reproach against those who delight to make use of the words "*sanctification*," "*holiness*," "*purity*," and "*perfection*"?

BROOKVILLE, CANADA WEST.

THE ONE THING. — We know the need of books, of a winning manner, of wisdom, in the work we have, as teachers, undertaken. We feel the importance of forming tastes, habits, companionships, aright. We understand the use of Christian influences and ordinances. And yet, for ourselves and our scholars, what truth so deep, so vital, as this? — "None but my Saviour."

For the Guide.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION A DISTINCT BLESSING.

REV. J. G. FINGREE.

Being a superannuated member of the Wisconsin Conference of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, and therefore comparatively laid aside from the active work of the ministry, I wish to say a few words to the readers of "The Guide" in reference to my own personal experience upon the subject of holiness.

In the autumn of 1826, I was converted to God at a camp-meeting held in Paris, Me.; and the change was so great, and my evidence so clear, that I have no knowledge of ever being tempted to disbelieve its genuineness. I soon joined the Methodist-Episcopal Church, and strove to live a Christian life; and I can truly say, that, during those years of my early Christian experience, I could not rest a single day without a happy consciousness of divine acceptance.

In October, 1828, I was taken violently ill with the acute rheumatism upon the heart, which soon reduced me very low. For three days, I continued to sink under the pressure of my disease; when it was supposed my dying hour had come. Friends and neighbors stood around my bed, expecting soon to witness the last struggle of dissolving nature. Such was the nature of my disease, that my mind was peculiarly active; more so than it had ever been before, or will probably be again in this life. It seemed that all my thoughts, my words, and even my whole life, passed in review before me with astonishing distinctness. I had, during my sickness, a calm reliance on God; though, up to this time, I had had no special conviction of the necessity of a distinct work of grace upon the heart. It was now apparent to myself, as well as to others, that I must soon die. But the question arose in mind, "Am I fully prepared to change worlds? Oh!" thought I, "heaven is a holy place, God is holy, angels are holy, and I must be holy too in order to enter that happy place." With the aid of the Holy Spirit, I searched my own heart. It is true, I felt no condemnation; but I *did* feel an indescribable lack of something to

qualify me to be a companion of the blessed in glory. The nature of this lack was soon understood. I saw at once just what I needed; viz., the application of the blood of atonement to my heart to cleanse me from the least and last remains of sin. At the same time, I had a vivid sense of the fullness of redemption, and the willingness of Christ to wash and cleanse my soul. Under these circumstances, I almost instinctively offered this brief prayer: "Lord, sanctify my soul." There were connected with this prayer the elements of success; viz., a sense of want, a firm belief that Christ could supply this want, and an appropriate faith that he will and does do the work. Thus I exclaimed, "My sanctification is wrought!" Here language utterly fails to convey an adequate idea of the glory that filled my soul. Perhaps I ought to offer an apology for referring to the remarks I made on this solemn and yet glorious occasion: they were, however, illustrative of a portion of my Christian experience which I shall never forget. For some time, I continued talking personally to those friends weeping around me; delivering to each and all what I supposed to be my dying testimony; encouraging the Christian, and warning the wicked; all the while declaring the fulness which I had experienced, which made me so happy and triumphant. Before I ceased talking, it seemed to me that I could feel the near and still nearer approach of death, which had entirely lost its sting: for now my limbs had become cold and numb, and my eyesight gone; but the intellect was still more vivid, if possible, than before. Having said all I had to say, I exclaimed, "My work is done; I am in no pain at all; I see a bright angel come a little nearer and open the golden gates!" It was with the utmost difficulty that I could finish my sentence; for my breath was gone. At that moment the heart ceased to beat, and a strange tremor passed over me, and all earthly consciousness was entirely suspended. This angel was indescribably glorious. I saw him very plainly, and that, too, while the mind was vigorous, and before my speech had failed. As he came, he opened a narrow pathway from heaven to me, so that I could see distinctly the golden gate, in an upward direction, at the

head of the path. There was nothing earthly in any thing I saw or knew at this time.

My angel conductor said not a word, but beckoned to me to go with him. Instantly we stood upon the bank of a dark, lonesome river. It looked unpleasant, and much to be dreaded. On the opposite side was the same golden gate that I saw at first; and I could hear the sound of heavenly melody, but could not understand a single word. I felt anxious, and wanted to step in and cross over, as others from the earth were constantly doing; but I dared not attempt it, unless my conductor would lead the way. "Oh!" I thought, "if I could only pass over and enter within that golden gate, I should be perfectly happy, and forever safe." But, while in this anxious suspense, my conductor vanished from my sight, and I returned to earthly consciousness, and, as soon as I could speak, exclaimed, "Must I come back to earth?" Being told that I ought to settle into the will of God, whether I lived or died, I replied, "If you were in a prison, and saw a prospect of being let out into such a glorious place, you would want to go."

From that time I began to recover, and now entered upon a new life in my Christian experience. In thinking upon my apparent departure from earth, I could form no idea of the length of time I was with my angel conductor, but was informed by persons present, that, for the space of ten minutes, there was no appearance of life, and that they supposed the happy spirit had winged its way.

As I continued to recover, my mind was strangely exercised in reference to my relations to God, to the Church, and to eternity. It seemed to me that I had *no home* anywhere, and did not really *belong either to heaven or earth*. But while dwelling on the matter in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and in meditation, I was very forcibly impressed with the conviction that it was my duty to preach the gospel to perishing sinners. In due time, I entered upon my work with fear and trembling, and labored with various success twenty-five years in the vineyard of the Lord; and, if one having experienced so much of the power of God's grace has been so unworthy and so inefficient, what must I have been, and how could I have succeeded at all as a minister of Christ,

without the blessing of perfect love? And now, as the brightest *light* in our household has *gone out* in the late removal of one of our number to the shining shore, thereby crushing our earthly hopes, and blasting at once our fondest expectations, the fulness of Christ, and of his power to save to the uttermost, never seemed more glorious, nor the heavenly world more desirable. And the writer can truly say, that as he is, in the providence of God, unable to continue in the active work of the ministry, he is happy, and waiting with true Christian resignation for the return of the angel conductor to bear his redeemed spirit, not only to the river-side, but across its cold and shadowy stream to the unspeakable glories of heaven within the golden gates, to go no more out forever.

EVANSTON, ILL., 1867.

For the Guide.

MEMORIALISTIC NAMES.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

"And he called the name of the place Massah and Meribah." — EXOD. xvii. 7.

How differently does God estimate and call things from what human custom and human blindness would suggest! Names are very expressive when given by the all-searching, all-knowing One. They point to a fact in history, a trait of character, a cherished hope, a grievous sin, a sad calamity, and are intended to admonish, encourage, condole, memorialize, express gratitude, hope, joy, sorrow. Israel, the prince of God, is given for Jacob, the supplanter; Samuel, the asked of God, is given to memorialize the joyful answer of prayer; Ichabod, the inglorious, to commemorate the disasters of the battle at which the ark of God was taken by heathen soldiers; Bochim, the weeping, to mark the spot of Israel's weeping at the reproof of the angel; and thus the principle of historic and suggestive names runs throughout the Bible. It is well if God changes our name from the merely human and natural to one "which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it;" even as Jesus has promised "to write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of

heaven from my God; even my new name" (Rev. ii. 17, and iii. 12). The spirit of adoption entitles us to a new name, as it imparts to us a new nature. But what if it be otherwise? What if our honor be turned to shame, and our goodly name be changed in wrath to one that shall perpetuate the memory of our backslidings and our faithlessness? Remember, God calls things by their proper names; and his naming will stand forever, as the truthful index of our character and history.

"And he called the name of the place Massah and Meribah;" i. e., *temptation* and *strife*. This was God's naming, "because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the Lord, saying, Is the Lord among us, or not?" How different this from the common geographical name, as recorded in verse 1!—"And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the Wilderness of Sin, and pitched in Rephidim,"—"Rephidim,"—that is, the place of spreading couches for rest and refreshment; the place of support, reclining. And such would God, the leader and shepherd of his people, have made even that desert to them, had they been patient, prayerful, trustful, and thankful. His plans were all formed, his foresight perfect, his providence ample and timely,—timely for the ends of discipline, if not for the impatient cravings of selfish appetite; and all would have gone on sweetly and harmoniously had the people been obedient and content. But mark the sad and sudden transformations of sin: "There was no water there for the people to drink. Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of the land of Egypt to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" And this murmuring arose to frenzy, and they were "almost ready to stone" Moses; and they said, "Is the Lord among us, or not?" And thus this Rephidim, this place of resting and refreshment, was called Massah and Meribah,—temptation and strife.

And thus, Christian reader, may not

many of thy halting-places in life be named? Nay, in the record of thy pilgrimage, in God's book, have they not already been so named? He chose thy place of encampment in the desert, barren and parched though it was, for the purpose of showing forth his care and providence, his power and protection, and of making it a Rephidim to thy soul. And withal, in his wisdom, and for thy discipline, "to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no," he himself led thee to a place where there was no water to drink, and for a little season left thee to feel the pain of thirst. He knew thy wants; he remembered that thou wert but dust; and his eye already saw the rock from whence the cool, refreshing stream would flow to thy soul. It was his cloudy pillar which led thee to this very spot, through this very route, toward thy heavenly Canaan, and which here fixed thy temporary abode. In the way of his providence, why didst thou doubt, or murmur and chide with thy leader? Why "cast away thy confidence" on the very first challenge of temptation? Had the word no promise for your case? Had the Saviour never premonished you with the kind words, "These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended"? Had past experience no lessons of faith to help you at this hour? Wherefore, then, didst thou doubt?

And mark the compassion and long-suffering of our God toward these complaining Israelites: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thy hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." But is it not probable that this command to Moses, and this supply of water, would have been given earlier, had the people prayed and given thanks for past mercies, and fully trusted in Jehovah in the patience of faith? And not only would they have found relief earlier, but they would have secured what was of priceless value, far more precious than

water from the rock ; even strength of faith and holy character, victory over temptation, and the gracious ends of a heavenly Father's discipline. But now they indeed did receive, through mercy, the needed water, the supply of the fleshly and perishable good, and their selfish carnality settled down for a time in un murmuring content ; but the spiritual training, and all the moral effect of the occasion, were lost, and the spiritual defeat left them morally weaker and more intractably stubborn than before. Ah ! who can compute the loss to the soul of occasions lost for spiritual discipline ? Every victory which temptation gains over the soul, every failure of the soul to secure the good proposed in our trials, is not only a loss of good which might have been acquired, but a fearful loss from the stock which had been already acquired.

The Israelites had now been nearly three months on their pilgrim route to Canaan, and had travelled not less than a hundred and seventy miles. Besides the miracles and wonders of Egypt, they had daily and nightly witnessed the pillar of cloud and fire ; they had passed the Red Sea on dry ground, and had seen their enemies whelmed in the waters ; they had witnessed the turning of the bitter waters of Marah into sweet and grateful beverage ; they had witnessed, and were yet daily witnessing, the falling from heaven of plentiful supplies of manna ; they had stopped at the wells of Elim, and had refreshed themselves under the grateful shade of its palm-trees ; they had the attested covenant of God, and the indisputable legation of Moses, all as pledges of the never-failing help of Jehovah : and yet in all their principal trials hitherto, in Egypt, at the Red Sea, at Marah, in the Wilderness of Sin, and now at Rephidim, they had rashly murmured against Moses and against God. These defeats of their faith and patience and love and loyalty prepared them for still further and more serious outbreaks, mutinies, and revolts, till at last that generation were excluded Canaan, and wandered and died in the wilderness.

Is there no lesson in all this ? "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." It is by these defeats

that men become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Constant defeat will demoralize any army. Solemn is the admonition of the apostle to the Hebrews : "Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation in the day of temptation in the wilderness" (Heb. iii. 7, 8). The Hebrew of this passage, quoted by the apostle from Ps. xcv. 8, literally reads, "Harden not your hearts as in Meribah, as in the day of Massah," referring directly back to the passage, Exod. xvii. 7 : "And he called the name of the place Massah and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted Jehovah." Memorable day and place, of which two memorialistic names are given, and which have been twice referred to in Holy Scripture in most solemn admonitions. And is there no Massah and Meribah in thy experience, reader, to which memory now points back, while Conscience lifts her appealing voice, and says even now, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in Meribah, as in the day of Massah" ? This fretting against the Lord, this tempting Divine Providence on the occurrence of trials, by saying, in language of doubt and question, "Is the Lord among us, or not ?" — are not these the causes of many of our failures ? Is it not at these unfortunate Massah and Meribah encampments that we have chiefly lost ground in our experience, and have finally resumed our march with an enfeebled faith, a more restless discontent at our lot, and more stubborn insubordination of the will and desires to the appointments of God and the claims of duty ? It is of the nature of any trial of faith that it places the soul in special liability to doubt ; and, at such times, the tendency to fall back upon natural principles is often fearfully increased. No relief is visible. According to all natural laws or known facts, the case appears perilous, if not desperate ; and discontent and murmuring, if not open revolt, and a retrograde march to Egypt, will certainly result, if faith is not sufficiently active and potent to hush the rising murmur, quell the incipient revolt, and calmly rest in patient hope for the unfoldings of the divine will. "For we have

need of patience, that, after we have done the will of God, we might inherit the promises." It is this patience of faith which we so often lack. We are apt to think, that, if we had faith, the work would be done at once, the prayer answered without delay; and we associate active, strong faith with the idea of instant results. But it requires stronger faith than this to wait; and often people "cast away their confidence," and settle back into timidity and doubt under trials, because the answer to prayer does not come directly; and they impute it to a want of faith. But this may not follow. On the contrary, "after ye have done the will of God (think of this), ye have need of patience that ye might inherit the promises." "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

For the Guide.

LIGHT READING.

J. J. CALDWELL.

"The reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God."

The significance which the pious Wesley gives to this specification in his "General Rules," by its classification, is not less apparent, perhaps, than the practical evidences of the inspiration that guided his hand in penning it; and yet a growing tendency seems to have obtained among numbers of the Church to directly or indirectly disregard it.

That such books are read by many professing Christians will scarcely admit of question; but the symmetry of Christian character in such persons certainly does. I refer to that class of literature aptly termed "light," which floods the country in every direction, and which, like a seed of evil, has sprung up near the tree of truth and life, and has sent forth its branches until they have mingled with those of the former, so that many find difficulty in discriminating between their fruits.

Beginning with the lowest order of regularly styled novels, we observe a gradatory series, ascending until we find them skilfully uniting the letter of the word with the spirit

of the world; so that many, mistaking it for the spirit of the word in the letter of the world, are led to partake of the poisonous fruit: the spirit of the world comes in contact with their inflammable natures, and they are drawn back to perdition.

Here we are met by the common argument, that "all high-toned novels inculcate some good, some important moral principles; that the reader imbibes a spirit of refinement and culture; and that those of a high-toned order are always sought," — of course. Our reply is this: When Christ was establishing his kingdom among men, he did not allow the devils whom he cast out to publish his name; nor is he less careful now that his name shall not be promulgated by their agencies, neither his doctrines. He is a jealous God, and would not that his name should in any way be associated with evil, except for its destruction.

Another will take you to a point where these works are so mischievously blended with the word, and ask you to place the separatrix between the light of truth and the darkness of error.

"Ho, traveller! the sun declines. The plain you cross is a wide one, and beasts of prey make the night terrible. Tarry not among the flowers." — "Trouble not thyself, stranger: the sun is high." — "Traveller, the sun nears the horizon; and that road, though flowery, diverges continually from this, and leads to destruction." — "True, stranger, the sun declines: yet it grows no darker; else show me where the light ends, and darkness begins. Away, false fear! there is no night." — "The sun has gone behind a cloud. He says it is only a cloud: it will soon pass off. But the shadows thicken, and night sets in. Alarmed, he seeks to retrace his steps, loses his way, and falls a prey to the beasts of the desert."

Reader of light literature, "high-toned," so called, or otherwise, think not to find an argument in the fact that no one will set the separatrix for you: the night approaches nevertheless. Neither will God receive, nor you presume to offer, such paltry excuse for thy soul in the day of judgment. Resolve, then, nevermore to read such books as do not tend to the knowledge or love of God.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

For the Guide.

REV. B. SABIN.

These graphic recollections, from the pen of one of the honored fathers of Methodism, will be such a rich feast to our readers, that few will be willing to enjoy their morsel alone. Read it, and then ask that friend to read it who imagines that Pentecostal scenes were only designed for apostolic times, or to that unsanctified laborer in our Lord's vineyard who imagines that pride cannot be wholly rooted out of the heart of the believer. We shall hope to hear again from Father Sabin. — EDS.

The Old Pomfret Circuit, New-England Conference, was organized in A.D. 1795, two hundred miles in circumference, supplied by two preachers; became a fruitful spot for Methodism, especially for Methodist preachers. We can tell of thirty raised there, and many of them were competent to fill any office in the Church; but, since the circuit has been divided and subdivided, we cannot tell their number. Providentially I was one of them, — “less than the least of all saints.” In my eighteenth year, I felt consciously called of God to exhort and declare “the unsearchable riches of Christ to a perishing world.” With fear and trembling, I yielded to my conviction of duty; and, after a trial for two years about home, I left my father's house for a more extensive field of usefulness, as Providence might open my way. But, to accomplish my mission, I must have “a tongue of fire,” a fresh “baptism of the Holy Ghost.” For this I attended a camp-meeting in Hebron, Conn., May, 1809, under the direction of our excellent presiding elder, E. Hedding (afterwards Bishop). But when he was on his way to the camp-meeting, in company with a young preacher from an adjoining circuit, they called in Tolland on a Brother Lothrop for refreshments. There they had some profitable conversation upon the subject of Christian experience, holiness of heart; and Brother Lothrop and his pious wife were deeply experienced in the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, and, like Aquila and Priscilla, were able “to teach” an Apollos “the way of the Lord more perfectly.” The young preacher was rather sceptical on the blessed doctrine of holiness, and soon commenced on the good sister for saying in a meeting that she “felt no pride in her heart.” As he had

heard, he said to her, “Sister, have you any pride?” She said, “I do not feel any.” He disliked her speaking in such a way, and did not believe she could be without pride. She then put the question to him, “Brother Hinman, have you pride?” “Oh, yes!” said he; and then to the elder, “Brother, have you any pride?” — “Yes,” said he. She then affectionately admonished them of the inconsistency of being proud, and preachers of a holy gospel, &c.

The camp-meeting was a glorious success, as we find recorded in the life and times of Hedding, on page 184, written by Dr. Clark. It was estimated that not less than five hundred persons were prostrated at one time by the mighty power of God. It was on this wise: In the evening service, a brother of no extraordinary abilities, but zealous and good, addressed the crowd of people from “My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you” (see John xiv. 27). He often gave vent to his feelings by shouting. The sacred flame was spread rapidly through the encampment, and “the people shouted with a great shout, and the noise was heard afar off” for the space of seven hours. Some fell to the earth, and appeared like dead men; some “looked steadfastly up into heaven,” like Stephen in his martyrdom; others, with fixed eyes, danced before the Lord; old men and preachers shaking hands, embracing each other in smiles and tears, shouting the praises of God and the Lamb, while a solemn awe rested down upon the tented grove. We should say, not one in that vast assembly dared move his tongue against the “wonderful work of God.” Convictions, conversions, and sanctifications were many and powerful. The young sceptical preacher cried aloud, saying, “Tell all the Presbyterians that Brother Hinman loves God with all his heart.” Sister Lothrop says to him, “Brother Hinman, have you any pride now?” — “No,” said he: “I have no pride now.”

Our presiding elder Hedding said, “If he could feel as some appeared to feel, he would not mind falling into a mud-puddle.” Blessed be the Lord most high! My poor soul and body was absorbed in the divine glory. I was “baptized again with the Holy Ghost and fire” for the work of Christ

that was before me. I could no longer confer with flesh and blood. I bade them farewell at home ; and, after due examination, I was admitted into Conference, and sent to a good large circuit to "preach Christ, warning every man, teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus," —

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name ;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb !'"

MY MOTHER.

The last days of my good mother were days of perfect love. Her soul was filled with glory. Said she to me, with peculiar emphasis, "Oh, what views I have of glory ! I am going to glory !" There was nothing gloomy about her. Death was a disarmed foe. When she was asked if all was well, "Ah, yes ! I fear not to die : precious is Jesus." In this triumphant frame of mind she left all below. Farewell my mother !

PETER SABIN.

For the Guide.

THE CONSECRATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DROPS OF WATER.

Shadows lay heavily along the horizon of the heart ; and the spirit, surrounded by the mist and darkness of earth, struggled on but slowly. I was nominally a Christian : but the sacrifice was not ever burning ; and though the powers of the soul had been quickened into a new life by the redeeming blood of Jesus, yet they were not fully consecrated. I was not holy. "Be ye holy as I am holy," saith the Lord.

While I was thus groping my way amid the dim uncertainties of my religious life, the Spirit, that "helpeth our infirmities," opened to my vision the "highway," "the way of holiness." The questionings of years, whether it were *my* privilege to walk in this way, fled away ; and I saw it, not, as before, a way of absolute perfectness, but simply one of entire consecration, and a continual looking unto Jesus by faith.

Oh the bitterness of those hours of conviction for the imperfect way in which I had lived ! When, like the children of Israel, I thought of all the way the Lord my God

had brought me, and of my own unbelief and waywardness, I prostrated myself before him, weeping convulsively, and cried, "Unclean, unclean ! — Lord, be merciful unto me !"

How readily I gathered up my little all in one bundle of consecration, and laid it a sacrifice upon God's altar !

It was no mere form with me ; but, in my inmost soul, I made an eternal covenant with the Most High.

I gave myself away in a sense that I was never to act independently again ; but every thing must be done with reference to God's will and pleasure. As the bride gives herself to the bridegroom to seek in all things his good and happiness, so God betrothed me unto himself in righteousness ; and I covenanted forever to seek only his will and glory.

Four days passed, and each day I drew the cords more tightly that bound the sacrifice to the altar, while,

"All tearfully, all fearfully,"

I watched the coming of the dove of peace to whisper the assurance of acceptance.

On the fifth morning, while sitting by the window, looking up into the blue sky, yearning, with all the intensity of soul-hunger, for the smiles of my Beloved, my thoughts were directed to this passage, "I will receive you." Precious word ! It shone out from the page of Holy Writ like stars amid the surrounding darkness.

I remembered that Mrs. Palmer had found it an anchor-hold to her faith in a similar hour ; and, as "there is no respect of persons with God," I dared to believe it the sure word unto me, — even me. I remained sitting by the window (being in a public place of employment), and began to whisper, "Thou dost receive." My faith sought the inspiration thereby imparted ; and I soon ventured to whisper, "Thou dost receive me *now* !"

It was the first conscious and comprehensive act of faith that I ever remember to have exercised. I seemed to concentrate all the power of soul, mind, and body, in that one act, of casting myself, by faith, upon the simple word of God.

Thank God ! it was the key that opened the inner door, and gave me admittance to

the "holy of holies;" it touched the spring that parted the veil, and gave me such audience with the Triune God as only holy souls may know.

I may not describe the hours, yea, the years, of blissful communion that have followed. Human words dilute it, and are all too meagre; and it must remain a sealed book, until, in Heaven's own language, we may repeat the story again and again, and praise Him eternally "that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

MENDON, 1837.

For the Guide.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

So we pray, and and so we have prayed ever since we were old enough to kneel by our mother. We do not swear. It shocks us to hear the open profanity on the ears and in our streets; and perhaps we stop to say, "What makes you swear so?" or, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

But there is another kind of profanity, that is not so shocking to common ears; though who can say it is not to God and angels? The name of God is taken in vain, and smiles of approbation are given, and many are delighted who would be very much shocked with an ordinary oath.

As when unholy lips of those who neither love God nor keep his commandments say, "God bless you, dear!"

As when, in the light, literary trash that floods the land, for the sake of finishing off a sentence beautifully, and giving it a high tone, something is written of "God's beautiful sunshine."

As when in prayer one comes to a stop, and does not know what to say next, and puts in his Maker's name to fill up the gap.

Come down, my soul, and sit in the dust; for that thou, too, hast done the same. Come down, and wait, and wait, and wait; but do not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Scores and scores meet in a thousand places, week after week, year after year, in singing-schools, choir-meetings, and choirs, yes, even in God's house, where singing should be worship, and *practise*, and sing, not in faith, but for making good music;

and there is far less care to know what words are sung than to know good time is kept. Do they realize at all the words they sing? Do they mean what they say? Far from it. Many of them would almost sooner die than place themselves in a position where what they sing should be the earnest language of their hearts.

But they sing, and they sing the name of God; and they make mistakes sometimes, and laugh, and try it over again. They imitate the Spirit, singing with plain-tiveness, tearfulness, solemnly, or with vivacity, as the words may be indicative of penitence, sorrow, or holy joy. But it is not of God or in the Spirit: it is done for *effect*. And so what should be worship, in the house of God and elsewhere, is profanity and sin; for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Oh! come, let us worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Let us come into his presence with singing, but not to take the name of the Lord our God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

For the Guide.

WHISPERINGS IN THE EAR OF A MINISTER.

BY H. S.

Thus saith the Lord, "Cry aloud, and spare not." Who shall cry? Who shall warn this generation? Who shall lift his voice like a trumpet against the prevailing sins, errors, and practices of the present age? Not he who has an eye to the "loaves and fishes;" not he who courts the favor or fears the frown of the multitude; not he who minds earthly things; but thou, O man of God! that hast overcome the world, that desires nothing but God, that fears nothing but to offend him.

Thou that hast been conducted as was Ezekiel by the Spirit, to see, one after another, the abominations of his people Israel; thou who hast seen the hurt of the daughter of his people slightly healed by the daubing with untempered mortar, and the cry of "Peace" when God had not spoken peace, skinning the wound over without the "fruits meet for repentance," leaving it still to rankle and fester beneath; thou who hast seen this "evil and sore disease," and the cause or way by which

many have entered a "waste and howling desert," where they have been variously tempted and tormented, — lift thy voice; yea, lift thy voice. Point out the innumerable devices of Satan by which he perplexes and hinders all the children of God that he fails to destroy, and explain how to rise the higher by the occasion he intends for an overthrow.

Point out the way also whereby the joint testimony of God's Spirit and our own spirit may be distinguished from the delusion of this deceiver and destroyer, and from the presumption of the natural mind, lest the sincere, for want of proper teaching and instruction, fail at all times to pursue an even and steady course in witnessing to "the truth as it is in Jesus," not mistaking the voice of their own imagination for the teachings of the Spirit, and thus run into enthusiasm, or be led to deny in spirit, if not in word, the great privilege of the children of God, and relapse into formalism.

Oh! lift thy voice against that friendship with the world that is enmity against God; a sin so great, that the Holy Ghost addresses those guilty of it as adulterers and adulteresses: oh, yes! point out the dreadful consequences of that friendship or intimacy that causes the abhorrence and dread of sin to abate, preparing the heart for falling an easy prey to strong temptation, and to become partaker of other men's sins; also of being entangled again in the commission of those sins from which they were once made free, and the omission of those duties so necessary for the continuance and increase of the life of God in the soul. Oh! lift thy voice against all sin that takes the heart from or shares it with the true God, either to gratify the flesh, the eye, or the pride of life. O man of God! thou for whom Christ died that thou mightest see, and that light might shine to all that sit in darkness, the Spirit speaketh expressly to thee, lest the blood of any soul be found upon the skirts of thy garments.

"Do the work of an evangelist;" "make full proof of thy ministry:" "so shall the spirit of glory and of Christ rest upon thee," and "the word in thy mouth be a hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." "It shall then be known that thou art a prophet

of the Lord; and, having turned many to righteousness, thou shalt shine as the stars forever and ever."

For the Guide.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

BY W. F. R.

What do I owe to God? I owe him perfect obedience to his law. What a mountain of debt I owe him! But, if I am willing to accept it, Jesus has paid it all.

I think that there are two kinds of debt I owe to God. First, perfect obedience to his law; and, second, the obedience of a pure, loving heart. The first he does not expect me to pay while in the flesh. The second he requires me to pay, not yearly, nor daily, but in one ceaseless, perfect offering. Now, if I am willing, Jesus, who has full power, has paid the first debt, and will infuse into my heart power to pay the second.

But are there no conditions to all this? Yes, the conditions are — as they have often and cannot better be proclaimed — "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." It is as if a poor unfortunate man should come to me, confessing a heavy debt he owes me, and bemoaning his inability to pay, and imploring my mercy. It is as if I should say to the poor man, "Here is my dwelling, my house, the place where mine honor dwelleth: come and live with me, and be my companion; and, so long as you stay, you may consider the debt paid. It is as if the man accepts my offer. He would not go about with me feeling the burden of debt. *Why?* Because he *believes* it is paid. He would not offend me by breaking the rules of my house. *Why not?* Because, having *faith* to *believe* that I had not only released him from the debt, but given him happiness and a home forever, he would *love* me. His might not be a perfect obedience; but it would be the obedience of a perfect loving heart.

Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk, and behave itself poorly.

For the Guide.

BELIEVING, RESTING, ABIDING.

EXPERIENCE OF A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS.

BY H. W. S.

Though not a member of the Methodist Church, I feel that it will magnify the grace of God if I relate, through the pages of this journal, somewhat of the Lord's dealings with my soul, especially in reference to the glorious salvation there is in Jesus from the power and dominion of sin.

My conversion was a very clear and decided one. After long years of legal striving, in which I resorted in vain to every expedient my soul could devise for gaining the favor of God and the forgiveness of all my sins, I was taught to see my own utter helplessness in the matter, and to trust entirely and only to Christ to save me. I believed God's record concerning him. I saw that he had shed his blood for me; and, in his death, I found all that I needed to reconcile me to God. I knew that I was born again; that I was a child of God, and an heir of a glorious inheritance; and never from that time have I doubted this. Never have I had a moment's fear about my acceptance with God, or my present possession of eternal life.

But there was one thing that troubled me. My life as a Christian was not what I knew it ought to be; and it seemed impossible for me to make it so. Not that there was no difference between my old life and this. Many sins had dropped from my grasp when God filled my hands with the free gifts of his love; but, to some extent, sin still had more or less dominion over me, and I felt that I did not come up to the Bible standard. The Christian life contemplated there was a life of victory and triumph: my life was one of failure and defeat. The commands there given to be holy, to be conformed to the image of Christ, to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, seemed almost a mockery to me, so utterly impossible did I find it to attain to any such standard. For I made very earnest efforts after it. I was not satisfied nor happy. Even the continued knowledge through all my failure that God loved me, and that for the sake of his dear Son I was accepted by him, only

added to my burden; for to feel one's self a child, and yet to be unable to act like a child, cannot but be a source of bitter sorrow. At times I went through agonies of conflict, in my efforts to bring about a different state of things. I resolved, I prayed, I wrestled, I strove; I lashed myself up into the belief that all I held most dear in life could continue to be mine, only as I attained to more faithfulness and devotedness of walk. When sickness came upon any one I loved, many were the vows recorded in the depths of my soul, that, if God would but spare their lives, I *would* henceforth serve him with all my heart. But all was in vain, and it seemed even worse than vain. "When I would do good, evil was present with me;" and I could see no hope of deliverance except in death, which, by destroying the "body of sin" to which I was chained, would thus break the yoke of my bondage.

Do I not speak home to the hearts of some as I record this sad and humiliating experience? Are there none of God's children who read these words, who, although knowing the forgiveness of all their sins, are yet forced to go mourning day after day because of their unfaithfulness? God grant that all such may find the same blessed deliverance as has become mine at last!

At times, the belief forced itself upon me that all Christians were not like me; that the lives of some were full of a degree of devotedness and a depth of communion to which I was a stranger; and I wondered what their secret could be. But, supposing it could only consist in their greater watchfulness and earnestness, I knew of no resource but to seek to redouble all my efforts, and to go through the same weary round of conflict and struggle again, only, of course, to meet with the same bitter defeat.

Sometimes the thought occurred to me that the Methodists, in their "blessing of holiness," might, perhaps, have discovered the secret of redeeming love, which would supply my sore need; but my prejudices were too strong for me to care to look into the subject. I thought I knew every thing they did, and far more beside. God, however, who graciously designed to teach me through them, at last made me so wretched

under my life of bondage, that I was ready to welcome relief from any quarter; and he then threw me into the company of a member of the Methodist Church, who confessed that *he* had entered upon a way of holiness wherein he met with neither failure nor defeat, but that he was made more than conqueror through Jesus. I asked him what was his secret; and he replied, "It is simply ceasing from all efforts of my own, and trusting Jesus."—"What," I said, "do you really mean that you have ceased from your own efforts altogether, and that you do *nothing* but trust Jesus? And does he actually and truly make you a conqueror?"—"Yes," he answered: "Jesus does it all. I abandon myself to him. I do not try to live my life myself; but I abide in him, and he lives it for me. He works in me to will and to do of his good pleasure, and I hold my peace." This answer astonished me. I could not understand it. I had never thought of Christ as being *such* a Saviour as I now heard him described to be. I had known, indeed, that he *gave* me life in the first place as a free gift, without I myself being able to do one single thing towards obtaining it, except to believe and to receive. But that he should now *live* my life for me in the same way, without my being able to do any thing except believe and receive here also, surpassed my utmost conceptions. I had learned how to trust him for the forgiveness of my sins; but I had always trusted myself to *conquer* them. I had seen the sad error of legality as regarded my redemption; but I was altogether legal in my thoughts as regarded my daily holy living. I had never dreamed of trusting Christ for that, and I did not know how to do it. So I went to work harder than ever. I tried to dedicate myself over and over to God. I sought to bind my will with chains of adamant, and to present it a holy offering before the Lord. I laid awake whole nights to wrestle in prayer that God would grant me the blessing he had granted this Christian brother. I did every thing, in short, but the one thing needful. I could not believe; I did not trust; and all else was worse than useless. But perhaps not altogether useless: for it taught me very effectually one necessary lesson; and that was,

my own utter and absolute helplessness. I might have known this at first. I *ought* to have known it; for God has plainly revealed it in the Scriptures. He has taught us over and over, in a thousand different ways, that we are nothing, and Christ is all: but this is a lesson we are very slow to learn; and self was strong in me, needing a long and bitter discipline to bring me to the end of it.

At last, however, I saw clearly that I was indeed truly nothing; that I needed Christ just as absolutely and just as entirely, for my daily living, as I had needed him in the first place to give me life. I discovered that I was just as unable to govern my temper or my tongue for five minutes as I had been long ago to convert my soul, and that the entire dedication of myself to God was only possible for me as he himself should bring it about. I found out, in short, the simple truth which I ought to have known long before,—that without Christ, not merely without his help, but without himself apart from him, I could do nothing, absolutely nothing. I saw that all my efforts, instead of helping, had only hindered, the work. In making them, I was "frustrating the grace of God;" "for if righteousness come by the law," if I could come by any such legal works as these, "Christ is dead in vain." And I gave up all my legal strivings at once and forever. Then I began to search the Scriptures to see whether there was any provision in Jesus to meet my need; and I found they were full of this glorious truth. I found that the salvation he had died to procure was declared to be a perfect salvation, and that he was able to save to the very uttermost. But still it seemed as if I could not trust him. I was afraid too. Legality was conquered; but unbelief still remained. Although God had declared him to be a perfect Saviour, sufficient for my daily and hourly needs, I could not believe he would really prove to be so. It seemed too great a trust to repose even in Jesus! But, in his infinite love, he broke down this last remaining barrier also. He revealed himself to me as so worthy of my utmost confidence, that I could not help trusting him. He showed himself to be a perfect and complete and present Saviour; and I abandoned my whole self to his care,

telling him that I was utterly helpless, that I could not feel nor think nor act for one moment as I ought to do, and that he must do it all for me. All! I confessed my own absolute inability to dedicate myself to his service, my powerlessness to submit my will to his; and I cast myself, as it were, headlong into the ocean of his love, to have all these things accomplished in me by his almighty working. I trusted him utterly and entirely. I took him for my Saviour from the daily power of sin, with as naked a faith as I once took him for my Saviour from its guilt. I believed the truth that he was my practical sanctification as well as my justification; and that he not only could save me and would save me, but that he did. Jesus became my present Saviour, and my soul found rest at last; such a rest, that no words can describe it,—rest from all its legal strivings, rest from all its weary conflicts, rest from all its bitter failures. The secret of holiness was revealed to me; and that secret was Jesus,—Jesus, made unto me wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.

And, now, what is my life? With a deep and abiding sense of my own nothingness, I can say that Christ is now my life. "I am dead: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." I have ceased from my own works, and he worketh in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. Each moment, I commit myself to him; and, each moment that I so commit myself, he saves me. When temptation comes, I do not try to conquer it myself; but I at once hand it over to Jesus, saying, "Lord Jesus, save me from this sin. I cannot save myself; but thou canst and wilt, and I trust thee." Then I leave it with him, and he fights for me, while I stand by and hold my peace. And he always comes off conqueror. Either he changes my feelings in the matter entirely, or he causes me to forget all about it, or in some way he gains a victory; and he is the victor, not I. I feel that my life now is truly a life hid with Christ in God. All the past of my Christian course seems comparatively wasted. I was a child of God, it is true; but my growth was stunted, and my stature feeble. Now I have begun to grow. Now there are no limits to the possibilities of my future. I

have entered upon the way of holiness; and my path, even mine, will be, I humbly believe, as the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. The dedication which was before impossible to me has become now the very joy of my heart. I am dedicated, not by what I have given up, but by what I have received. Jesus has entered into my heart, and taken possession there; and, by his mighty power, he is subduing all things unto himself. My life-long struggles after holiness are ended in him. Filled with him, I am filled with righteousness. Abiding in him, the promise is sure that I shall bring forth much fruit. Believing, resting, abiding,—these are my part: he does all the rest.

My heart feels deeply grateful to the Methodists for their upholding of this blessed truth, and for the teaching respecting it that I have received from them. And, in conclusion, I would say to all those who have entered upon this way of holiness, Go on lifting up Jesus; go on presenting him as a perfect and a present Saviour from the power and dominion of sin; and, above all, go on confessing that he not only can save, but that he does to the very uttermost; and God will bless your testimony to thousands, as he has to me.

MILLEVILLE, N. J.

HIGH ATTAINMENTS.

John Fletcher was so devoted, and rose to such high attainments in the heavenly life, that he was often called the seraphic Fletcher. He had an unusual realization of the love of God during all his religious life; yet, as he neared his death, he said he had such a new conception of the truth that "God is love" as he could never find language to express. "God is love, *love*, LOVE;" and he had such an apprehension of his excellence and loveliness, that he cried out that he wanted to be able to shout it to the ends of the earth, and wanted a spirit of praise that should fill the earth. When any one came into the room, he called upon him to praise Him, and kept repeating that God is love, *love*, LOVE. It was enough afterward to sustain and animate him in his suffering, and he fixed upon a sign that should mean that this blessed thought filled

his soul to the uttermost ; and, after he was past speaking, his countenance ever and anon would light up with joy, and he would make the sign.

Payson's last days were spent in this land of Beulah. "Oh," said he, "if I had only known what I know now twenty years ago !"

A lady, in writing to a friend, says, "O my friend ! my heart is so overwhelmed, I can scarcely write. I could repeat a thousand times over, 'Christ is mine ;' and my soul is willing to face death, even in its most dreadful forms, to go to my Redeemer. My dear soul, you know not what you lose by your negligence. Oh ! seek, strive, agonize. Were you to suffer the utmost torture of body and mind, they would be all as nothing to gain one moment of this sweetness."

John Janeway, during the latter part of his life, had remarkable views of Christ. Said he, "Oh, how glorious is the blessed Jesus ! How shall I speak the thousandth part of his praises ? Oh for words to set out a little of that excellency ! but it is inexpressible. Oh, what kindness ! Sure this is a foretaste of heaven ; and, if I were never to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all the torments that men or devils could invent to go through, to enjoy such transcendent bliss as this. The smiles and visits of Christ make a heaven. Oh that you did but see and feel what I do ! O sirs ! worldly pleasures are poor, pitiful things compared with one glimpse of Jesus' love. Oh ! help me to praise him : I have nothing else to do from this time through eternity. Praise, *praise*, PRAISE that infinite, boundless love forever ! Help me, O my friends ! to praise and admire him. All is too little. O ye glorious and mighty angels who are well skilled in his heavenly work of praise ! admire him for ever and ever. O ye redeemed ones ! praise him. Eternity is none too long."

THE WILL OF GOD.

The will of God includes every possible good. He who seeks conformity to the will of God, necessarily seeks whatever is most desirable and best for himself.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MISS MARY L. SMITH.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his: 'tis Death itself there dies."

This, well has one said, is the land of the dying ; yonder, the land of the living.

Mortals cry, as we lay the loved of earth in the tomb, "They are dead !" Angels sing, and loud heaven echoes with their song, "*They live !*" What ! call those dead, who with God's seal, "They are mine," upon their brows, have walked amid earth's pollutions with garments white, overcoming the world through the blood of the Lamb ; who have met the last foe, trampled his power beneath their feet, and, with shouts of victory, gone to be forever with the Lord ? O Grave ! hast thou the power to entomb the spirit by Christ released ?

"Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?"

These are they we miss so much here. But our tears cease to flow : for we know their day has but just commenced ; their sun risen, not set ; theirs not an ended life, but one just begun. Oh, happy they who have thus forever escaped from this land of the dying ! And soon, our conflicts, our toils, ended, we shall join them, not they come to us. Oh, no ! we would not have it thus : we shall go to them.

With such joyous thoughts, memory places oft before us the form of our beloved Mary, an only daughter, possessed in a high degree of an amiableness of disposition, and those adornments of nature which make life lovely. At the age of thirteen, she gave her heart to God her Saviour, and became henceforth an ornament to the Christian religion. Of none, perhaps, could it be more truly said, while for a few years she tarried in the Church militant, "His seal was on thy brow." The first labor of this saved one was to induce her father to erect the family altar ; nor could she be induced to

retire for the night until the desire of her heart was granted. This earnestness characterized her future labors. Love being the motive power, no obstacle thrown in the way of her onward progress was too great to be surmounted; seeking, not like some who have taken upon them the name of a follower of the Lamb, to see how near the pit of perdition they might drive their chariot-wheels, and yet finally be admitted at heaven's gate, but how near heaven she might live here, searching God's word as for hidden treasure to find the *narrow way*. At the age of eighteen, she received Christ, an all-sufficient Saviour; joyful to find the way so beautifully described by the prophet: "A way shall be there, and a highway. It shall be called the way of holiness." From this time, the nobleness of the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith, was exemplified in the life of Mary. Possessed of a reserved and shrinking nature, grace, overcoming the fear of man, glorying in the cross, was the more manifest; and she was permitted to know, even before the spirit burst its house of clay, that her labor was not in vain in the Lord. Hers we know, though but few years were given in which to win souls, is no starless crown.

We love to remember the "enduring," in hours of darkness, "as seeing Him who is invisible;" the triumph in Christ as she went "from strength to strength:" but there is a scene that we always feel was privileged, —

"Beyond the common walks of virtuous life, —
Quite on the verge of heaven."

It is where our loved Mary passed up from the Church below to the Church triumphant above. Heaven has always seemed nearer since with her we went down to the brink of the river, saw her fearless plunge, and caught the echoes of the music on the other side, as the white-robed company welcomed her home.

Her last illness continued but five days, during which she suffered beyond expression, as is usual in diphtheria; but, when permitted a season of comparative ease, her favorite expression was, "My Father's at the helm;" "My Jesus doeth all things well." A few hours before her death, she called a dear aunt to her bedside, and asked her

opinion in regard to her recovery. On being told that she had no evidence in respect to her restoration to health, she replied, "I have no choice." Soon after, being taken violently worse, the physician pronounced her to be dying: but, as soon as she could speak, she exclaimed, with all the earnestness of which she was capable, "Christians, live! Christians, live!" then pointing with her hand, "Oh that hell!" and, with sentences of earnest entreaty and warning, exhorted her friends present to be faithful in the service of Christ.

To her mother, whom she sought to comfort, she said, "Go to Jesus with all your sorrow: he'll help you every time." To her father, for whom she had long prayed, desiring to see him take a decided stand for Christ, "You know the way;" then gave her Bible to her brother of twelve years of age, and held his hand until he promised to meet her in heaven. To her betrothed she said, "We shall soon meet in that better land;" then said to her aunt, "Sing," and joined her in singing several hymns; then requested her to pray, and, when she ceased, broke out in prayer herself. Her countenance now beamed with unearthly radiance; and to those who looked on, and listened to her words, she seemed no longer like an inhabitant of earth. After praying for friends, the neighborhood, her brethren and sisters in Christ, she asked that the place might be made holy ground, and for herself, as her last earthly boon, "perfect victory in death." God was very near, and quickly answered the petition; and she shouted aloud the praises of her Redeemer until her strength was exhausted. Soon after, the Adversary, unwilling that such complete triumph should be here, suggested, "You asked this blessing to be seen of men." She mentioned it to one standing by; who replied, "Mary, that was the Tempter. Put your trust in God." She immediately replied, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

This was seemingly the last conflict; after which she conversed but little, exclaiming, oft in prayer, "Jesus, come a little nearer;" and to those around, "'Tis nothing to die. Jesus is here." After three physicians present had pronounced her nearly gone, she requested her pastor, Rev. William

Birdsall, to sing, and joined him in singing, —

“We’re going home, to die no more.”

But the chariot was waiting; and, lifting up her hands, she exclaimed, “*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;*” and was borne by her heavenly escort to her home above.

We’ve laid the form of our loved one in the tomb; but we know she is not there. By faith we behold her mingling with the blood-washed around the throne. Sometimes we almost apprehend her presence here, and list to hear her softly whisper words of holy triumph as before; and she seems beckoning us upward where friends no more part.

“The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Oh, how wonderful to see
Death and Life in conflict meet!
Life hath won the victory,
Trodden Death beneath his feet.”

And now we know that to the Christian

“There is no death: what seems so is transi-
tion. This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.”

LEROY, MICH.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

BY IRA SMITH.

For the Guide.

Caroline Lee, who passed triumphantly from earth to heaven on the 17th December, 1866, aged nineteen, was converted two years before, in her own home village-church in Odessa; and, as far as circumstances would admit, she was regular in her attendance on all the public and social means of grace, and invariably had something soul-cheering to relate of her experience. She had her own peculiar trials, that some would have thought great; but, through grace, she was enabled to rise above them.

On Sunday evening, as she died on Monday afternoon, she called the family together, and obtained a promise from each, that, if she died, they would give their hearts to

God. After she had succeeded in getting this promise, she told them she was not certain she was going to die, and wanted to know what they would do in case she should recover. After some earnest entreaty, they promised they would seek the Lord.

She then requested, as we had been detained from church that day on account of her sickness, that I would read a chapter, and have a season of prayer. We had a time never to be forgotten. Glory seemed to fill the house. She said her illness had come to bring them to God; that, before her sickness, she asked the Lord that something might be brought to bear upon the family that would cause them to seek the Lord, even though it should be the taking of her away; and she believed it would accomplish it, though she rather thought she would get well to witness it. Since her death, five of the family have consecrated themselves to the service of the Lord, and four are giving glory to God for a present salvation.

The family, after making the promise, retired to rest for the night, with the exception of the mother and myself and wife, who continued to watch over Caroline. Her disease, which was of the throat, gradually progressed, notwithstanding all our care. Between two and three in the morning, we became conscious of the fact that she was dying, though she had no idea of it herself. Her mother went to her, and, placing her hand on her forehead, said, “My dear, don’t you think you are dying?” when she looked her mother in the face with a heavenly smile, and said, “I don’t know, mother: do you think I am?” Her mother answered, “I think I shall have to part with you.” She looked heavenward, and exclaimed, “Glory to Jesus!” The family was then called at her request; and she obtained a repetition of the promise to meet her in heaven: she also sent for her neighbors, and prevailed on many of them to make the same promise.

During the most of the time, there was a sweet, heavenly smile, which, at times, would burst forth in most exultant expressions of joyous triumph. She would often repeat passages of Scripture; such as, “Though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;” “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

death, I will fear no evil ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." To the writer she said, —

"I am now crossing the narrow stream. Oh, how narrow it is !"

I said, "The waters are not deep, are they, Caroline?"

"Oh, no! they are not deep," was the ready reply.

Her mother said, "My dear, your place will soon be vacant here." She replied, —

"It will not be vacant in glory."

To her weeping friends she said, —

"I am crossing over before you ; but I will be looking for you on the other shore."

She spoke of the pleasure it gave her that so many of her friends had promised to meet her in heaven, and hoped that not one of them would fail to keep their promise ; saying, —

"If I had recovered, they might have broken it ; but now I do not believe they will."

She was continually, when not talking to her friends, exulting in triumph ; often repeating, with a heavenly smile on her lips, "Victory, victory, victory !" — at other times, "Glory, glory ! — praise Him, praise Him !" To her aunt she said, "Praise Him !" and to her mother, after having looked heavenward, "You don't see what I do : I see the angels !" We then sang at her request, —

"Bright angels are hovering around ;"

and, though we could not see them, we seemed to feel their presence. To the writer she said, "Tell my class-mates I have gone to heaven ;" and at another time, "Oh the assistance you have rendered me when it was so much needed !" Her mother, coming to her, said, "Poor dear child !" She exclaimed, "Mother, don't call me poor : I am rich."

To her sister Melissas he said, "I want you to promise me that you will take your Bible every afternoon in your closet, as I have done for the last two years, and read it with prayer."

She gradually sank. Her speech failed : but, whenever the door opened, she would look to see who entered ; and, if any one with whom she had not conversed, she at once knew it. At the last stage in her disease, one

of her aunts came in. She recognized her at once, and beckoned for her to come. Taking her by the hand, she endeavored to speak, but could not : she then held her aunt's hand in one of hers, and with the other pointed heavenward. Thus she continued to sink away until Monday afternoon, near two o'clock, when her happy spirit took its flight to the abodes of the blessed. Let us live her life, that we may die her death.

ODESSA.

Editorial.

THE TENTED GROVE.

Camp-meetings, though mainly appointed and sustained by the Methodist denomination, yet the honor of originating them is to be attributed to an earnest Presbyterian minister more than half a century ago. Thousands will, through endless ages, praise the God of all grace that they were ever instituted. Multitudes of redeemed, blood-washed spirits, now before the throne, learned the strains of Paradise while mingling with the saints on earth amid these leafy temples ; and multitudes more now returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy, began the new, eternal strain at the tented grove.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them ; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems in the darkling wood, —
Amid the cooling silence he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. . . . And why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, — thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear."

So sang Bryant, our American poet, many years since ; and to this our hearts respond. God's ancient people by holy appointment, at stated seasons in the year, left their homes, and dwelt in booths, or tabernacles. "Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord." It was thus by divine order that a religious convocation was held amid the forest-trees, and gracious assurances were also given that all their home interests should be divinely guarded during their absence.

Thus would our Lord have his people of the present day set apart seasons for special worship, when they may say to the world and all its cares, "Stay thou here while I go yonder and worship." We would call special attention to the

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING,

referred to in the June number of our Magazine, page 187. We hope that this notice may not fail to attract the attention of the lovers of holiness in every region. A large number of the standard-bearers from near and remote places are expected to be present. It is intended that the banner bearing the inscription,

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD,"

shall there be nobly unfurled in the presence of the people, and kept floating to the breezes of heaven. Oh that thousands may gather around it! Friends of holiness, COME! Let there be a general rallying. Holiness is power. Let it be demonstrated that holiness is the power that brings souls to Jesus. COME, and do not come alone. Bring your friends with you. If they cannot afford to come, suppose you engage in a sort of missionary operation. Sacrifice that which costs you something by way of bringing some cold-hearted professor or unconverted person with you.

Let each one reading these lines resolve that there shall be some manifestation of the self-sacrificing principles of true holiness in connection with this meeting. Let it not be said, "What do ye more than others?" Persons professing to have received the baptism of fire, ought, as opportunity offers, to do more than others.

What different men and women were the one hundred and twenty disciples when they emerged from that upper room, after having been endued with power from on high!

Certainly a camp-meeting largely made up of disciples who profess to have been endued with power from on high ought to be wondrous in results. May every unholy professor who may tread upon the encampment be made holy; and every unconvicted sinner be not only pricked to the heart, but powerfully converted; and every sanctified disciple receive a far deeper baptism of fire! Thus may the national camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness be signalized by the presence of Him who dwelt in the bush; and to this let all the people say Amen and AMEN.

NOTE. — We stop the press to announce that the National Camp-meeting will commence July 17, and

close July 26. The particulars will be announced in "The Christian Advocate" of New York, and "The Home Journal" of Philadelphia, and several other religious papers.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

With this number we enter upon the fifty-second volume of this magazine. How many inquirers after the "old paths" have found their way into the only true path for the Christian, unseen by the vulture's eye, through the teachings of "The Guide to Holiness," since it commenced its heaven-directed course! Could we just now mingle in converse with many, who, during over a quarter of a century past, have gone from earth to swell the new eternal song in heaven, how many would tell us that they were directed into the highway, and aided in their journeyings upward, by the teachings of this precious magazine devoted to the promotion of holiness! We can think of many loved and honored disciples of our Lord now in heaven, who, while here, greatly prized the monthly visits of "The Guide to Holiness." Well do we remember the solicitude of our friend, — Rev. Timothy Merit, — in his endeavors to get "The Guide" before the public. He was, under God, the originator of the design of giving to the religious world a magazine devoted specifically to the work of spreading scriptural holiness over these lands. During the first years of its career, the circulation of "The Guide" was confined to a few hundreds. But "what hath God wrought!"

In regard to the amount of definite interest on the theme of heart-purity, it were not wise to inquire, "Why were the former days better than these?"

Surely these days exceed former days. Inquirers after the highway, and a corresponding call for literature on the subject, rapidly multiply.

Our subscribers now number about thirty thousand; and we do not doubt, but before the commencement of another volume, 1868, we might have a list of sixty thousand, if each subscriber, reading these lines, should prayerfully resolve that he will, with the beginning of this new volume, begin to double his diligence in getting it into the hands of the many who need its teachings.

Revival Miscellany.

UNION M. E. CHURCH-MEETING FOR HOLINESS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

This meeting is held on Thursday evening of each week in the large vestry of the church, and is presided over by the pastor. It is chiefly an experience-meeting, with two or three seasons of prayer, and appropriate hymns of praise. Believers are always urged to avail themselves of the present opportunity to enter into the enjoyment of a full salvation; and those who have been fully cleansed are encouraged to speak of the marvellous works of God. The meeting is usually well attended, and is constantly increasing in interest and power.

One brother spoke of a sermon of Mr. Beecher's which he had been reading, wherein was described the faith which works through fear, and that which works through conscience, and that which works through love; and he blessed God very emphatically, that though he once had fear and a perturbed conscience, yet now he had the faith which works by love and purifies the heart.

A Prussian brother who had been sick for four or five weeks, and absent from the meeting, said, "A year ago, Father Glenn died of the cholera, — died in my arms, praising God. The next night I had an attack of the same disease, and thought I would die; but I said to my heavenly Father, '*I have made so poor a life-record, that I am ashamed to go to heaven*;' and it pleased God to raise me up again. During my recent illness, I thought I might not get well; but I looked back over the past year's labors with great satisfaction and many thanks, and the prospect of going home to Jesus was very sweet and beautiful. But I said to my heavenly Father, '*There is so much to do in this wicked city for poor suffering souls, I would rather live to labor and suffer for Jesus*;' and so it has pleased God to restore me to a measure of health, and this new life and strength I consecrate to his service."

One brother said, "I used to think a great deal about doing the will of God; but, of late, it seems rather that the will of God is done in me. I am active and diligent as ever, and more so; but Christ lives in me, walks in me, speaks through me, possesses me, and glorifies himself in me. *It is all Jesus.*"

When something had been said about Christian attainments lifting us up *unably*, a sister said, "I do not see how our experience of Christ can produce this result. It is the LORD who is magnified. We are nothing. *I have perfect love; yet I cannot boast. It is not my perfect love: it is the perfect love of God shed abroad in my poor heart. Praise his name forever!*"

A minister from the Illinois Conference gave a touching and suggestive experience. When converted at thirteen years of age, though he could not have defined justification or sanctification, he had a distinct and powerful impression of a higher work which he needed, and which it was his privilege to realize. When he left his father's house for his first circuit, on a cold, rainy, disagreeable November morning, he went with his heart warm and glowing in its purpose to offer to the world *a complete salvation*. On one occasion, he heard his senior minister preach an expository sermon on the twenty-third psalm, and was much affected by his comment on the words, "*MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.*" He saw a *fulness* in the gospel which he was resolved to attain. He left the place to go and attend an appointment of his own, some miles distant, that same evening. And as he was riding on his horse across the prairie, just as the sun was setting in the west, his heart and voice cried out, "*Lord! why not now?*" And as he made an instant surrender, and exercised an instant faith, he found an instant salvation. "Just as the sun was going down," he said, "another sun arose with more than noonday splendor, which scattered all my clouds and gladdened all my heavens; and, ever since, I have been testifying and preaching that in Jesus Christ all fulness dwells." This earnest, fervent address and testimony produced a marked effect upon the meeting, and was received with tears and thanksgivings. It is written down here for wider usefulness.

One brother, referring to a discourse which the pastor had delivered on "Growth in Faith," said, "I have grown in faith greatly in the last two years. Two years ago, I came one rainy night to a social meeting; and looking in at the windows, and seeing but few present, I thought, if I went in, I would certainly have to speak or pray, one or the other; and Satan made me such a coward, that I ran off home again. I can remember when it was a great cross to me to come up into these front seats; but now, thank God, I am not afraid. I have grown in faith; I have had an enlargement of the heart. I love Jesus with

all my strength, and expect to fight under his banner with the motto, '*Holiness to the Lord*,' till the end."

A physician who had not been long in this city, and had attained only a limited practice, told how temporal prosperity came to him with consecration to Jesus, and perfect trust in God. He had found the way of faith one of joy, prosperity, and triumph. He was looking to Christ for every thing which he needed, temporal and spiritual; and was confident that his exertions would be crowned with success.

A young lady who had entered into the enjoyment of the blessing of perfect love under circumstances of great interest said, "Oh! this is a beautiful world. My heart is glad and free as a bird's, and I must tell this *wondrous story*. I would tell it anywhere, even though met by ignorance and prejudice. Jesus has so strengthened and cheered my heart! Sunday night, after going to my room, while praying more earnestly than ever before for the blessing of perfect love to be given to me, *even me*, I seemed to lose sight of any form. I threw myself wholly at the Saviour's feet; and, before I was conscious of it, my prayer was turned to a psalm of thanksgiving. I cried out, '*Blessed Jesus! thine, mine! Oh! bless his holy name*. I never thought of sleeping for hours; and, O my dear friends! my soul was, indeed, filled with a flooding baptism of love and peace, — sweet, far sweeter, and more precious, than any thing I had ever dreamed of. God, in his infinite mercy, received me as his *own*; and, oh! I thank him, I praise him, and I consecrate anew all that I have, am, or can be, to his service. Since that precious time, Jesus has not been absent from my heart a single moment. He is dwelling there, making me strong for the work before me. I do not feel my cross or sacrifice. I can never do enough for Jesus. I dare not trust in my own self for a single thought. *Christ Jesus alone can sustain me*. 'All that is within me, praise his holy name.'"

These testimonies may be continued if agreeable to the readers of "The Guide." The work increases. Quite a number are seeking for perfect love, and the spiritual power and influence of the church is enlarged and extended. May it spread over all the land!

ST. LOUIS, April, 1897.

It was a maxim of Euripides, either to keep silent, or to speak something better than silence.

For the Guide.

REVIVAL AT ESPY.

BY M. J. GREENE.

The Lord, who is rich in mercy unto all who call upon him, has visited this little corner of Zion, and has been pleased to manifest his wonder-working power in an astonishing manner: so that there are many in this small community who can testify to the saving power of the blood of Christ.

With humility and gratitude we exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "The bruised reed will he not break, and the smoking flax will he not quench." "He heareth the cry of the humble." Bless his name! Much of fervor and life were wanting here; coldness and deadness, with often heart-burnings and contentions, seemed fast characterizing God's people: yet I believe earnest prayers were put up in secret by souls longing for a revival.

It was during the latter part of the winter that the minister in charge declared that the blood of Christ had freed him from the "law of sin."

Soon after, one of the members, who for forty years had been seeking this blessing of sanctification, felt the light and power of that liberty flow over his soul as he contemplated these words: "Christ has become the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." These seemed the first droppings of the coming shower. Soon after this, Father Colman, an aged servant of God, who has long walked in the good way, came to see us, and began a series of meetings which were powerfully blessed to many souls. A cloud "big with mercies" hung over us; and the drops therefrom fell thicker and faster until they became a heavy shower, one memorable Sabbath afternoon. Father Colman was absent; but another beloved brother was with us, as we gathered for prayer, but few, I think, with any idea of seeking "entire sanctification." One brother chose, as the basis of some remarks, "Isaiah's vision, — the prophet's inability to do the Lord's work, conscious as he was of his uncleanness, his sanctification when touched with the live coal from off the altar, his after-eagerness to obey the call of the Lord;" and, as he talked of these things, there seemed to come "a mighty rushing wind, and it filled the whole house;" so that, when an invitation was given to come forward to the altar, it was crowded at once, as well as the seats around.

Impelled by the weight of feeling in and around me, I knelt in my seat, and carried on

much the following conversation with myself: "Well, you are kneeling here, and others will take it for granted you are seeking this blessing of sanctification. You have always bitterly opposed it. Be honest, and get up: you are acting the hypocrite." — "Yet I know there must be something in this power talked of: I cannot shut my eyes to its effects." — "You have been a church-member for years: your service is cold; you do not feel sure of your acceptance with God." — "Then I want the witness in myself." "Temptations are all around you: your faults are many." — "My Bible bids me believe the blood of Christ can cleanse from these." — "I have been sick nearly all winter, and the fear of death is ever now before my eyes." — "Christ died that death might 'lose its sting.'" — "I want to be pure and holy; I want sustaining grace: but I am afraid to trust myself. This may be but a passing outburst of feeling, and yet it is not feeling merely." I felt helpless then, if never before; and I said to myself, "I cannot disbelieve the word of God; and strong crying and tears will avail nothing. If God's promise is given, you can but test it, and ask for grace to live moment by moment by the faith of the Son of God." In a brief prayer, I thus surrendered myself, and rose from my knees. Feeling was gone; yet it seemed that a strong arm was around me; that *faith* was given, — ecstatic joy I have never felt.

They were telling, on every side, of the "saving power" of Christ's blood. I listened for a while; then told my determination thus to live. The fear of death has never returned. Assurance of my acceptance with the Father through Christ, His Son, is mine. I have wavered a little: but I can now lean heavily upon Jesus; for "their Redeemer is strong." "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

The cloud of glory still hangs over us. Sweet and precious testimonies are given every week; and you will see tear after tear course down the cheek as these souls speak of the wondrous love of Jesus.

Light Street, too, a village three miles back of us, and connected with this charge, is rejoicing in this clearer light. Not a week, I believe, but some soul there claims liberty from this "bondage of sin." I cannot refrain from mentioning one incident connected with this work. A widow lady, having several small children, poor, and dying with consumption, obtained this blessing.

Not a cloud obscures the brightness of her sky. One day her sister came in, and burst into tears as she looked around, and then on the emaciated form before her. "Why do you weep?" said the sick one. "Sister, how can you bear the thought of dying? What will become of these little ones?" — "I fear nothing: the Lord will take care of them," was the triumphant answer.

Pray for this people, children of God, that Satan may not obtain the power over us; for at times he raveth madly.

ESPY, PENN.

Correspondence.

HOW TO BELIEVE.

LETTER TO A MINISTER. — EDITORIAL.

"Whose faith follow."

My brother, allow me to say, "if the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" I know that you greatly desire to exercise a faith founded only and wholly on Bible principles. The Captain of Israel's hosts has placed you over the people; and, the people being admonished to follow the faith of their pastor (Heb. xiii.), you can scarcely expect them to precede you into the holiest. And you will also wish to exercise a faith that may be safely followed, and will not wish to take any other ground than is most plainly pointed out in the divine chart.

Will you not, before laying this letter aside, even now take a step in faith beyond what you have formerly taken? If you cannot take it as well as you would, take it as well as you *can*; remembering that you have a compassionate High Priest who is *touched* with the feeling of your infirmities, and does not look for any merit in you, either of works, prayers, or tears. The preparation of the heart is from him. He wants to have all the praise, so that the top-stone may be "GRACE, GRACE, unto it!" The Lord forbid that you should think more of your demerit than of the infinite merits of your Redeemer and Saviour!

Are you not now presenting all your redeemed powers a living sacrifice to God *through* Christ? Do not permit your mind to linger over the thought that there may be something that you do not know of withheld. God is LOVE. He is not a hard master. He accepts the *intention*, and knows that it is your purpose to lay *all* upon his altar, whether known or unknown. He knows

that you are now giving him all; and, on the *authority* of his word, I tell you he now *receives* ALL. "I WILL receive you." This is his word to you at this moment. Faith is to believe it. What! believe it with a heart destitute of emotion? YES: to the degree that you have feeling, *faith* is not necessary. It is *faith* that glorifies God, not *feeling*. Abraham believed God, and his *faith* was counted to him for *righteousness*. You cannot honor God more than by believing him, irrespective of frames or feeling; and you cannot *dishonor* him more than by distrusting him.

What is faith? Simply taking God at his word. You are now *presenting* yourself through the *blood* of the everlasting covenant. God has given this record of his Son: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, *cleanseth* from *all sin*." Then why not now say "It *cleanseth* ME"?

My heart assures me that you will and do now say it. And now, though separate in body, we will unite in spirit with those blood-washed around the throne, in the new, eternal song, "Unto Him who hath loved us and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory, honor, and dominion for ever and ever." Hasten to tell your people of your *faith* in the all-cleansing blood, that they may *follow your faith*. Tell your fellow-helpers in the ministry, that they may, with you, cast anchor within the veil, and also get their people to follow their faith. The standard being thus reared, the people will flock to it; and who can tell the power of a holy people in bringing the world to Jesus? P.

For the Guide.

POWER OF HOLINESS.

I have been a reader of your precious "Guide to Holiness" for a long time. I love your sentiments, but never knew its value as I do to day. I have, in my feebleness, been trying to preach Jesus for a number of years; and nearly one thousand have been converted under my ministry. I look back over my life in this holy calling, and my soul trembles within me. I reflect; and, oh, how shamefully I have neglected the great duty of 'declaring the whole truth of inspiration! I have neglected to preach *holiness*. Oh, if I had my life to live over again, how much I would devote myself to this blessed theme! I am yet young, so to speak; and, by the grace of God, I hope to redeem a portion of my time. But enough of this. I must tell the story.

I am now in the midst of a glorious revival in the congregation over which I am pastor. The church is agonizing for *holiness* of heart; while sinners are flocking home to God, crowding the anxious seat. The power was not fully made manifest until we acknowledged the sanctifying power, and urged *full* salvation upon our people. Glory to God for the power of "perfect love" and entire consecration! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! I never tasted the fulness of this holy religion until I realized God's "power to save from all sin." I can say, "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD." Let the earth hear, and all the nations bow down and adore. Thank God for the martyr-spirit! May God bless you in the work of spreading the true word of his all-sufficient grace. Go on; tell it to all: "there is power in the gospel to purify and purge from every sin." Glory be to God! May your many readers remember us of the Far West, that the spirit of holiness may become general.

REV. J. V. B. SLACK.

CLARKSVILLE, IO.

PREACHING HOLINESS.

The Rev. Daniel Brown writes, "I succeeded, by dint of hard labor, in introducing 'The Guide' among the members of our church in this place; and it has been as a messenger of God to them.

"For seven months, I tried to preach and live holiness among them; and, when 'The Guide' came, it clinched the nails already driven, and drove others still deeper. The result is a general interest in the doctrines; and three of our sisters have renounced all, consecrated all, believed, received, retain and enjoy the rest in Jesus; and their lives give ample evidence that the mighty work is wrought.

"Oh that the ministry were thoroughly baptized with the Holy Ghost, that, in preaching, this keynote of the gospel might be touched; viz., 'salvation from all sin' now!

"We must do something more than preach about it: we must preach it, having our souls saturated and our hearts steeped in the glorious truth, 'God saves me from all sin now,' that we may encourage believers to claim this privilege in Christ; viz., be as perfect in our nature and sphere as God is in his nature and sphere. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

"PORTAGE CITY."

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

ONE WAY OF FAITH FOR ALL.

A Congregational minister thought, of all the wonders of this wonderful way, the most wonderful thing is the simplicity of the way into its enjoyment. This must be the wonder of angels. For the simple and the learned, the wise and the unwise, God has made one way. It must not go up to the highest, but come down to the lowest. It is, believe, and enter in. When he had tried to sum up all the commandments, this seemed to be the result, that God demanded that he should believe on Him whom he hath sent. "So then," he continued, "I find the door of simple faith will bring me to Jesus." There are two portions of Scripture, spoken at different times by the Lord Jesus Christ, which should make every sad and despondent heart rejoice: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Oh! said a sad and seeking soul, "if Jesus would help me, I could believe." But God goes one step lower than you are. "Oh, but my heart is so hard!" But "I will take away the stony heart," he says. And then you may join these two together, "Him that cometh to me with a stony heart I will in no wise cast out." Jesus said, "Have faith in God; for if ye say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the midst of the sea, it shall be done." "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Blessed be God for that text! it had been a fortress for him a hundred times. By reaching up his hand to grasp the topmost round of privilege, he had the blessing. The government had decreed that every soldier that enlisted at or before a certain time should have an extra hundred dollars. Now the volunteer examines anew his discharge-papers, and finds he comes within the time, and is a hundred dollars richer than yesterday. God waits until we put our-

selves on that immovable platform of "Believe, and ye shall have it;" and he had found when he had asked for a blessing because Jesus had purchased it, and because of Christ alone, — he found that he had ceased from his own works, and God began his.

A brother praised God for a clean heart. He had desired this for two years. He had love every day; but the Holy Ghost gave him purity. Praise God! he will cleanse all the little sins away; and he had purified his soul.

Rev. Brother — said the reason why they had secured a blessing here was because they believed the fountain is open, and all things were then ready. There was much uncertainty in substituting *theorizing for decision*. We should accept the fact, that the fountain was there at their right hand and at their left. It was to them the Pool of Bethesda, the House of Mercy. After God had "finished" all his work, it was ours to plunge in. If they could keep to that point, they would be blessed. Determination was necessary. None have perished who had this perseverance, because the Spirit will lead them on if they will be led. How precious was that passage to his soul, "What things soever ye desire," &c.! Keep that in view, plunge in the fountain, and then you have the blessing.

GIVING GOD THE BENEFIT OF DOUBTS.

Rev. Brother W. thought there was no doubt at all but great difficulties existed in some of their hearts. They were sensible, perhaps, of a great hinderance between them and Christ. None wanted to trifle with them by hiding that fact. "God help you!" he said: we concede your difficulties. But it might as well be said then the difficulty was in their own hearts. He would have the ear and heart of every one when he said God was clear, and Christ was clear, and the Holy Ghost was clear, the Trinity was clear, and the difficulty was with themselves. If they would not put it out of the way; if they would cling to the Babylonish robe, and the wedge of silver or gold; if they would not uncover or disgorge, or get the difficulty out of the way, — they might talk about faith until they dropped into hell. The difficulty was with themselves. Oh that God might help them to stay the wrong! And God help you, dear souls! If there were a doubt, they must give the doubt to God. Give the benefit of the doubt to Jesus.

Suppose a man has the use of tobacco, and has a little doubt about it. Why, he must give up that doubt. Decide for the mastery in the light of that doubt. It is scarcely of any importance what the thing may be; but, if your conscience has taken up a doubtful thing, let your doubts be given to Christ. He was compelled to say there was a withholding. There was something which their families knew of, or their best friends might or might not know of; but they might then be at the bottom of the difficulty, yet they had to give up and surrender all. If you thought you had obtained it without such a complete yielding to God, you would but cheat yourselves, and sing a delusive lullaby to your souls. Oh that God would help all to consecrate themselves, and to come out where they could be sanctified and saved!

A sister took for her motto, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." She was glad Brother N. had spoken, and was reminded of the words of Jesus, "How can ye believe, who receive honor one of another?" She found it was easy to believe when she got upon believing ground; but they needed the power of the Holy Ghost to get there. There were some things which the heart could not give up without the aid of the Holy Ghost. When we come to the point, and say, "I will," the Holy Spirit comes to our help. Oh, blessed be God! it was written all through the word of God, "If you will, I will." It took all there was of us to follow Jesus. She found God just as good as his word when she complied with the conditions.

A brother tried the week before to give in a word of testimony for Christ, but did not get the opportunity. He went to Sing-Sing Camp-meeting last August in the hope of obtaining the blessing, but was not willing to yield all. There was the idol of tobacco, which he was not willing to lay upon the altar, for fear he would break his word, as in this regard he had before broken his promise to his parents. A brother in the Lord said, "Put it on the altar, and God will help you to keep your promise." Just then they sang

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

for the conversion of a sinner; and, while they were singing that, another was converted. And then he thought, "God will bless me if I believe," and he said, "I do believe;" and then God gave him the witness, and he stood upon the rock yet,

and wanted them to pray for him. The greatest difficulty he experienced was to explain this blessing to those who were in darkness.

A brother did not come there often; but he loved Jesus with all the heart. He had all on the altar; and the very first thing he desired, after the baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon him, was that every Christian might have that blessing. He really felt a greater desire for the Church than for the conversion of sinners; for the reason, if the whole Church stood in full salvation, it would convert the world. If every man and woman that professes religion had the power of Jesus, the world could not stand before it.

"Farewell, ye dreams of night!
Jesus is mine,"

was sung.

PECULIAR FOR JESUS.

Sister L. said, You may find difficulties; you may have it said to you that this blessing will bring you into difficulty with some member of your family, and the inquiry suggested, "How can I be so singular and peculiar in view of husband or wife, or son or daughter?" But "he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." She could never forget how, when she was called to walk alone with God, the thought that one friend, one she thought the truest of friends, might oppose, troubled her. But she thought, let every dear friend perish: only give me Jesus. "Let us all take Jesus." If there was a soul there that had been struggling up to that point, do not struggle any longer, but say, "I will yield dear friends and self to God," and then how sweetly he will take possession! She would ask those to rise who would yield through the strength of grace. Let all arise, she continued, who will thus covenant, and sing, —

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone."

To which request a number responded, and the meeting was closed with prayer and the benediction.

Children's Corner.

For the Galde.

"PA MISSED IT."

BY M. A. WARRINER.

One bright morning in June, I was visiting at the house of a friend who professed to love the Saviour. After breakfast, without stopping for prayers, a part of the family began in a great hurry to get ready for a fishing excursion. When about to set out, the father, who had tried to save time by neglecting family prayer, found that he had lost his fish-hook and line. We tried to find it, and the whole family joined in the search; but all in vain. So off they started, hoping to obtain what they wanted somewhere on the way.

When they were fairly out of hearing, I overheard the man's two little daughters talking. The eldest said, "I think pa missed it in not praying this morning; for we spent more time looking for his fish-hook and line than we should if he had prayed; and, if he had prayed, I don't think he would have lost it."

The youngest replied, "Well, I think so too. I believe folks have more trouble when they don't pray than when they do: for, the other day, ma said it was our time for secret prayer; and, after that, I might have my hour for play. So I went into my room, and knelt down; but I didn't pray a word: I was thinking all the time how nice I would dress dolly. And, when I came out, I couldn't find but one of dolly's shoes. I hunted for it till my play-hour was 'most gone, and then I thought how I didn't pray; and I went back, and prayed: then, when I came out, I found the shoe right away. *So that's how I know folks ought to pray first.*"

LORRRAINE, N. Y.

"CAN'T LEAVE THE STORE."

"The Dayton Journal" publishes the following suggestive incident as having occurred in that city.

Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when this dialogue ensued:—

Little Mary.—"Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?"

Mamma.—"Yes, I hope so, my child."

Mary.—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome."

Mamma.—"Oh! I hope your papa will go too."

Mary.—"Oh, no! papa can't go: he 'can't leave the store.'"

Mamma thought she had a good rebuke for papa, as very often, when asked to accompany her to prayer-meetings, his reply is, "*Can't leave the store.*"

Be not content with high resolves: rather be content with even little doings.

BOOK NOTICE

FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS; or, FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORTFOLIO. By the author of the "Way of Holiness," &c. Forty-fifth American Edition. 12mo, 352 pages. Retail price, 75 cts. For sale by Foster, & Palmer, Jun., No. 14, Bible House.

This is a new and improved edition of a work that has been many years before the religious public. If without *faith* it is *impossible* to please God, too much pains cannot be taken by way of enforcing and elucidating the subject. The author, in her preface to this new and last edition, says, "Perhaps our unpretending volume has had a sale beyond what its most sanguine admirers anticipated. We ascribe this, through the blessing of the Almighty, to the simplicity of its teachings. When the humble inquirer is endeavoring to find his way to Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, and through him into the inner sanctuary of the Divine Presence, he has little taste for mere theological hair-splittings or metaphysical discussion. He seeks truth in its most direct and unadorned forms. As the hungry, thirsty man seeks for substantial food and perennial springs rather than mere dainties and costly viands, so doth the soul that truly hungers and thirsts after righteousness long for the direct scriptural advices that may be helpful in leading him to Jesus as a satisfying portion. It is thus, mainly, that we account for the fact that 'FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS' has so steadily and so noiselessly found its way to thousands of earnest, sincere inquirers of near and far-off climes. In sending forth this new and improved edition, we solicit the prayers of all Christians, that multitudes more may apprehend the *simplicity* of faith through its teachings, and thus find their way to Jesus, who saves to the uttermost."

For the Guide.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

(St. Luke, 9 : 57.)

Words and Music by JAMES LAWSON, Elginburg, C. W.

1. I will follow Thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be; Where thou go - est I will

2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea; Thou hast trod this way be -

CHORUS.

follow, Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee. I will follow thee, my Saviour; Thou didst

fore me, And I gladly follow thee.

shed thy blood for me; And though all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

3 Though 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be;
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.
CHORUS.—I will follow, &c.

4 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be;
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.
CHO.—I will follow, &c.

5 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.
CHO.—I will follow, &c.

6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.
CHO.—I will follow, &c.

Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1867.

For the Guide.

HOPE NO LONGER DEFERRED.

EXPERIENCE OF REV. A. M. STEELE.

FROM the very first of my religious awakenings, I had a desire to be holy. This may not, and probably does not, accord with the experience of others: nevertheless, it is my own. I remember, when but a little boy, being in attendance at a camp-meeting where the power of God was evidently manifested; and, as I beheld others falling like dead men under the outpouring of the divine Spirit, I earnestly coveted such a blessing for myself. I longed to have some one converse with me, and lead me as a little child to the Saviour of sinners; one of which I felt I was, even then. But no one spoke a word to me on the subject of my soul's salvation; supposing, doubtless, that I was too young to realize any thing about the truth of God.

I grew up in sin. The family altar, the Sabbath school, the social meetings to which I was often led, the faithful preaching of the Word of God, — none of these saved me from being a very wicked boy. It was my nature to be sinful. I loved to transgress law. So far as I have any recollection of the matter, I went astray as soon as I was born.

When I was about eleven years old, God took my eldest sister, at about thirteen years of age, to himself. She was the first one I ever saw launch out over the dark river: and I am glad she was; for death has seemed much like a kind friend to me ever since. Her triumphant exit fastened the truth in my soul, — "God's children die well."

But after a little, except at intervals, these serious impressions left me; and, at the age of sixteen, I was a hardened and impenitent sinner. One young man, my most intimate associate, went to the State Penitentiary, convicted of high crime; with whom my association had been providentially broken off only a little while before. While he went to prison, God sent me into the mining district of Lake Superior. While there, away from my companions in sin, my conviction of guilt took a deep hold upon my heart. It was a dreadfully bitter cup I drank of, until one night in December, while bowed at my mother's side in the log-cabin of a copper-miner, a flood of joy overwhelmed me. I praised, I shouted, I laughed, I cried aloud for joy. There seemed to be no bottom to the depth of that well which had sprung up within me. My happiness continued for weeks. It did seem to me at times that the angels could know no higher rapture than filled my heart as I sung, —

"But, now I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May."

I had great freedom and great comfort in offering salvation through Christ to all I could meet.

Soon after my conversion, I left home again for school. Here, amid the excitements of earnest study, and an unguarded ambition to be first in my class, religion soon became a secondary matter. And thus it continued until the winter of 1855 and 1856, when, while teaching, and I was feeling the necessity of a better qualification for my responsibilities, Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness" fell into my hands. It

brought me the clearest light I had ever found on the subject that had always, whenever I turned my thoughts towards it, taken so deep a hold upon me. A revival broke out in an adjoining district; and, during its progress, I entered the way of holiness. God saved me; and I was able to declare all that he had done for my poor soul, even before those who did not believe the truth.

But that divine blessing went away. At the time, I did not know how. I desired, above all things, to retain it. But praying nor fasting nor groaning could hold it. *I lacked faith.* After the blessing was gone, I drifted loosely for years; I entered the travelling connection; I took the solemn vows of the sacred office; I was examined especially upon this point by devout and godly men; I studied and prayed and preached: but, if I went either way, it was backwards, from God. None were awakened, none converted, under my labors. I feared I had mistaken my calling. In this state of mind, I attended our district camp-meeting, held near Quincy, where I was laboring in the summer of 1865. My condition at this time really alarmed me. I felt that I was not even in a *justified state*. My convictions for holiness, at the same time, were never so deep, so clear, so distressing; nor did the way ever seem so *dark*, so *concealed*. All I could do was to sit down, and

"Sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I."

The powers of darkness were let loose upon me. In spite of myself, my thoughts, at times, were blasphemous. I felt that I must curse God, and die. But, oh! how could I die with the memory of those blessed days upon me? Oh, to be damned, when once I had been so completely saved! — to go to perdition in holy orders! A good brother, filled with the Holy Ghost, was giving instruction to several inquiring ones just as I entered a tent of prayer. The Spirit signified that his words were for me by applying them at once to my heart. I felt that my hour had come. He told us of the consecration we must make. I understood that perfectly well, nor was I long in bringing all to the altar. Then he

began to speak about *faith*. How many enter not in because of unbelief, even after they have brought their all to the very borders of the promised land! My great struggle was for *faith*. Could I believe God would trust me with that great blessing again? Presently faith came. Oh the blissful assurance! Blessed be God! how my soul mounted up! *how it sunk down too!* When I returned to myself, I found the house swept and garnished. I felt so clean in my heart! The Purifier had passed through me; and he had left it written in the chambers of my full soul, "*I will; be thou clean.*" It is a wonder God saved me; and oh the treachery of this poor doubting soul! I lost the blessing even then, again. I know where I lost it this time. I went home from the camp-ground one night. My wife and little ones were safely in their beds. I never loved them before as I did then. "Now," said the Spirit, "before you sleep, do you tell the companion of your joys what God has done for you on the camp-ground." Oh! how could I have halted at so plain a duty? But I stopped, and said, "You know, Lord, my good wife is not of this way of thinking. She does not believe in this thing at all. Would it not be better for me first to convince her of the *reality* of this state of grace *by my life*? I will confess it in the class-room; I will preach it in the pulpit; I will live it at home, and in a very little while she will acknowledge and embrace it." Just as if I knew better than God! But even then the blessed Spirit bore with me. It revealed my error; but I lost the blessing. Winter came. Revival efforts commenced. I went home from meeting, where God had been blessing the people, one night, and found my companion weeping. I soon learned the cause of her trouble. "O husband!" said she, "how unfaithful to God I am living! Will you pray for me?" We prayed, and the Lord blessed her. She had heard my witness before the congregation, and was deeply convicted for the blessing of holiness. Could I have borne the cross then, and told her all the Lord had done for me, and urged her to a full consecration to God, how blessed would it have been for us both! At the Coldwater Camp-meeting last July,

I had to go over the same ground again. God again set me at liberty and at rest. I cannot ask to have my own way now : God knows best. If the blessed Spirit impresses me with a sense of duty, I must not stop to parley. I am becoming established. Sinners are being converted ; and, bless God ! his dear children are being renewed in love. May it never be that I shall again grieve him by doubting his grace ! *Thus the long-deferred hope of my life is deferred no longer. My sick heart is made well in Jesus.*

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION, AND STUMBLING-BLOCKS THEREIN.

BY REV. H. BANNISTER, D.D.

It is written, "Be ye holy ; for I am holy." Here is an all-embracing command, and a reason for it is appended. The thing or quality commanded is not presented in any shape or measure to be bounded by stated limits or degrees ; but a wholeness, perfectness, perhaps absolute-ness, is implied by the command being enforced from the consideration of the infiniteness of this quality inhering in God. The meaning probably is, "As God has absolute perfection of holiness in his infinite capacity, so be ye correspondingly holy in your finite capacity."

Man is fallen and unholy ; but this command, in this sense of it, is yet upon him with unabated force. Sin has enhanced his finiteness, and crippled his power to be holy ; but the divine provision for his help and restoration is unlimited, and he has but to lay hold of that provision in the whole extent of its application and availability to him, and fulfil this command up to his ability, thus acquired, to obey it. The degree which he may reach in holiness is just that, and no less, which is indicated by an unqualified surrender of the will — this moment, every moment, and forever — to Christ, in all the directions in which, and on all the objects upon which, it now acts, and will act in the future ; including in this surrender a commitment of the soul to the keeping of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with a confidence, a *plerophoria*, or, as it is rendered Heb. x. 22, a *full assurance* of faith, which nothing in

the universe can shake ; a faith that sustains nearness and communion with God, that creates likeness to him, that generates purity and love, — *perfect love*, which casts out fear and distraction concerning all present or prospective affairs, and impels an earnest working and imploring for the good of others. Herein is a consecration complete, daily renewed, with every new acquirement, endowment, privilege, duty, purpose, &c., each moment added and ratified. All things embraced therein are Christ's own sealed property ; and, in return for these, the love he pledges and causes to be realized in constant experience is that from which neither death, life, angels, principalities, powers, things present, things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, can separate the soul thus sanctified and fully saved.

The soul, of its own power, can, of course, drop down from this high state, and will do so, if it slackens its commitment and trust ; but in this state it is perhaps less easy to fall back than it is to advance to higher degrees of growth in grace and holiness, because the soul, with open face "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, is changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." All is peace, harmony, rest. Temptations and trials assail, sometimes fiercely ; but they are viewed in their proper light, — as discipline, tests of fidelity and unfaltering trust, — as intended to give knowledge of hitherto unperceived weak points of character, and to strengthen and fortify them. There is no Christian of high spiritual attainments who is not thankful for such discipline. The brightness of heavenly light in which he lives ordinarily may be dimmed for a season, as a means of proving whether naked, stark, half-blind confidence, with its joys withdrawn, will hold him up. And this experience is salutary. If in his darkness he stumbles slightly, his greatly-quickenened spiritual sight sees the fault at once ; no discouragement ensues ; his faith clings to Jesus ; he plunges in the purple flood, and feels purified of his stain. Every moment he feels the efficacious merit of Christ ; nor can he continue to grow in divine knowledge, love, and power, — continue to realize the length

and breadth and depth and height of the love of Christ,—except by momentary faith and dependence on the great atoning merits. This faith he does exercise, moment by moment; at first with watchful endeavor, till it comes to be an easy, normal habit, and his every breath becomes *normally* that of prayer and praise and rejoicing. This is sanctification, holiness of heart, Christian perfection. This is being “cleansed from all sin,” “from all unrighteousness;” being proportionally holy as God is holy; being “preserved blameless” in “the whole soul, body, and spirit;” being “sanctified wholly;” that is, being entirely devoted to God, and saved from inbred sin.

The propensity, not the power, to sin, is taken away. The probability, not the possibility, of departing from God, is diminished. Free agency remains in the fullest exercise, and, while in this state, in delightfully holy exercises. The power of choice to the contrary is also undiminished; and what with the situation man is in as the consequence or product of sin upon his complex nature, what with frail organization, ignorance, and limitation of all kinds he has to endure, no such perfection—even the loftiest attainable in this world—can be predicated of the holiest Christian, during his militant career, as the race possibly might have had if sin had not infected it. The sanctified soul is beset with disadvantages which make the best of its efforts to appear right and blameless in all things defective; and which render it, however pure in motive and intended action, oftentimes cruelly misunderstood among men.

1. And hence the *stumbling-blocks* among men—alas! among Christian men—on the subject of sanctification. This is one of them,—defects of character; defects from old habits, not yet wholly remedied; defects arising from physical organization, and impossible to remedy; defects from ignorance; defects coming from every possible limitation which hedges in all human beings. Each man is unlike all his fellows. Every man's character, made up of varying impulses, tendencies, &c., occupies an area distinct and different from every other man's. The lines that bound this area of each are usually more or less angular in all; and,

in the disrupted harmony among the broken moral relations of this world, this angularity is, to weak, selfish, pitiable human nature, seriously disturbing. It interferes, indents, jostles. Patience, charity, and justice drop down each to a heavy discount. They mount toward a par value, however, more easily among fellows on the same spiritual plane. But that those professing to be on a higher plane, particularly that of entire sanctification, should show defects of character; that they should be scarcely less perfect than the unfallen Adam,—is to many unaccountable, and damaging to such a profession. This stumbling-block comes from not knowing, through experience, how a soul, all-encumbered with infirmities, may yet enjoy perfect love; may walk with God in holy and triumphant communion; and, at the same time, may bless the hand that often smites it with a wholesome discipline by means of its very infirmities. It has no good of its own: whatever it is or enjoys is of the free, unmerited grace of God. Christ sits enthroned within, and draws to himself all its affections; wins its perfect submission; cleanses every stain; pities and helps every weakness; impels every desire and purpose; expands its spiritual insight; and fills its increasing capacity with added stores of knowledge and love, and the power of his life. And all this consists with defects of daily personal life,—defects, not guilt,—from idiosyncrasy, from ignorance, and from limitations of every kind; and some degree of these defects will possibly attach to it forever. How idle and unworthy to stumble at such a fact!

2. Another infelicity charged upon sanctification is the mysticism of the subject. In what does its mysticism consist? The same that belongs to every word which Christ uttered in relation to his kingdom, and to every act which he performed to establish it; the same that belongs to the doctrines of the Holy Spirit, regeneration, and of divine influence in any degree. How many truths and Scripture doctrines do we admit and rest in which have the same mystical element that is charged against this doctrine! To such an objection little deserves to be said, until it is shown possible how to explain, in words or thoughts

free from mystical conception, Christ's declarations, "Ye must be born again;" "I am the true vine, ye are the branches," &c. There is no esoteric sense in sanctification which does not belong, prior to experience, to the lower stages of Christian life. It is not shut up to an initiated few: it is open to all the world by precious experience to understand and to enjoy.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

WATCHING FOR THE DAWN.

BY F. H. WHEELER.

While this dark vale of tears I tread,
My heart with rapture fills
To watch the gleaming of the dawn
O'er yonder heavenly hills.

The light whose radiance comes to bless
My eager, waiting eyes,
Is from the Sun of Righteousness,
That soon for me shall rise.

And soon the bright, celestial plains
My willing feet shall rove,
To explore the wonders of that world
Where all is joy and love.

I know my dear Redeemer sits
Enthroned in glory there;
And soon — ah! soon — I hope to see
His face so passing fair.

And still I watch and wait below,
Till my Deliverer come:
Then shall I rise, and dwell with him
In that eternal home.

CLEVELAND, 1867.

For the Guide.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

BY CARRIE.

"He maketh the storm a calm."

It was a beautiful summer day. The sun shone brightly, and the deep blue of the sky was unmarked by the slightest cloud. The light breeze scarcely stirred the petals of the flowers as they drooped languidly beneath the fiery rays of the sun. A quiet repose rested over the entire scene.

But, after a while, a small white cloud appeared above the horizon; then another and

another; and soon others pushed up from behind them, and piled up in huge masses of snowy whiteness, like mountain-peaks towering above each other against the deep blue sky. Soon the base of these dazzling peaks grew dark, and a cloud of almost inky darkness overspread the western sky. There was a dead calm for a few moments; not the slightest breeze stirred the leaves of the trees; and the air grew very oppressive. Then the storm burst forth in its fury; the wind rose suddenly, and blew furiously, rushing over the prairie, down into the forest, bending the great trees as if they had been mere weeds; the rain fell in torrents; the clouds were rent by quick-succeeding flashes of lightning; and from every quarter the loud peals of thunder echoed and re-echoed like the roar of countless artillery.

But, at His bidding who rules the universe, the storm-cloud, having performed its mission, rolled away; and no traces were left, save that the air was cooler and fresher, the grass looked greener, and the flowers lifted up their heads, and smiled to the sunshine.

A fit simile it seemed of a young life, which, in the midst of all that makes life lovely and beloved, was darkened by severe affliction. Life had looked very winning. Hope had painted bright pictures of coming days, while the present was made happy by present blessings. But, in the loss of a friend, a darkness that might be felt spread over her moral sky. The eye of faith grew dim, and not one cheering ray of light came to comfort her poor heart. The storm was raging wildly now. But gathering all her strength, and resolving not to let go her confidence, though all earthly things should fail, she lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, thy will be done: I will praise thee even for affliction." It was enough. God saw that the trial was accomplishing its end, and sent his Comforter. The cloud of affliction rolled away, and a heavenly light shone into her soul; and, from the soil watered by so many tears, the beautiful graces, patience, meekness, and submission, sprang up and flourished. Ah! when one has reached that point where he can bless God for trials, the Comforter is not far off. Joy and peace will soon succeed sorrow.

For the Guide.

RELATION OF JUSTIFICATION TO ENTIRE
SANCTIFICATION.

REV. J. G. TINGREE.

It is true that all the doctrines of the Bible are harmoniously connected with each other, thereby forming a perfect chain of divine truth. Perhaps no two doctrines are more intimately connected than those of justification and entire sanctification; and though they are, in and of themselves, distinct Christian attainments, still, so closely related are they, that, to possess a perfect Christian character, one must experience both.

Justification implies the pardon of all actual transgressions, accompanied by the renewal of our nature by the Holy Spirit, by which we become the children of God. One who is thus justified is now free from condemnation, and sustains the same relation to salvation and heaven that a child does before crossing the line of accountability; and therefore, should he die at this stage of Christian experience, he would receive the cleansing power of the blood of atonement precisely upon the same principle as does a child dying in infancy.

The young convert has just entered upon a new spiritual life, and has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. It now becomes necessary to his happiness and salvation for him to fully retain his justified state: less than this will involve him in condemnation, and thereby endanger the salvation of his soul. Hence, to retain it, he must live up to the light he has; using, at the same time, all the means within his reach to obtain light, or a knowledge of duty, as well as strength to perform it. In doing this, he will, as saith the apostle Peter, "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." This knowledge of Christ increases his knowledge of himself; and he now finds that he is beset on every side with trials and temptations of which he had no conception when he first felt the pardoning love of God. The Arch-Enemy of souls, the natural depravity of the heart, and the influence of a wicked world, all combine to lead him astray. This, perhaps, is the most important period in his Christian experience, and one fraught with the most immi-

nent danger. If he fails here, he will fall into condemnation, and perhaps become perplexed and discouraged, and give up his confidence entirely. The world is full of backsliders, who have made shipwreck of their faith and hope at this early period of their Christian experience. Hence ministers of Christ, Christian parents and teachers, should take the utmost care to rightly instruct young converts at this point; but, to do it successfully, they themselves must have drank from the full fountain of God's redeeming love. The young convert, however, *need* not faint here: he may live fully up to the light he has, endeavoring to do every duty in the fear of God, cost what it may. The Word of God, the Holy Spirit, the means of grace, and the dictates of his own enlightened conscience, all combine to help him; and, should he find at any time that he has strayed from the narrow path, he must take no rest till he seeks and obtains pardon and the favor of God.

Thus the young convert, fully retaining his justified state, is thereby brought directly into the way leading to entire sanctification; and he will most assuredly experience it unless he commits actual transgression, and thereby falls under condemnation. He will be convicted for the blessing of holiness just in proportion to the strength of his faith, and his power to rightly apprehend the nature and extent of the inward corruptions of the heart. It is possible he may have a discovery of the remains of only one sin or evil besetment at a time: if so, he can retain his justified state only by gaining victory over that. Then this increased light will enable him to discover another evil propensity, and also the remedy through the atonement, and so on till the last idol is discovered and slain. This is entire sanctification according to the experience of some. To be sure, the process is gradual, requiring some length of time, but, when completed, is just as genuine and satisfactory, and the death of sin just as sure, as any other process.

Again: the young convert, fully retaining his justified state, is led into the higher life a little differently it may be: he may have a clear discovery of *all* the corruptions of his unsanctified nature as in a mo-

ment, and at the same time a clear view of the unbounded provision in the atonement for his entire cleansing. This conviction, though not attended with any condemnation, may be strong and powerful, producing a mighty struggle of soul in prayer for the blessing, until it is received by faith in all its fulness. Now, it makes no difference in what way the justified soul may be led in seeking this great blessing, if the same point is reached, — the soul saved, and God's name glorified.

So intimately connected is justification with entire sanctification, that, if a convert does not soon experience the higher state of grace, there is a cause. It may be for the want of light and knowledge upon the subject. All his religious instructions have been in the opposite direction: hence, notwithstanding his progress in holiness may have been very slow, still it is possible that he may have lived many years after his conversion without experiencing sanctification, and at the same time lived up to the light he has had, thereby retaining his justified state. But such experiences are not very common. It is quite generally the case, that, if the convert continues to live many years without receiving full salvation, it is not for the want of light and the proper means of grace, but because he has failed to do his duty, and has thereby committed actual sin, and fallen into condemnation. Under these circumstances, he sometimes feels alarmed for his own safety, arouses from his lethargic state, seeks and obtains the favor of God, but makes a sad mistake in thinking he has experienced entire sanctification; when the truth is, he was only restored from a backslidden state to that of justification. This truth soon manifests itself; for, not having received the gift of power and the depth of Christian experience which sanctification furnishes, he soon begins to vacillate, it may be, and in a short time finds himself just where he was before, — sinning and repenting, now forgiven and happy, and then in darkness and condemnation.

I would not discourage the true seeker of holiness; but I would point out the real sources of danger, and urge him to seek it, in accordance with divine direction, with the assurance of success. Self-examination,

searching the Scriptures, and fervent prayer, are essential in order to know his true moral condition. If, upon examination, he finds he has wandered away from God, has neglected known duties, and feels restless and condemned, his first duty is to seek pardon through Christ, that he may be restored from a backslidden state to the divine favor; and this he must do, or perish. While, on the other hand, if he is conscious of having tried to be faithful to the grace given, and to do his duty, though with meekness and much trembling, and at the same time, with the increased light shining into his soul, he has a clear discovery of one or all the immoral corruptions of his nature, together with some just apprehension of the full provisions of the atonement for his cleansing, he may be assured that entire sanctification is the blessing for which he seeks; and he should not give over the struggle, till, by faith, he receives it in all its fulness.

Here a question arises of great practical importance. The convert having obtained the blessing of perfect love, is it not possible for him to recede from it, and fall back upon a justified state merely? This is impossible, from the plain fact that the Scriptures make no provision for any retrograde movement in Christian experience, without producing guilt and condemnation; both of which being incompatible with a justified state, hence he falls below it, thereby endangering the salvation of his soul. His only safety is continued advancement; and this high attainment in holiness enables him to grow in grace more rapidly than ever before, accompanied with a corresponding increase of power with God and man. But both the Scriptures and observation teach us that even a sanctified Christian is safe only as he continues his connection with Christ by a living, active faith; thus enabling him to bear the fruits of the Spirit. The first pair fell, though perfectly free from inward corruption, the infirmities of human nature, and sinful influences: how much more liable, apparently, are we to fall from our own steadfastness, considering the circumstances under which we are placed, having so many adverse things to contend with! But, amidst all the trials and confusion of earth, we hear the voice of our

blessed Saviour saying unto us, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" which enables us to bear every necessary ill, do every duty, and to walk in the light of God's countenance continually, until the great mission of life is accomplished, and we are received into the light and glory of the celestial city, to go no more out forever.

EVANSTON, ILL., March 6, 1867.

REV. JOSEPH BENSON'S EXPERIENCE OF HOLINESS.

Rev. J. Benson says, "I could do nothing but pray that I might be *holy* even as he is holy. Every thing else appeared to be so insignificant as not to deserve a thought. Oh, how I long to speak of nothing else! . . . My soul was, as it were, *let into God*, and satiated with his goodness. He so strengthened my faith as to perfectly banish all my *doubts and fears*, and did devote my *soul and body and health and strength* to his glory and service. . . . Oh, *what a change hath God wrought in me!* Glory be to God! I am indeed put in possession of a *new nature*. . . . Over and over again, with infinite sweetness, did I dedicate myself to God."

For the Guide.

SAILING ON THE SEA OF LOVE.

H. A. GRETZENBERG.

I comply with your request for a statement of my experience since the time I gave my wandering over, and returned to my Father's house, where I had previously, during my childhood and youth, spent many happy years.

At the moment of my return, when counting the cost, I saw at once that I dare not attempt such a life of inconsistency as the great majority of professors live, — grasping with one hand the world, and with the other heaven, keeping at a distance from their Saviour. I had, indeed, fled for refuge to the hope set before me in the gospel; and the Spirit of the Lord, and his good providence, graciously assisted me to lay aside every weight, and to take at once a position from which I had a fair start to run the race set before me. Beseeching our heavenly Parent earnestly to

direct me in all my ways, and to establish me in grace, he, in his infinite goodness, took me unexpectedly away from my old friends and associates for a season, and sent me to a little country town, where the first man who extended his hand and opened his house to me was the minister of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. That good man of God gave me a copy of the Discipline of his denomination; and, when reading therein of the doctrines of holiness for the first time in my life, it flashed like lightning through my mind that this doctrine was the very thing which would, by the grace of God, keep me in the narrow way. My mind was stored with prejudices against the people called Methodists: but I conferred not with flesh and blood; and when the brother above mentioned stood in the sanctuary, on the first day of 1866, calling for such as would be willing to come out that day on the Lord's side, I did cast in my lot with them that have been raised for the special purpose of spreading scriptural holiness over these lands and over the world. Shortly after returning to St. Louis, I had, for the two years following, to pass through a course of discipline which prepared me for higher attainments in the divine life. How do I now bless God for the guidance of his Holy Spirit, for his grace helping me to count all things loss for the excellency of our Lord Jesus Christ; helping me not to aim at anything on earth, great as the inducements were, but to keep my eyes steadily fixed on the immortal crown, and to press with vigor on towards the mark of our high calling!

My eye being single, my whole body was full of light. I never lost the witness of the spirit of adoption for a single moment during these two years: the severest trials could never rob me of the comforting consciousness, "that all things must work together for good to them that love God." Patience had her perfect work; and with joy I beheld the unmistakable evidence of a constant growth in grace and in the knowledge of God,

But, the more light I received, the clearer did I see the remaining corruption of my heart, and learned to understand the twofold nature of sin, — the guilt of past sins, which is washed away at the moment of

justification ; and the pollution of sin, which still remains within after that act of pardon. A general consecration I had made at the very beginning ; but as my longings after holiness became more intense, and the pearl of great price was placed as a more distinct object before my inward eye, I saw that something more in that direction was to be done. I made out a new covenant with God, wrote it on paper, put my signature to it, and repeated the same every morning and every evening, with many tears, before Him who searches our hearts and tries our reins. This step proved to be a great help to me ; because I had occasion to humble myself before God daily, in a more comprehensive manner than I ever did before.

Entire sanctification is obtained and retained when our spiritual life is entirely regulated by an harmonious working together of the two principles, — entire consecration and entire perfect faith. The first I comprehended fully at this period : not so the second. If I could have attained by prayers or tears or works, I would have been in the possession of the coveted object long ago ; but the whole process of discipline to which I had to submit since only prepared me for the exercise of the other principle, — faith.

Oh, how did my soul pant, at this state of my experience, for that holiness, without which not only no man shall see God, but in which, he has promised us, we shall be able to walk all the days of our life before him ! Restlessly seeking for Him who alone could satisfy my longings, I could repeat every day the words of the poet, —

“ My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.”

Wherever I turned my eyes, I saw motives to holiness. It seemed to me as if the whole universe of God, and all his creatures, — with the exception of fallen men, — constituted but one great argument in favor of holiness. Whether I listened to the singing of the birds, or to the whisperings of the breezes ; to the thunder-storm, or the murmuring of the springs ; looking

up to the beauties of the starry sky, or looking down upon the flowers that grow by the wayside, — they all spoke to me the same language ; they all preached the doctrine of holiness.

Far it was from me to deny the great things the Lord had done for me ; but, at the same time I could rejoice in what I had, I felt a mighty void within, which nothing but himself could fill.

This being the condition of my mind when Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, having accepted our invitation, arrived at St. Louis, they came indeed as angels sent down from heaven, not only helping us to bring our friends to Jesus, but also to point out the highway of holiness to many who were standing on promised ground, already casting wistful looks over to the other side of Jordan, desirous to walk in the land where all the fruits of paradise in endless plenty grow. My soul greatly delighted in the protracted services which were held at our church. Pledging ourselves every night to bring one more to the house of God, and to pray for that one, the Lord, in his goodness, gave me one soul every night ; and so I had joy with a reason for it, — the joy with which angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Kneeling and praying with those I invited to the altar, I, at the same time, pleaded my own cause, crying, —

“ O my God ! thyself reveal ;
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God ! ”

At last, the day of deliverance from all my enemies came.

The 7th of January is a day which will be memorable forever, not only while time lasts, but through all eternity. At the close of the evening service of that day, Mrs. Palmer was kind enough to take notice of me, asking me if I enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I answered in the negative, and commenced telling a long story about the struggles and conflicts through which I had passed ; when the good sister interrupted me, asking the question, “ Do you believe that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from from all sin ? ” I hesitated

a moment : but then I saw, by the eye of faith, the Lord standing near, saying, "Behold, it is I; fear not:" and, the Spirit helping my infirmities, I broke out in the words, "Yes, I do believe; glory be to Jesus!" With the heart men believe, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Though the Tempter was immediately at hand, suggesting that I deceived myself, because Mr. Wesley says "the change is far more glorious (in manifestations the Enemy added) than the one wrought in justification," he could gain no advantage, because I received the clear witness that the grace was given me at the same time; and I went my way home rejoicing, giving glory to God.

Two months have passed since a new world of light broke in upon my vision. I have lived more, and in a higher sense of the word, during this space of time, than in any twelve months previous. In regard to my experience, I take the liberty to copy from my journal:—

"Jan. 9. — Glory be to God that there is a rest remaining for the people of God even here on earth! I have ceased from all my own works, living in the enjoyment of the comforting consciousness that all my enemies are cast out; and, as often as the Devil comes, he hath nothing in me. How easy is such a life, where there is no more war with inward corruptions! I had great fear that I should not be able to keep the blessing; but I find that the blessing keeps me, or, rather, that Jesus keeps his own. My days are all sabbaths now: I am sailing on an ocean of love, from time into eternity. All this is quite natural (if I dare use this word here): for I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and Christ is God, and God is love.

"Jan. 21. — 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' My desires increase every day to tell to sinners around what a dear Saviour I have found. O foolish men! who labor for that which satisfieth not, while their souls perish for thirst. They pay no attention to the voice of their Creator, saying, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' With

tearful eyes I look around, and my heart is exceedingly pained when I see in what state the majority of professors live. God have mercy on them! How many will receive the awful sentence, 'Depart from me: I never knew you.' 'Ye are the light of the world.' But are not those exceptions who let their light shine? Do not the greater part hide their light, so that, outside of the Church, you may not be able to find out whether they are Christians or not? The Lord save me from formality and hypocrisy! Here are my hands, my heart, my all: keep me thine forever; and may my love for thee, pure, warm, and changeless, be a living fire!

"Jan. 30. — How mistaken are they who believe that persons greatly advanced in religious life are less afflicted and tried than those, who, introduced by their Saviour, have just begun to run the heavenly race! The just shall live by faith; and, as a life based on a principle which had no existence within us while we lived children of this world is in direct opposition to the natural life, there is no other way possible in which to obtain strength, spiritually, than by the trial of our faith. I praise God that I can thank him with all my heart for every trial he sends me. Oh, may they educate my faith into an intelligent, appropriating faith, which will lay hold on all the promises of God!

"Feb. 2. — Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all! 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' is my cry by day and by night. What can I render unto him for such great grace given unto me, — even me, — the least of all the saints? I now realize the promise, 'We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' How sweet and intimate is our communion day by day! I am permitted to talk with Jesus as with a friend; and to every prayer I receive an answer. How insignificant have the things of this world become, which are temporal, and perish in the using! The things invisible but eternal have become realities: in them I have my being. On earth I live; but my conversation is in heaven: God is now in all my thoughts.

"Feb. 23. — My spiritual life, during the last six weeks, has been one continuous

contest; but, throughout, I have felt the transforming influence of the Spirit of the Lord: my soul is quickened into higher and higher life. I have been so well instructed to live by faith, — by faith alone, — that I feel my strength growing daily. Securely I stand on the Rock of Ages: I almost feel as if I had become a part of the Rock; and am persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

“March 1. — Truly I now pray without ceasing; in every thing give thanks, and rejoice evermore; and songs of praises will I sing forever. How full of glory and immortality is the heavenly light that now illuminates my soul! Before, I was partaker of the divine nature: but now my soul is thrilled with divine life; my heart is in sympathy with Jesus’ heart, and much burdened with souls. I have no desire but to spend, and be spent, for the good of humanity and the glory of God. Oh that all the people would pray to the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into the harvest! while I continually cry, ‘Lord, if thou canst not find better men, send me.’

“March 7 — If the word of God is true, then there are certainly no bounds to the communications of the spirit and grace of God to the faithful soul. But where are the faithful souls? If they were anywhere, the Spirit would find them out; and the result would be more Luthers and Wesleys, and the speedy conversion of the world. Jesus says, ‘He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works shall he do.’ It stands written, and is past due; but who claims such exceeding great and precious promises as this? Lord, let me ever be faithful to the grace given. Help me to receive all thou hast in store for me. It seems to me now but a small thing to be saved from all sin. I now desire to be filled with all the fulness of God. To-day my future is all radiant with glory: by faith I see the crown, and I will sit with Jesus on his throne. Glory to the Lamb!”

“Jesus reigns; he reigns victorious
Over heaven and earth most glorious.
Jesus reigns!”

For the Guide.

FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Why do we desire to be holy? That we may better serve the Master, and win souls to his service? or do we seek holiness simply for the happiness it brings? The one desire springs from love to God, the other from selfishness. If we seek to be holy because it is God’s will, then we shall desire to bear fruit unto holiness. “By their fruit ye shall know them.” It has been said, “The Church is the wicked man’s Bible.” Certainly they read the lives of Christians more than they do the “word of God.”

Then, if our “eye be single,” we shall pray that we may bear much fruit.

What are the fruits of a sanctified nature? “Love,” — perfect love. The heart filled with love cannot find room for censoriousness, uncharitableness, evil-speaking. “To love the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves,” — this is the perfect rule. If all were governed by it, the iron hand of oppression, the death chill of poverty, and the cruel sting of slander, would be unknown. “Joy;” “The joy of the Lord is your strength.” Christians not only have a right to be happy; but it is their duty. Long, sour faces are not a fit index for the heart filled with the *joy of the Lord*. Let the cheerful, smiling face be the heart’s mirror, and our souls receive the strength that the “joy of the Lord” can give. “Peace;” “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.” How these blessed words of our adorable Saviour thrill the souls of those who know this “peace”! Amid the whirl and jostle and confusion of this busy world, it nestles, dove-like, into the soul, and fills it with unutterable sweetness. “Long-suffering;” although our hearts are filled with joy and love, “suffering” may be our mission. It is not so easy a lesson to learn; yet, by long-suffering, we may bear witness that Christ reigns in our hearts. “Gentleness;” “Goodness;” “Let not your good be evil spoken of;” “Whatsoever things are pure, lovely,” &c. The fruits of the Spirit make the life more lovely, more to be admired. By rashly following *impulse* instead of the “Word,” many have brought reproach upon themselves and the cause of Christ needlessly.

We are *commanded* to observe "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." "Faith," — the key to the treasures of *infinite love*, the power that moves the mountains of unbelief and sin.

By it we walk through the darkness and tempest, knowing that our Father will do all things well. We *obey* God when we come to know his will, without questioning the wisdom or the goodness which appoints the sharp and thorny way. "Meekness and temperance : against such there is no law." The beautiful crowning grace, "charity," which "thinketh no evil."

These are some of the fruits of a heart "where Jesus reigns alone." He has said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Then, if we would be *entirely the Lord's*, let us remember the command, "Having your fruit unto holiness, and *the end everlasting life*."

For the Guide.

THE UNSEEN LINE.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path, —
That hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die, —
To die as if by stealth :
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or fade the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay :
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And can be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a MARK,
Unseen by man ; for man, as yet,
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
Like Eden may have bloomed :
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He thinks he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed :

He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

Oh ! where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
Whoever goes is LOST ?

How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end ? and where begin
The confines of despair ?

An answer from the skies is sent :
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, REPEY,
And harden not your heart."

For the Guide.

JESUS OUR STRENGTH.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Not amid the sunshine of life were these words, courageous and confident as they are, uttered ; not at a time when the trials and difficulties, temptations and afflictions, incident to the Christian's path, were hidden from view. Not from that stand-point which presents the *all things* in a light or agreeable aspect. Oh, no ! it was the language of one fully acquainted with the strongest depth of its meaning ; who knew how to be abased, and how to abound ; *everywhere and in all things instruct'ed*, both to be full and to be hungry, to abound, and to suffer need ; — one who counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus ; who was pressing toward the *mark* for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus ; whose aim was to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, even love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance ; — one who conferred not with flesh and blood when God had revealed his Son in him, but, undaunted, preached Christ among the Gentiles.

It was the language of one who for Christ's sake was beaten, stoned, suffered shipwreck ; in journeyings often ; in perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, of heathen ; perils in the wilderness, in the sea, among

false brethren ; in weariness, painfulness, in watchings often ; in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold, in nakedness.

They were uttered by one upon whom devolved the care of all the churches ; who aimed to give no offence in any thing, but to approve himself as a minister of God in much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings ; by pureness, knowledge, long-suffering, kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as one dead to the world, and his life hid with Christ in God. Yea, this is the one who has revealed to the world wherein his great strength lieth, in those remarkable words, " Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors *through Him* who hath loved us ;" and again, "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*" Ah ! he boasted no native strength. Tempted disciple, has your heart never felt a throb of sympathy for the tempted apostle, as you have read of his threefold pleading for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, the enemy of Satan who buffeted him ? and hath not comfort flowed into your soul at the gracious answer to his prayer, " My strength shall be made perfect in weakness, my grace is sufficient for you " ? " I can, through Christ, do all things," is not, then, the language of a self-confident man, but of one fully sensible of his own weakness, and of the strength of his spiritual foes, but withal reposing in Christ, glorying in the superior power of the Captain of his salvation, testing the sufficiency of his grace. Courage, weak and tempted soul : Paul's Saviour is your Saviour ; his fountain of purity and strength is yours also. How precious to adopt this word as the language of our hearts, and the motto of our life ! Living faith like this will raise the soul, and inspire the heart with Christian courage.

" What though a *thousand* hosts engage,
A *thousand* worlds, my soul to shake :
I have a shield to quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back.
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb :
I dare believe in Jesus' name."

For the Guide.

COVETOUSNESS.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

Covetousness is not only a prevailing sin of the age, but of the churches. We are accustomed to define this term as applying to *hoarding* ; to that miserliness which loves money for its own sake, and amasses it for very love of the glittering treasure. But this is not the covetousness of Scripture. Translators of the original texts assure us there are three distinct meanings to the words *covetous* and *covetousness*, and *three only*. The covetousness which refers to the miser is nowhere in the Scripture, and can be found only in the Apocryphal writings. The first rendering is " a man greedy of gain ;" next, " one who always desires to have more ;" and the last, " a lover of money." Other sins which are described in the same catalogue with this are so appalling, that we instinctively shrink from them, and affirm strongly that they are incompatible with the Christian character ; but this, so general, so universal, in its application, is allowed to pass as applied only to the miser in the strong sense of that term. But this is not the intent of the Holy Ghost.

The Old-Testament record down to New-Testament times, from Balaam to Judas, presents a panorama of guilt and crime, the legitimate offspring of this sin, so appalling, so fearful, that the heart revolts as each changing scene depicts the duplicity and death. Some of the blackest crimes upon record are traceable to this single cause ; not miserly love of gain, but a simple love of money. Need we cite them ? The history of Balaam, Achan, Gehazi, the long line of Israel's unjust judges and lying prophets, were living commentaries on the awfulness of this lust. Our Saviour, while upon earth, met and confronted it at almost every step. It was everywhere around him, throwing obstacles in his pathway, and keeping the masses from him. The terms of discipleship so struck a fatal blow at avarice, cupidity, and the love of gain, that but few followed him. When it was understood that his kingdom was not of this world, then many walked no more with him. When he cried, " Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath,

he cannot be my disciple," then many returned to the world again. The rich young man went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions. The ungodly traders in the temple were practical lovers of money; and Jesus drove them out, as unworthy a place among the people of God.

But it must display its hideousness, making its own features more frightful and its character of blacker hue, by begrudging the three hundred pence of spikenard as a testimonial of honor to the Nazarene. Yea, more: as if to intensify guilt, and heighten horror, it betrayed and delivered to crucifixion the Lord of glory, the divine Jesus! Can we add another word? Is it needful to show it among the most fearful and awful sins of our depraved nature?

Turn we, then, to the writings of the apostles. Frequent are the mentionings of it with crimes of darkest hue, with those which are the most degrading; but the most fearful exhibit of its association by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost is in 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." What a catalogue!—and what a significant association! Penned by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, the lover of money is placed in the midst of a procession of God-resisting and Heaven-daring criminality; with the thief behind him, and the drunkard before him! Say ye they are unequally yoked together? God thus classifies them; and we dare not divorce them.

And is this true? Is "the man greedy of gain," or him "who always desires to have more," or he who is a "simple lover of money," thus scripturally regarded, and among those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Alas! if this be so, then are the hopes of thousands baseless, and the judgment-scene will wring millions of hearts with anguish.

How universal is this greediness! how general this love! We meet it everywhere.—in the marts of trade, and in the family circle; in the shops of artifice, and fields of agriculture; in our temples of science, and

halls of commerce. It even stands in our pulpits, and sits in our pews. It draws nigh to God with solemn service, and is present at his table. It obtrudes itself in the place of private devotion, and stalks abroad amid active charity. It is ever-present and all-powerful. It forms character, and controls acts. It dethrones God in the hearts of his children, and exalts Mammon as the supreme good. It so absorbs, by its devotion, thousands of the professed disciples of Christ, that they cannot be faithful to their Lord. It so permeates their entire being as to exclude the graces of the Spirit. Time is spent only to amass fortune, intellect employed to devise successful schemes, and the heart absorbed with love of the world, so that little time, talent, or affection, remains for Jesus. Conscience is silenced by an occasional act of devotion, or the habitual sustinment of the ordinances of piety, and all else laid upon the altar of this Mammon-god. Blessed Jesus! how thou art wounded in the house of thy friends! Why, but for this world-loving devotion, is the angel of mercy hindered in bearing the everlasting gospel to the ends of the earth? Why, but for this, do we not see the speedy triumphs of the cross? Why, but for this love of money, do we hear of "burdens" and "sacrifices" in the cause of Christ? How much is given for adorning, equipage, style, luxury, and extravagance! and how little for the Master! Alas! thy cause is languishing when millions profess to love it, and thy banners forsaken by many who were enrolled upon them. Thousands, who bless themselves that they are not like other men, will for this cause be among those who with pale lips shall inquire, "Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" and to whom it shall be said, "Depart from me!"

Said the bed-ridden saint, Halyburton, "Christ comes to me in the watches of the night: he draws aside the curtain, and says, 'It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid.' Here I lie pained without pain, without strength, and yet strong."

For the Guide.

A VOICE FROM THE SICK-ROOM.

BY H. L. F.

Friends have often suggested that I should write for "The Guide" some account of the Lord's wonderful dealings with my soul; and, though it is a trying thing for me to lift the veil from the dark past, I still gladly do so, if thus I can honor and glorify Him who loved me and gave himself for me, or help that class of professors who like myself were long ago justified by grace, and whose days since have been neither "day nor night," — living in the hope that at "evening-time it should be light." I know now that for many years past I have had no living communion with Christ, no experience of his love. By reason of deafness, failing health, and the care of a helpless mother, I was in a great measure deprived of the means of grace; and, instead of regarding these trials as coming from a loving Father's hand, I only considered them as a punishment for my sins, — as evidence that God no longer loved me or cared for me.

At last, I settled to the conviction that I was a professor without any religion, having the name of Christian, without the Christian's hope. Oh, how often and vainly I wished that I had never joined a church! that I was still among sinners! then I thought I might be saved. And thus I drifted on, farther and farther away from God and hope and help, until our first affliction as a family came upon us, — the removal of our cherished mother. I know that I loved her better than any thing else in the world, — better even than my heavenly Father; and while I should have rejoiced that her sufferings were over; that He who had been faithful to her in life was faithful also and precious in the hour of death; that she had gone "home to Jesus," and that our aged father was stilled spared to us, — I saw no mercy in it, only the justice of an angry God. And, when her precious dust was buried out of my sight, the last link that bound me to God seemed severed. I ceased to pray. The anguish of mind, and bodily suffering, no language can describe. But I kept all these things in my own heart, and impiously said, that, as God would not

help me, no human being should. Indeed, I dared not tell any one the state of my mind. The pastor of the church to which I belong (Cong.), one who is wise in counsel and instruction, was then a stranger. Who was to bring me to Jesus? Three weeks later, I was stricken down with spinal disease. I supposed myself dying many times through that long, terrible night. Oh, what a future was before me! No God, no Saviour, for me: not one ray of light. And thus many days and nights wore on. But there *was* a God; a tender, compassionate Saviour, who had been saying all those years, "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." And how wisely and beautifully he had ordered all things for me! He who had been our family physician for the last year, is also a Methodist preacher, who had read at my mother's grave, "I am the resurrection and the life," who with grace and wisdom had often spoken "the word in season" in weariness and affliction, was the one sent by God to bring me from that horror of great darkness to the glorious light and liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

In the intensity of physical suffering, he did not forget the burden of the soul. I well remember the precious words which gave me the first ray of light. When I told him that I had ceased to pray because my prayers were of no avail, he said, "We have one consolation when we feel that our prayers are of no avail: we know we are all the time having the prayers of Christ for us." He taught me, what in my blindness and anguish I had forgotten, that, leaving all the past, I could come to Christ just as I was, give myself wholly to him then. I often think, that, when I get to heaven at last, it will be no *more* heaven than was the moment when I *believed* that. God helped me to make the consecration. He accepted me. The rest and peace and joy that filled my soul no words can describe. I had often said, in the hurry and care and suffering of the past years, that I did not know the meaning of the word *rest*: I learned it then; I know it now. Then was the blessed assurance given me that I was safe in Christ; that, whenever I should be called hence, my home would be "forever with the Lord." Then my glad

heart cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Then "old things passed away, and all things became new."

How precious was prayer and religious conversation! how light seemed all the sufferings of the past, in that they had been the means of bringing me to my Saviour! And in all this time, now nearly ten months, that I have been wholly confined to my bed, his presence has been with me, and he has given me rest. He has not only given me grace and strength to bear this trial without one murmuring thought, but, believing, to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I know that he can do me no wrong, can withhold from me no really good thing. True, there are times when in temporal things the trial presses so heavily, I cannot always look up and say, "Even so, Father;" but it is only for a little time: my soul quickly returns to its rest. I know that "all his ways are mercy and truth." I hear his voice saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; I am thy God." "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." I remember at one time a great fear seized me, — the fear, that, if I should recover, I should not have grace and strength for the trials of the future. I was afraid to declare what the Lord had done for me, fearing I should not have a like experience at some future time; but I found I was dishonoring God; that all I needed was grace for the present moment; that I had not given to him the *future*. I was helped to make a renewed consecration, with, if possible, a greater blessing than at first. Now I feel that Christ is my own most precious Saviour; that he saves to the uttermost; that his blood cleanseth from all sin; that I have given myself to One who is not only able "to keep me from falling," but to "present me faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Since I have been able, I have asked the privilege of class-meetings in my room; and very precious seasons they are to me. I think I have learned what it means to make "confession with the mouth unto salvation."

And now the thought of "going home" to be with Him is very sweet and precious to me; the thought of a life of active Chris-

tian usefulness — labor in the Master's vineyard — is very dear to me. It is my constant desire and prayer that I may honor and glorify him in living or dying, in doing or suffering all his holy will; that I may bear more the image of the heavenly; be more like Christ in simplicity and meekness, leaving "my times and places, my going-out and my coming-in, my wasted and my goodly heritage, all in the hands of the Lord."

"I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand:
I can trust him for all the future; now
I am still in the border land."

For the Guide.

CHRIST ALL, AND IN ALL.

MRS. M. A. BERNHARD.

When I can lean on Jesus' breast,
And to him lift my eye,
And sweetly on each promise rest
While storms are sweeping by,
A holy calm is in the soul,
Though waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

When I can hear my Saviour say,
"'Tis I; be not afraid;"
Though tossed upon the surging main,
I will not be dismayed.
Why should I tremble, doubt, or fear,
Although no other friend be near?

May I but *know* that he is mine,
That he my poor name owns,
Though earthly friendship should decline,
Or even on me frown,
While He is mine who "changes not,"
Why should I murmur at my lot?

When I can kiss the chastening rod
That lays earth's bright hopes low,
And sing the praises of my God
While troubles o'er me flow,
I'll smile at sorrow, grief, and pain,
And count all earthly loss my gain.

Lord, give me such a faith as this
To cheer me on my way,
And I'll not sink beneath the flood,
Take what thou wilt away.
Oh! let it cheer my dying bed
While on thy breast I lean my head.

CLEVELAND.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

MRS. MATTIE B. POWER.

On the 15th of February, 1855, in Asbury Chapel, Cincinnati, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. I have tried since that time to live at the foot of the cross, and for nearly ten years have endeavored, in the strength of my Master, to discharge the duties devolving upon an itinerant minister's wife. For about eight years, I was permitted to draw large supplies from heaven. From that time, it seemed there were greater things in reservation for me; and it became my duty to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on to perfection: but my timid nature shrank from responsibility.

I prayed God to sanctify me throughout, — soul, body, and spirit, but, in so doing, felt condemned; for I feared to make the profession before the world, lest I should at some time step aside, and thus lower the standard. Hence my percentage from the great bank of glory was diminished. I could not see how erring mortals could be holy even as our Father in heaven. I could not determine the precise altitude of holiness, but was encouraged by reading "The Guide," and "Four Years in the Old World," to believe it was not absolute, angelic, nor Adamic perfection; but it was that standard established by the gospel, and attainable by every soul, allowing sufficient latitude for imperfect knowledge, and fallibility of judgment, living holy by the constant exercise of faith in Christ.

Hence, on the 8th of February, this year, as my husband was exhorting his people to holiness of heart, I was enabled by faith to look to Him who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness," and said, in the fulness of my heart, "Here, Lord, am I, a living sacrifice: all that I have, all that I am, I consecrate to thee." Being a social meeting, I was permitted there to make the profession; when I received such a blessing as there was not room to contain. I have scarcely known whether I was in the flesh or out of it, so great has been my joy since that time. I feel that I am wholly the Lord's. I have new light, new strength, new grace.

I never before enjoyed such sweet communion with my blessed Saviour.

My percentage now is large. Glory to God in the highest, who hath done so much for me! Oh that all the world might taste and see the fulness of his love! I never loved the Bible so much in my life: it seems to make the way so plain! I wonder now how I ever did distrust the power of God; how I ever did fail to realize all this was for me. My prayer is daily that I may, "hold fast whereunto I have attained;" and I believe that He that hath begun a good work in me will perform it until the day of Christ.

MUSCATINE, IO.

For the Guide.

A DREAM.

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

In October, 1859, while engaged in a series of meetings in Chatham, C.W., worn in body, almost fainting in spirit, far from home, apparently alone among strangers, after renewing my covenant with God, and paying that I had vowed, I retired to rest, was soon lost in a sweet sleep, and dreamed of witnessing a vast multitude of people, which no man could number, all moved by some intense excitement. Some, in confusion, seemed going here and there, with no definite object in view; while others, with myself, were journeying towards the sun-rising, and were soon removed out of a strait into a broad place where there was no straitness. A strange, pure light shone upon us, and permeated our very beings. My heart was peculiarly warmed:—

"While grief and fear and care did fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun."

There were no rapturous emotions, and yet I was conscious of deep, holy joy. My strength was very much renewed; and, while in this upward course, the rich, mellow light so wonderfully increased, that it appeared like a broad, gently-rolling river, upon which was borne the New Jerusalem, "coming down from God, out of heaven," to my very feet. The wall of the city, its gates of pearl, its mansions, domes, and spires, with the holiness of its atmosphere, the glory of its light, as presented to my mind,

beggars description. I saw the tree of life, and in the distance seemed to catch a glimpse of the spotless robes of the pure in heart, and was assured that "the tabernacle of God is with men." I saw multitudes flocking to this city, while joy inexpressible was beaming from each countenance. In all that throng, I saw not one with saddened brow. I awaited an invitation to enter; when I was assured that the view was presented to my mental vision to encourage me in the work of soul-saving, that I might lead *many* to "bring their glory and honor into it." In sweet submission my will blended with the divine will, and I awoke, *strong to labor*, and saw the divine power wonderfully manifested in the salvation of many souls during that meeting. But what seems remarkable is the fact, that Mrs. M. E. Page, known to the readers of "The Guide," with whom at the time I had never met, at the same time, in a dream in all points exactly the same, was in like manner strengthened to labor in the cause of Christ; and *we* are glad to know that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things."

"By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here.
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God."

COLUMBIA, MICH.

For the Guide.

GOD'S PECULIAR PEOPLE.

H. A. E.

For many years in my Christian experience, I shrank from being a peculiar Christian. Though the promises of God to those who would "come out from the world" were so abundant, there was implied, in this coming out, such a crucifixion to the world and to self, that I turned away in sorrow, like the young man who had great possessions. There was then in my heart a hungering after righteousness, — a longing after holiness; but persistent disobedience to the voice of the Spirit put out the light that had been given, and I no longer sought

to be of those who drank deeply of the water of life.

It is a fearful thing to resist the Holy Ghost; to quench the Spirit; to be so enlightened as to taste the good word of God; to get even a glimpse into those things into which the angels desired to look; and then to suffer our *pride of heart* to turn us back into the wilderness, there to wander in darkness and sorrow. But this I did; and yet farther did I wander, on and on, with doubts and fears and dangers on every side. There arose in my heart a strange opposition to the entire doctrine of holiness, and to the workings of God's Spirit upon his people. I sought a religion of moderation, of propriety; for I must have religion, as opposed to the extravagances I had escaped. Here I fortified myself, and in my pride, ay, contempt, "counted the blood of the covenant," where-with I should "have been sanctified, an unholy thing." I cannot think how I expected to enter heaven, into whose gates no unclean thing may enter; but so it was that I built up to myself a righteousness of my own, without perceiving, that, in the eye of Infinite Purity, it would be but filthy rags.

Especially did I oppose the manifestations of God's Spirit upon the hearts of his people. Before I had rejected so much light, and my heart was yet tender, I often feared my distress of mind would occasion remark; that I should groan in the spirit, or in any way make myself noticeable. I thought I should fear to have God visit me with his salvation, lest it should be with an overwhelming power, and, like Daniel, I should become as one dead. I can see now how fearfully, how grievously, I resisted the Holy Ghost; and it is now very wonderful that there did not come upon me the curse of those who "kindle a fire, and walk in the light of the fire, and in the sparks that they have kindled. *This shall ye have at my hand, — ye shall lie down in sorrow.*"

Eternity alone will reveal the *mercy* of God; for we cannot comprehend it now. In its vastness, it is truly as "high as the heaven above the earth," else it could never have reached me, after all my depth of sin. But it did reach me: it encompassed me as a thick cloud, so that often I had seen and

acknowledged my "wickedness great, mine iniquity infinite." After the probing and searching of God's Spirit, which it many times seemed would take my life, then the glory of the Lord rested upon me; and, as one of the ransomed of the Lord, I came to Zion with "songs and everlasting joy upon my head;" and surely I *have* obtained "joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing have fled away."

Now I am walking in the King's highway, and I have there found "no lion or any ravenous breast;" and very loudly would I lift up my voice of warning to any whom the tender mercy of God is leading into the rest of faith. God's people are "a peculiar people, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood;" and woe unto that soul who would shun this peculiarity this royal favor! "Ye are *not* of the world, even as I am not of the world," saith our Redeemer; and we can ill afford to lose this distinguishing mark given to his chosen ones. The hidden ones of God are often called to become a mark, a gazing-stock, unto men; to be despised and rejected of men: but, glory be to God! this is one consolation, — herein are we like our heavenly Master. Ah! it is very sweet to be brought where we can glory in the cross of Christ; can "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus;" can welcome suffering and shame, if only Christ is glorified.

At a recent prayer-meeting, where the Spirit of God was poured out upon the sons and daughters of the Lord, a brother rose, and said he believed God's own people as often grieved away the Spirit as did sinners who heard the call to repentance, and resisted. The Lord of glory visited the hearts of Christians, filling them with joy unutterable; but the song of praise was not permitted to gush forth, and thus the new-found blessing was lost. How shall we even "walk in white," walk with Jesus among the undefiled, whose garments are unspotted, while we seek honor one of another?

Whether your life is to be long or short, let it be a life in earnest, — a life that shows religion, not as something among other things, but as absolutely every thing.

"Papa," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?" — "Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word, signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God." — "I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die, I shall be a seraphim; for I would rather love God than know all things."

Loved Ones Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MRS. HANNAH BROWN. — "NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

BY MRS. M. B. BALDWIN.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"To me, the year 1867 came joyously, amid the ringing of bells and music; while sweet human voices sang, "Happy greeting to the New Year." I stood gazing at the moonlight, listening to the exultant song, and wondering what the *New Year* had in store for me, yet little guessing that so much sorrow was near.

In less than four days, I stood by a beloved child, who was struggling for breath under a sudden attack of congestion of the lungs. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene of agony; but, by the blessing of God upon medical skill, Death, which seemed so nearly victorious, was disappointed of his prey.

In a few days, her convalescence allowed me to start for home; but I was met with tidings of the sudden death of my beloved class-leader. He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; a pillar that had stood firm amid the storms of over a quarter of a century; upon whom the financial interests of the Church had securely leaned; and whose active, earnest Christianity was worthy of imitation by all. Surprised and saddened by the intelligence, I thought of our orphaned class, and exclaimed, "How *can* we spare him?"

But a heavier visitation, a more irreparable bereavement, awaited me. Arrived at home, I found my only remaining parent, my loving mother, suffering intensely from a cold contracted during my absence, and which proved to be the messenger commissioned to sever the "silver cord," to break the "golden bowl," and release from captivity a spirit long inured to suffering and pain and tears. The cold caused an excruciating attack of neuralgia, located in the head; a disease from which she had been an almost constant sufferer for the last seven years, which, attended by cough and fever, prostrated and destroyed all that was mortal of one whose loss to us can never be repaired.

My mother's maiden name was Nichols; her birth-place, Westminister, Mass.; and, during the last few years, she had an intense longing to visit again the home of her childhood, and learn if any of her kindred still remained upon the shores of time. But her health would not permit. That hope of her heart perished; and herself has gone whence none return.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

A pilgrim of earth for more than eighty-one years, and passing through more and severer trials than is apt to fall to the lot of any mortal, yet patiently and submissively committing her cause to God, and looking to him for strength to bear her ever-accumulating weight of woe, she was indeed a pattern of "suffering affliction and of patience;" for my mother was a Christian. And well do I remember, away back in the years of my childhood, standing on a river shore, while she stood in the stream, and, before the assembled multitude, espoused the cause of Christ by being baptized "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The solemn beauty of that scene so impressed my mind, that I never felt satisfied till I, too, was

"Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die."

Mother *was* a member of the Baptist Church; but, because she was not allowed to commune with her children at the table of the Lord, she transferred her name and interests to the Methodist-Episcopal Church, the home of her children, whose faith and practice were congenial with her own.

Her religious enjoyment was not demonstrative, but quiet, deep, abiding; and I have, at different times, seen her so filled with the spirit and power of religion, as to be unable to speak or stand; and it was her custom to spend much of her time in her own room, reading the Scriptures. For several years, the state of her health has deprived her mostly of the privileges of the sanctuary, so longed for, yet so seldom enjoyed. Lastly, she clung to the privileges of family devotion; often leading in prayer with a fervor and spirit indicative of exalted piety; and, when she could no longer kneel, her bowed head and earnest "Amen's" were unmistakable evidences of her undiminished delight in the service of God.

So, when her last sickness came, we did not question her concerning the state of her mind; and, indeed, her sufferings were so constant and so excruciating, that there was little opportunity. Yet her occasional voluntary remarks were sufficient to show her unshaken faith in God, and strong attachment to "Jesus," which was the last name that fell from her dying lips.

One night, a few days before her death, as I was sitting beside and leaning over her, she laid her dear hand lovingly upon my head, and said slowly, "My child, my child! Lord bless and keep her!" I did not speak; but she noticed my emotion, and added, "Don't weep. I shall go straight to Jesus. He is my Redeemer."

Two days before her death, my brother arrived. We two were all that remained of her children; and she had been a widow for thirty-four years. That night was, to our dear mother, one of most intense suffering; yet in those weary hours, when Death seemed to be thrusting his arrows through every quivering nerve, she gave my brother her parting counsel; then sung,—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?"

And again, —

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye."

This was the more remarkable, as she had not sung a verse for many years. Yet she carried the tune correctly, and in a clear, soft voice. It was her last song on earth; for on Saturday, at five, P.M., of July 26, unseen fingers closed her eyes, and all that remained to us was the unconscious sleeping form of our affectionate, Christian mother.

MRS. M. DYE.

For the Guide.

BY REV. A. M'LEAN.

Mrs. Margaret Dye, eldest daughter of William and Elizabeth McLean, of New York, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Feb. 26, 1867, aged fifty, — uttering as her last words, "Don't weep for me." Surrounded by strong Methodist influences, she was soundly converted when a mere child; and probably from the early maturity of her mind, and her desire to do good, she was made a teacher in the Sunday school when about thirteen years old. She gathered a class of poor children, and then from house to house begged clothing, that they might appear properly clad at Sunday school. In her seventeenth year, she married Clarkson Dye, then a local preacher of New York, with whom she expected soon to enter upon the itinerant ministry; but this fond desire was never realized. An entry in her diary on the 20th of August, 1834, says, "The Lord, for Christ's sake, sanctified my soul, and made me fully his. Glory be to his name!" This was at camp-meeting; and the light of the way of holiness dawned on her, we believe, while she was in conversation with Henry Moore, of blessed memory. Thenceforward, from her eighteenth year till she awoke in glory, her life gave abundant testimony to the all-controlling power of the grace that ever writes "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Whatever else she lost, of friends, or property, or health, to this grace she clung as to her life. She had been an active Christian before she had attained to this

second blessing, but now she was intensely desirous of being useful. About June, 1835, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of New York. Holiness, Moral Reform, and Abolitionism were joyfully espoused by her, though many shunned and some derided them. What a change has come upon the public estimate of these great interests since that day! For many years, and until death, she was a vice-president of the second-named society; having, in other relations, given much of her strength to its truly philanthropic purposes.

Her funeral was from the Bedford-street Methodist Church of New York, which was the spiritual home of both her childhood and maturity. It was a touching tribute to her fidelity to the cause of which they were the beneficiaries, when a delegation of boys and girls from the Home of the Friendless, connected with the Moral Reform Society, each placed a beautiful bouquet upon her coffin as their last salutation.

She was long sick, but passed away unexpectedly, having scarcely any opportunity for dying testimony, of which, indeed, there seemed less need in view of her faithful life. Her chief, and perhaps only fault, was a strong desire to walk by sight rather than by faith; allowing herself to be measurably cast down by the temporary absence of the fulness of joy. This was greatly corrected in the later years of her life. Though a devoted mother of thirteen children, and an affectionate wife, even hastening her death by her domestic cares, yet for Jesus she was "in labors more abundant." Late at night, or early in the morning, while her family was asleep, she wrote for Jesus, or with him sought for intimate communion.

More than ordinarily attentive to the poor, though for a portion of her life herself in poverty's vale; glad to be in the good work of relieving the sorrows of others, though she drank of a full cup of earthly bitterness; without any approach to taciturnity, — we doubt if, during thirty years, her most intimate friends often heard from her a word not to the glory of God. She set out to make her life tell for Jesus, and, through an unusual combination of hin-

derances, largely realized her desire. She lived long enough to demonstrate the sustaining power of the grace of God under many changes and grievous trials, and died soon enough to sweetly resign into God's hands her body and spirit as an act of her unimpaired intellect, to enter upon the broader and brighter fields of light, where she knows the fulness of the promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Editorial.

STRAY THOUGHTS; OR, DIVINE AND EARTHLY RELATIONSHIP.

A few days since we heard a person say, that what induced him to decide for Christ was a testimony he heard from the lips of a friend, whose consistent, happy religious course had arrested his attention. Said this friend, "Even if there were no hereafter, I would be a Christian." The fact is, godliness hath the promise of *this* life, as also that which is to come. How blessed are its assurances! how hallowing its associations! how sweet, pure, and unearthly its friendships!—ay, more, its *relationships*. True Christians, born in whatever distant earthly clime, are fellow-citizens; that is, they hold their citizenships in heaven. Though speaking different earthly dialects, they are not strangers and foreigners. There is a language of the soul, learned by the new-born spirit, that speaks out and through the eye, beams through the Christ-illuminated countenance, and by a thousand nameless acts. *Born of God!* Oh! indeed, how altogether new, and blessed beyond description, are the affinities of the soul, when thus, by a new birth, brought into divine relationship! In becoming a child of the kingdom, he is brought into true heart-relationship with all of every clime who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Says one, "The ties of grace are often stronger than those of nature." Some may take exception to this; but why may it not be so? In the families of earth, as they now exist, there is often a blending of earthly kindred where there can be no spiritual relationship. One is born of God, and an

heir of the kingdom: the other is a child of the world. He loves the world, and the love of the Father is not in him. His highest aspirations are often the things that are but for a moment. How can there be an ennobling soul-relationship under such circumstances? There is the natural love of kindred as given by the Lord of nature. Thank the God of all grace for these sweet ties of earthly consanguinity, which so sweetly bind together the families of earth!

But, alas! unless these relationships become spiritualized by the renewing grace of God, they will only exist for time. We have been told of the son of a pious mother, who had finished life's probation, and entered into the joy of her Lord. Her intense affection for her son, refined by grace, would fain have led him to give up the world, and seek the heart-renovating grace of God. But he preferred the world; and no man *can* serve two masters. And now that pious mother had gone, and the restraints that her prayers and godly example had imposed were being lost amid the yet stronger exactions of the world, its cares and attractions. He dreamed.

Yes! God spake to him once more, as he often, in ancient and modern days, has spoken to men; that is, in dreams and visions of the night. In such an hour as he thought not, he imagined himself called to the spirit-land. As he had lived in the service of the prince of this world instead of the God of heaven, he saw himself surrounded by evil spirits, ready to bear him away to the flames of perdition. The words of the Saviour to the unprepared for heaven were now invested with awful certainty: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." He remembered his pious training, and the love of his sainted mother; and, as Dives saw the now sainted beggar in "father Abraham's" bosom, so he seemed to see his now sainted mother amid a white-robed seraph throng; and, in remembrance of earthly relationship to the now sainted one, he would fain have appealed to her, in motherly love, to come to his rescue. "Mother, mother!" he cried, "come to my help!" But she came not; and it increased his agony to observe that she seemingly looked upon him as a stranger, as though she knew him not. But in his anguish he continued to cry,

"Mother, mother! do you not know me? I am your son John." — "I have no son John," said the now sainted spirit.

Relationship for time, and relationship for eternity, are two distinct things. The first, though only in one sense, in view of the present state of things, may be twofold glorious. When families or individuals are related in the flesh and in the spirit also, blessed, thrice blessed, are the bonds!

Spiritual *relationships* are a glorious verity. If begotten together in the bowels of Christ, a soul-kindredship has commenced, which links us with the skies, and is destined to be as enduring as eternity.

We love those affectionate epithets which the early Christians used in addressing each other. Just so soon as Jesus made himself known to Paul, in his soul-enlightening power, the good Ananias recognized him as a *brother*, and showed us how young Christians ought ever to be received. Said he, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight." And then how lovingly Paul, ever after his initiation into God's loving household of faith, delighted in similar affectionate epithets! Hear him, as, with prophetic vision, his eye glances down through the vista of time, addressing you and me, with all his fellow-Christians of the present day: "My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast, my dearly beloved." To have said "sir," or "madam," after the fashion of cold worldlings, would not have been answerable to the heart dictations of the loving, Christ-like Paul, nor his fellow-apostles. Had Peter, in writing to his brethren of his brother Paul, used the cold epithet of some of his successors in the holy calling, and written thus, "Even as Mr. Paul also," &c., instead of "Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you," &c., how greatly despoiled of seemliness and beauty would the passage have been!

Let us be thankful that Paul and the early Christians received their beautiful trainings in grace under the direct teachings of Him who hath said, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother, brother, and sister."

P.

For the Guide.

"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS,"

BY F. H. WHEELER.

Oh happy hour, oh joyful day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
From Satan's bondage brought release,
And filled my soul with joy and peace!

Yet that glad time was not the last;
For still my Saviour's love I taste
As oft he comes my soul to bless
While travelling through this wilderness.

And as he whispers in my ear
Sweet words of comfort, hope, and cheer,
I long the face and form to see
Of Him who bled and died for me.

Our Lord no more in human guise
Comes forth to greet our longing eyes;
And, though the way be dark as night,
We walk by faith, and not by sight.

But when I rise, and soar away
To bask in beams of heavenly day,
The matchless beauty I shall see
Of Him who bled and died for me.

Revival Miscellany.

LAY PREACHING IN ENGLAND.

A London correspondent writes, "The Dean of Westminster has made attempts to get an audience in Westminster Abbey; but he has so far failed. Some of the papers have suggested to the dean, that, should he invite Mr. Spurgeon to preach for him, he would probably find his house full. But it would not be needful to limit the invitation to Mr. Spurgeon. Some of the most popular men this moment in London are laymen. Mr. Vowly, who preaches each Sunday night in Exeter Hall, and fills it too; who has a chapel of his own, built by himself and father-in-law, which holds over one thousand persons, — is a butcher. He keeps a large butcher's shop, goes to market to purchase his own cattle, and attends to his business all the week. He would fill the Abbey or St. Paul's.

"Then comes Mr. Carter, who, for years, has been at work among the thieves, pickpockets,

and the desperadoes of the city; who has seen one thousand such reformed; who has formed a church out of this abandoned class; who, with his rough, rude, sanctified utterance, captivates the crowd. He could fill St. Paul's. Then comes Richard Weaver, the collier, the prize-fighter, who, without character or education, became a convert; who attends horse-races and prize-fights to preach Jesus; who can command an audience of one thousand anywhere; whose fine person, wonderful voice, and fine talent for singing, has attracted, and led to a religious life, one thousand. He could do the same.

"Then comes Mr. Stott, a carpenter, who left his bench-tools to preach, and came to London; preached in the hall of a tavern, met with marked results, built a commodious chapel, preaches to an audience only second to Spurgeon, keeps a carpenter's shop, and works daily at the bench. He never lacks an audience anywhere. And these are only specimens of the thousands of men in London, who for the sake of Christ, and without hope of earthly reward, work all day, and preach the gospel freely nearly every night as well as Sunday.

"When it was found that the working-classes would not go into the churches, it was proposed to open theatres. But it was the intention of the Committee to allow none but regular ordained clergymen to preach. But it was soon found that the masses would not attend; and it was not till the lay element came in, that the rude, telling, rough eloquence of the warm-hearted but uneducated workman came on to the platform, that the masses were stirred. This work has been kept up five years. Seven theatres are now kept open each Sunday night, and are crowded. The success is triumphal.

CLIFTON SPRINGS.

A letter from Mrs. Bishop Hamline, now on a visit to Clifton Springs, says, "The revival is glorious. At least one hundred conversions in three weeks past in their gymnasium, where their meetings are held; i.e., their general meetings. Early last winter, a praying band was organized, I think, at Auburn; and an aged brother tells me, that, at ten appointments where they have labored, fifteen hundred have professed conversion, and one thousand have joined the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

THE LATE DISCUSSION.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our excellent Christian brother, W. T., will please receive our hearty thanks for the kind things he says in connection with his review of the discussion on the subject of holiness, which lately occurred in an assembly of ministers, not far distant from the place where we are now writing. The merits of his article, style, and spirit, considered, might claim for it an early insertion. But it is our settled purpose to keep aside from any course that might seem to favor or provoke controversy on the precious theme of perfect love. We must, therefore, decline the article in question, though written with ability and in an excellent spirit.

"IN DEEP GRIEF."

EDITORIAL.

A sister, whose letter closes with the words, "Yours in deep grief," says,—

"I am afraid to pray for a higher spiritual life, lest God answer my prayer by terrible things in righteousness; and I am inclined to think my present grief is a test of my supposed willingness to give up all for Christ."

Do not be afraid, my dear sister. Resolve that you will have all the grace here, and the glory *hereafter*, that it is the will of your loving heavenly Father to bestow. If your divine Exemplar endured the cross, despising the shame, can you not resolve in *his strength*, this hour, to lift the cross heroically, and walk forth before the gaze of a scoffing world and approving angels, bearing aloft the cross,—the bleeding cross?

You imagine that Poverty,—pining Poverty,—with all her attendant train, is approaching your door. Well, be it so. Step forth, if need be, to meet her pallid form. Was not your Saviour poor? You have a home. But your incarnate Lord was a homeless wanderer. Hear him: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." It is enough that the

servant be as his Lord; but he that is perfect shall be even as his Master. Would you love to get near your glorified, risen Saviour, and swell the chorus of the redeemed amid that throng which the Revelator saw near the throne, and of whom he asked, "Who are these arrayed in white? and whence come they?" Then you must permit the answer to be burned as words of fire into your inmost soul, "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." O my sister! covet earnestly the best gifts, even though it may be required that you take your reckonings from the same stand-point that Paul did. Doubtless Paul bade his buoyant, heaven-instructed mind to go far beyond the realms of earth, and take its reckonings from a stand-point thousands of ages hence. And from thence, looking back on the poor transitory scenes of time, no wonder that he exclaims, "Yea, doubtless I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

Your deep grief and sorrowing strains will quickly be changed for tones of high, jubilant melody, if you will but take your reckonings from the same stand-point that Paul did. He has been eighteen centuries in the upper world, reviewing his reckonings in the light of heaven. What do the summings-up of eternity show as the result of that reckoning he took while here on earth? Soon will you and I take our adieu of life and all sublunary things, and our feet stand high on the eternal hills. How soon, amid heaven's high companionship, — its blissful services of worship and song, — will the sufferings of earth be forgotten? And, as the happy cycle of eternal ages moves on, you, too, will have come to a point, where, according to earthly computation, you will have been eighteen centuries in heaven. How then will the trials, which you now so fearfully forebode, appear? surely "not worthy to be compared" with the glory revealed.

Now, my sister, do not wait till you get to heaven to make your estimate in regard to the trials with which you are exercised. Remember that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, *while you look not at the things that are seen.* But if, instead

of keeping your eye on the things that are *not* seen, you look on the things that are seen, you will lose the benefit of the trial; for the sorrow of this world bringeth death, — yes, *death*, temporal and spiritual. P. P.

MEETING ON HOLINESS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Rev. J. J. Weakley writes, "None of those who professed the blessing when you were here have lost their interest. A meeting has been inaugurated, with special reference to the promotion of holiness, which meets once a week at Sister Hart's. Yesterday, twenty-two were present; and numbers testified to the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus. The meeting is full of promise."

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

THE WITNESS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Rev. Brother I. said there were periods in our lives when we are wont to take a retrospective view of things. He had reached such a time, the close of another conference year: and he had found this grace to be just as good as last year, or the year before that; only that its light increased more and more. He was amazed that any one should have any doubt about this matter. It was clear to his own mind: it was transparent. It was the strangest thing that there was any speculation about it; and he wondered that the whole body of believing Christians did not "plunge into the purple flood, and rise renewed in all the life of God."

What he knew of this was not from Sister Palmer's publications; though he thought them of incalculable worth, and the first thing he did after receiving this blessing was to buy every book she had written. Yet he did not receive this truth there: he was taught it by the Spirit of God. And it was not with him a mere dogma:

it was a question of fact. He knew it as he knew he existed; he was persuaded of it in his consciousness: and he knew it better than that; for it had pleased God to give him the attesting witness of the Holy Ghost. Some persons had the idea, that all the Holy Ghost attested to was to our pardon and adoption; yet he must aver, that, to his mind, that moment the Holy Ghost attests that he was saved from all sin, through the blood of the Lamb. He knew that some persons might call it fanaticism: but that did not affect him; for this grace was as dear to him as his life. He felt in this matter he had been put on such high ground, he would not like to speak too freely of himself. It had worked well, and produced good results in his life; but he must leave to the Church and others to say more fully of these things. If he was not changed in his nature, he was in his life; and those who best knew him, knew this. He loved to preach the gospel of Christ. He was always enthusiastic in this: but it was not now mere enthusiasm that moved him; it was the sweet clear love of Christ that constrained him. What a delightful idea, that he could say and sing, —

“I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!”

He knew there was a kind of paradoxical idea in being conquered by love; but that was the way it was with him. He loved to submit to Him: he loved to kneel down, and let Him put His yoke upon him. He had lived so the year past, and it had been a year of great enjoyment. He did not always feel quite as well as then; but there was not any great difference in his feelings. He felt quite as content when Satan was howling about him as when it was as bright as that day was outwardly. He did not seek what people call “a baptism of joy,” but of love; and the Lord gave him joy; and how happy he felt when he loved everybody! “Oh, glory to God!” he said: he would dishonor the Saviour if he did not say the highway was a very delightful path.

“YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.”

A great many people would have you think holiness was a very gloomy sort of a thing, as you heard them talk about giving up every thing, or what a struggle they had. The Lord bless them! He had not any thing to give. He did not own his body; for that was bought, and his soul was bought. Talk about sacrifices, when you receive the *all* that Jesus bestows for the little you have to give! We should get some other

term. But you say, “I have such a hard time!” He did not. He would just as lief fight as not, if he had the victory every time; just as lief be in the furnace as not, if it did not hurt him. It was their solemn duty to get on this rock. He was not so very uneasy about that time of dreadful calamity, so as to be all the time looking forward to it. He was for getting all the honey out of the flowers that he could. He had the spirit of joy upon him. He had a precious time in the leader’s meeting the night before. He was contented, and did not want any more joy. He was resting. He prayed and struggled when the time came for those things; and, when he did not weep or pray or shout, he could trust: that did not require a great effort, — to gently touch the hem of His garment. But says one, “My faith is so weak!” You don’t know any thing about it until you try. Just touch Him. Lord help you!

CROSSING OVER THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Sister H. praised the Lord, that can make us happy under all circumstances. It is all Jesus; nothing of ourselves. She had known what it was to be sorrowful, yet rejoicing in the God and Rock of her salvation; and then she rejoiced in a full salvation, and in a Saviour who saved her then, and to the uttermost. Glory be to his name! She not only enjoyed that grace at that meeting; but, when her hands were busily engaged, her soul was filled with glory and with God. Religion grew better and better every day of her life. There were new beauties in Christ daily. She could truly say, though she had enjoyed this blessing for thirty years, it grew more delightful. Hallelujah to the Lamb forever! When last there, she told them of her loss of a dear daughter. About six weeks, ago she passed through a similar trial, — the death of a lovely child twenty-two years old. She could never forget that scene. For eighteen hours, she did nothing but talk of the glory of heaven. It could be likened to some of the descriptions of John the Revelator. She said, among other things, “My dear, dear mother, don’t you see Jesus just over the river, with a crown in his hand?” To another she said, “Sing —

‘What is life? ’tis but a vapor.’”

Again she said, “I can see all the prophets and patriarchs. Don’t weep, mother. I shall soon be over the river: it will only be a little while.” Her last words, uttered in a whisper, were, “Glory, glory!” In a few seconds, I

said, "Is it all well with you?" She bowed her head, and went over without a struggle. From herself the fear of death had been taken away many a year ago. One of her brothers who witnessed the last death spoken of said, "This is not like dying." — "No, it is living," she replied. She desired prayer for a son who was unconverted, but who had established a family altar. She felt she was nothing, and less than nothing; but Christ "was all in all." Hallelujah to God!

THE HOARY HEAD A CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The venerable Brother W. always esteemed it a great privilege to meet his brethren and sisters, to hear what God had done for their souls. Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above. Perhaps not many had a more general experience of God's good gifts, in a temporal way, than he had. Health, a good family, a good home with all the comforts of life, were good gifts. But God gave him such a manifestation or witness of his living Spirit, to assure him that there were other things for him to receive. About a year ago, God revealed himself as he never experienced before. He was sick, and suffering greatly. About midnight, while he was sweetly trusting in God, suddenly this passage flashed upon his mind: "A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things." He believed that word; and, in receiving that truth, God revealed himself as never before in more than fifty years. It filled his heart with such a spirit of rejoicing and power, that it was overwhelming. If ever a believer received a baptism of the Spirit, God Almighty baptized him then, filling him with his heavenly love. He could only say, he had enjoyed more and more from that time to the present. He had learned by his experience, too, that it was possible to lose this power; but he stood before them, having his heart filled with love to God and man, — a love for every thing that was good, and every good word and work. He rejoiced in such an experience, and in the delightful prospect of heaven, and of seeing them there. (A voice said, "You'll see Jimie there.") "Yes, I'll see Jimie there, who was a mute son, and gave very strong evidence of being a child of God, and, in dying, that he had gone to heaven. Glory be to God in the highest for this religion!"

JESUS GOOD IN SICKNESS.

A sister thought nothing but gratitude would prompt her to speak; for she felt such a sympathy for those desiring to speak! Since she was last there, she had been afflicted; and oh, hallelujah to Jesus! how good he was in sickness! It seemed to her, her soul was never so fully baptized. Her disease was very painful; but the proofs of the word of God, which were brought to her mind in the midst of all, were very blessed, especially where God told us that our names were graven on his hands. She was constrained to weep tears of joy. She longed to see the Church of Christ fully baptized with the spirit of holiness. She thought during her sickness, if she again got out, she must be engaged more than ever in recommending Jesus.

A sister was seeking this blessing, not to be made happy, but more like Jesus. She longed for this full salvation. She believed the witness was for her. She thought perhaps she was asking for a witness, and yet not resting on the Lord for the witness. She had been desiring for some days to come here, that she might receive this baptism. Her experience had seemed to grow so much richer when she looked away from herself to Jesus; and, when she had tasted of his love, she wanted to go out and live this among those who professed it not. She wished them to pray for her that she might go forth from that place filled with this baptism.

A sister said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you!" That scripture had been a staff in her hand for weeks past. If not for that, she should have failed. She was amazed when she looked upon the multitude of Christians who could not see and obtain this blessing. She sought it to be useful; and in this manner the Lord had led her for twenty years, and it was better and better. One of the blessed results of this great blessing was, we stand prepared to meet Jesus anywhere and everywhere. Last Tuesday, she asked Jesus for a message to meet her friends; and the answer was, "Prepare to meet thy God." And she said, "How can I use that at the meeting for holiness? — that is what I have been using for years to sinners." And then she thought the people of God stood in need of being prepared for his ordinances and for doing good. Of late months, she had yearned for opportunities to proclaim Jesus as a full Saviour. She had nothing in this world that she called her own but Jesus. She was not to give, she found, but to receive.

VICTORY ALWAYS NEAR.

A sister found by losing her life she gained it. It was blessed when we have reproach, and meet with suffering, to feel that the blessed Lord continues with us throughout. She rejoiced, as she looked at trials, to see the victory so near. Almost before the trial came, there was the crown of victory. We are not of herself, but through Jesus, that, amid detraction, she could say and feel, "You are upon the Rock." Like Daniel, we never get a thorough knowledge of Christ without suffering. If we honor him, he says he will confess us before his Father and the angels; and that was enough for her. She knew what it was to walk in this narrow way, come life or death or sorrow, and then to have Jesus come and bring forth your righteousness before your enemies. And he will do it. She hailed reproach and suffering, and loved to see the mountains open, and a greater host for us than could come against us. We are to be saved by Jesus. She wanted to tell the whole world around what a glorious Saviour we have. We must walk in this highway, and not fear. The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion. Oh for strength to go forth and battle with wrong, and keep our garments unspotted from the world!

DESPONDENCY THE ENEMY OF FAITH.

Rev. Brother B. had sometimes given his testimony because he thought it would be blessed, sometimes because it would do good. Then he was moved by sweet, gentle gratitude. "Who-so offereth praise glorifieth Me." In the early days of his enjoyment of this blessing, Sister Palmer used to inculcate that the best way to offer praise was to do as Jesus directed. Jesus gave him peace. He had some buoyancy of spirit, and had hope as to the future. There were rivulets of comfort that flowed into his soul; and he knew whence these came: they were inspired of the Holy Ghost. During the recent past, he had experienced more painful trials of spirit than ever before in his life, and had never been so tempted to despondency as now. He might intensify his words, and they would not then come up to the depth of his feelings; but God had blessed and kept him. He was in the habit of reading good books, and then loved to recommend them to others. He had been perusing the Life of Rev. John Smith; and, on opening it, he read a few lines that were greatly adapted to him. He said he "never allowed himself to

dwell on his faith; for, if he did, he should soon despond." And then he began to speak of a saying of John Wesley, that "most souls that were lost perished through despondency." His mind (Brother B's.) had never turned with vividness to that point before. Then he saw how despondency was an enemy of faith; and, as long as the Enemy could turn our mind for Jesus, he would succeed. And then he saw how this uninspired man had helped him; but he believed, with Professor Upham, there was a kind of lower inspiration. Sometimes he had very high emotions, for which he blessed God. Philosophers says those who have very high emotions are subject to great depressions. Perhaps there was something in natural temperament, and something in his, that made him very susceptible to this. There was at that time a gentle, heavenly movement to his spirit. He was peaceful, trustful, and increasingly so. He liked the coming out of trial, the gaining new ground, the receiving of victory. He took the victories that the conqueror gave him, and was made to feel that he himself was but of little worth. One, with Jesus, was a majority; but it was Jesus, after all, that was principal. He had come about fifty miles to be present at a part of that meeting. He loved them all better than ever, and loved them in the Lord; and he had great reason to. He wanted to be a child as long as he lived. Every once in a while, he wanted to be a great man; and then Jesus brought him down again, and it was sweet to be there.

CHRIST IN THE FURNACE.

Rev. Brother H. had been hesitating whether to give his testimony or not. Not for any unwillingness on his part to testify: but the drift of the testimony seems to have been in reference to trials, afflictions, and the burning fiery furnace; and he asked himself whether this might not have a depressing influence upon the meeting. Then, again, he thought, "Was it not magnifying the grace of God, that was given us in these exigencies of our humanity; for if it appears that the grace of God was equal, and more than equal, in these deep distresses, then the glory and power of such grace was worthy of all admiration." He was realizing the most glorious and precious experience of his life. He knew this by faith, and not by sight; by the Lord, and not by sense. He had been taking a review of several years past; and it had been his lot, through the past four or five years, to be in the burning

fiery furnace. It was by such a path he was led into this grace; and now, as he thought, God led him on in the way by this furnace-work. Though at the time he did not bless the furnace, nor would he have selected it, yet, in looking back, he could see it was God the Lord in his infinite wisdom and great benevolence who had led him thus; and the Lord seemed to be keeping him in the furnace, to a great extent. During four years past, there had been just enough of light mingling with the darkness, of joy with the cup of sorrow, and victory with the conflict; so that his spirit had not been overwhelmed. It had been this nice balancing of accounts that had kept him. Since he was last there, he had been called to the severest trials. The fire had been very intense: but Christ, the blessed, adorable Christ, was in the furnace, and was proving that the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness was quietness; and he believed that the ultimate result would be assurance forever. He desired to be quiet in the furnace; to have sealed lips, that would not be disposed to rebel against the Lord, but to trust him; and though the trial, for the present, seemed not to be joyous, but grievous, yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He said it by faith, he was satisfied, that his experience was the most precious of the Christian life. He did not know what God had before him in the future, but believed the trial of his faith would be more precious than gold. He solicited an interest in their prayers, that he might have patience, resignation, and submission to the divine will, and that God would help, and lead him out, to the praise and glory of his grace, as a conqueror, and more than conqueror, through Him who loved him. If it were possible for him to have had the determining which of his trials he would have left out, he could not say, "Let this or the other be omitted," because "God was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." He had not laid on his spirit a single burden during the last four or five years but was for the glory of his grace and salvation; and he knew it would appear so in the end, if not now. This was the glory of our Christianity. There is a power in the presence of Jesus in the furnace: there we had flashes of light we could get nowhere else. It was here that Jesus takes us, and wraps us in the mantle of his righteousness, and tells us his name is Love. If we have trials, our rejoicing is, that Christianity has power to give us victory over them. The testimony of the meeting had

lifted his heart up; and he had been enabled to rejoice, and to magnify the name of the Lord.

GOD WANTS A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Rev. Brother I. thought it would be well to give the balance of the meeting to persons seeking this great salvation. They do not speak much, because they think they may be instructed by hearing others; but the Holy Spirit is the great Instructor. They might and ought to obtain this great salvation at that time. He had no misgiving in saying so. It would be to their condemnation, if, under these circumstances, they did not give themselves entirely to God, there and then. Oh that God would lead some precious souls into this light at that hour! He was often concerned when people spoke of trials as they had done there. Christians had not as much to trouble them as sinners had. He questioned whether it was altogether honorable to Christ to dwell so much on trials. He never asked God to give him joy: he had not prayed for it in two years and a half. But, while that was true, he thought himself as happy as any man this side of heaven. In this way, the joy of the Lord will be your strength. Of course, if you have trials, you must bear them patiently, and Jesus will make it exactly right. You will say, "Thy will be done." There is the secret of the thing: that unlocks the whole mystery. "Well," says one, "it took an awful crucifixion to get me there." The Lord took him, and bound him hand and foot, and he was there made free. He did not want to break loose; did not want it any different. Brother N. had had a great and solemn grief; but Sister H. had only gone to glory a little before him, and he can better stay here a while. But are you all willing to stand right out? There was a good deal of disposition to avoid this blessing of entire sanctification. If they could dress as other people, if they could have parties like other people, then they would like to have it. They should throw off their furbelows, and dress for Jesus. He had concluded that the sanctified should dress like sanctified people, and live like sanctified people at home and everywhere. If we get sanctified, we will put away dancing. He would tell them that the dancing Christians would help swell the number of the lost. Several arose for prayers, in response to Brother I's affectionate appeal for them to start that hour, in full consecration of their being to God; and the meeting was closed with prayer, the doxology, and the benediction.

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

WORK FOR JESUS; OR, LITTLE MAGGIE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

BY O. R. GURNEY.

Dear children who read "The Guide," are you working for Jesus? or are you waiting till by and by? Let me tell you of a little girl who has heard Jesus saying, "Go ye into my vineyard, and labor;" and, while others wait, she has gone forth.

"Little Maggie is a very strange little girl," so everybody who knows her says; and so I think sometimes, as I watch the quiet, happy-faced child as she plays with her favorite dog, dresses her white kitten (which has pretty blue eyes and pink ears) for a "dolly," or sits with her chubby hands folded together as deeply in thought as a sage. What makes Maggie seem peculiar is, she is an earnest, working Christian. Her tender heart is sorely grieved to see sin, and she seldom passes it by unproved.

During the past winter, she made a visit of some weeks' length in the "oil regions" of Pennsylvania. Every morning and evening, after she had learned the names of the men who boarded at her visiting-place, she prayed for each of them, calling them by name. One morning, when the snow lay like a baptism of purity over all, bending low the tasselly pines, and folding softly about the mossy old oaks, Maggie sat in one of her habitual attitudes, with feet on the stove-hearth, her little hands folded together, and her great brown eyes filled with a soft, dreamy light. Suddenly she sprang up, began putting on her cloak and hood, saying, "That fat blacksmith is a very wicked man. I am afraid he will go to the *bad place*; for I heard him say some *very bad words* this morning."

In a few minutes after this, the attention of the "fat blacksmith" was attracted by a child standing in the door of his shop, looking sadly and thoughtfully at him.

"Halloo, Maggie! what do you want?"

"I want you to be a Christian. You say bad words. God does not love you, and you are going to the bad place. I don't want you to go there: I want you to go to heaven." A thunder-clap from the winter sky would not have astonished the man more. He looked at the child, laughing at first; but, seeing her earnest-

ness, said, "Well, Maggie, you must pray for me."

"I do; I pray for you and all the men every night and morning: but Jesus wants you to pray for yourself."

"Does he?" And a sudden fear went like a shiver over the man as he thought, "Perhaps I am soon to die, and God has sent this child as a warning to me. — Does he want me to pray?" he repeated.

"Yes: he does. You can never, *never*, go to heaven unless you pray. Will you pray to-night?"

Never had this man stood more face to face with eternal things than now; and, looking down into the soft beseeching eyes of the child, he said, "*I will pray to-night.*"

Maggie is gone away now. The fat blacksmith swears no more. He says he has not had such pure, unselfish Christian advice since he came to the "Creek." He says he shall try to live a better life; shall try to be one of the children of God, and unite with his Church on earth when he goes back to his city home.

Children, —

"Do not wait; go work for the Lord:
Never give up while Christ is your guard.
Go forth to labor for right and for truth.
Sow now your seed, in the morning of youth;
Scatter it broadcast on rock and on soil.
Grow not discouraged, but on with your toil.
You are working for Jesus; you work not in vain:
After you, others will gather the grain.
No sowing in vain on the ground of the Lord:
Never give up, but trust in his word.

Never give up while souls are to save
That carelessly tread on the brink of the grave;
While white is the harvest, the laborers few;
While work from our Saviour is waiting for you.
Never give up, though sick is your brain,
When the bread on the waters returns not again;
Though faint is the heart with earth's weary load,
As it presses its way to the "city of God."
Oh! remember who drank all the dregs of the cup
To gain your salvation, and never give up."

UNSOILED SUNBEAM.

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and mud; but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy, may mingle with the vileness of the world, and yet be pure in itself.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

BOOK NOTICES.

TRUE METHOD OF PROMOTING PERFECT LOVE.

From debates in the New-York preachers' meeting of the Methodist-Episcopal Church on the question, "What are the Best Methods of promoting the Experience of Perfect Love?" 12mo, 136 pages. In cloth binding, .75 cts; in paper, .50. Foster, & Palmer, Jr., Publishers, 14 Bible House.

This valuable work will commend itself to thousands. It is practical in its tendencies; and we trust that the Holy Spirit will lead many, through its teachings, to an experimental knowledge of the blessing of perfect love. We cannot give a better idea of the character of the volume, and its design, than by quoting from an introductory note by Rev. G. W. Woodruff. He says, "This book contains a part of the debate recently held in the New-York preachers' meeting, on the best methods of promoting the experience of perfect love. The question was suggested to the meeting by the pastor of St. Paul's Church, in this city, and evidently without any intention of provoking the lengthy and pungent discussion which subsequently ensued; but the question was no sooner opened than a veteran critic on the subject of Christian perfection gave the whole thing a controversial aspect, and the unwelcome gauntlet had to be taken up by the friends of this glorious experience."

"The final result of the protracted discussion was highly satisfactory to those who believe, with the venerable Wesley, that 'the Methodists were a people raised up to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.' I believe that it was at first intended to publish, in one volume, all the addresses that were made in the debate; and I judge that such an arrangement would have added to the value of the book, — it would, at least, have shown, more fully, the appositeness and power of the speeches here published: but the omission is to be less regretted, since two of the leading addresses, which are here antagonized, were very fully reported in 'The Christian Advocate.' The whole debate was characterized with dignity and research, and was very creditable to the brethren who participated in it."

"The ministers whose addresses are here published are well known in our church. They are all of them, with one exception, — Rev. Samuel Dunn, — now in the active and successful pastoral work; and Mr. Dunn brings to his address the weight of an honored ministry, running through half a century of Methodism. I presume that none of the addresses were originally intended for publication: they were all the immediate outgrowth of the occasion; but they were found to embody so much experience and observation, that the speakers have yielded to the opinions of their brethren, and given them in this form to the lovers of holiness. This doctrine of perfect love, since its glorious revival in the Wesleyan reformation, has been obliged to stand the shock of battle for a hundred years; but it has constantly deepened its hold upon the conscience of the religious world, and to-day gathers to its standard a great army of precious souls, that out of much weakness are perfecting strength; and, in all love and humility and teachableness, are determined to fight the

battle through, 'looking unto Jesus,' until glory shall crown what grace has begun."

By the request of a valued correspondent, we publish the accompanying article from the graphic pen of Rev. B. Pomeroy. It is furnished as a specimen page of a forthcoming work, the author of which has long stood on the walls of Zion; and surely he has not given the trumpet an uncertain sound. All orders addressed to the author at Waterford, N.Y., will be promptly met. Sent to any part of the Union, free, on receipt of \$1.60.

THE CHRISTIAN NOT TWO, BUT ONE.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

Mixed with the religion of our thousands, I see an increasing self-conservatism, that is a vigilant outlook into coming practicabilities; a pre-arrangement of self, and of self's appearance, and of self's course, so that no essential harm shall come to self, even if God's truth should fail; a kind of double ground on which to build up a twofold character, so that, if the religious ground fails, we have another standing left, which we have been careful to have well established beforehand.

Then, again, it is convenient to have a double suit of character for emergencies, that, when we fall in with the enemies of Christ, we can assume our worldly attitude. Of course, they know us then; for our place has not been forfeited by radical religion.

Then, when we come into the kingdom, we just step on to our religious ground; and so we go from world to kingdom, and from kingdom to world. But the inquiry will obtrude itself into every mind, "Who is he? Where does he belong? For, when he is in worldly society, he acts just as we do, and seems to enjoy it. Now, who is he? Where is his life? Or does he live in both part way? In which character shall we call him honest? or is he part hypocrite in both?"

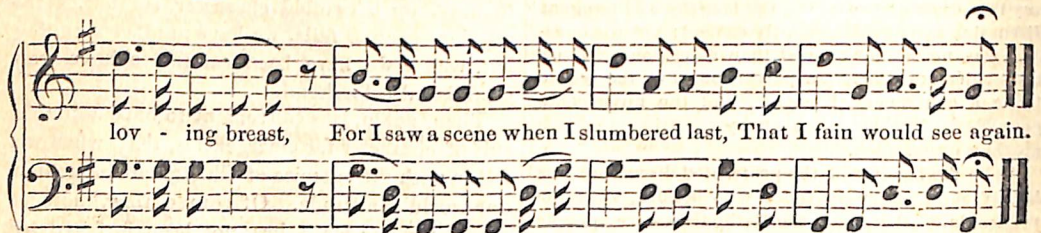
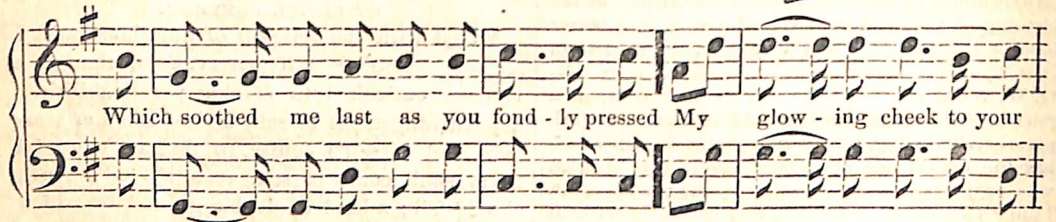
Said a sister, as I commended her for her kingdom-like garb, "Oh! I've got jewelry, and the like fixin's: but I don't wear such things to meeting; I keep them for weddings and parties." Don't you see she is all right on the other character?

Give us the saint who occupies but one ground, and his *all* staked on that. Give us a saint who is reduced to one anchor, and that struck in the Rock of Ages; whose trust is on one foundation, and no human crutch or broken reed in reach; so cleared from worldly shores and human props, that, if the Rock of Ages sinks, he sinks also, as he has not left one single plank on which to reach the shore of human policy.

For the Guide.

THE INFANT'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

From "Choral Echoes."



2

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, Mamma,
While slumbering on your knee :
I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

3

I fancied we roamed through a wood, Mamma,
And we rested us under a bough ;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

4

My heart grew chill with fear, Mamma,
And I loudly called for thee,—
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the locks of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so sweetly ere I was aware,
Saying "Come, pretty babe, with me."

5

My tears, my fears, she beguiled, Mamma,
And she led me far away :
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
Then passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes on a world of bloom,
And a sky of cloudless day.

6

I mixed with the heavenly throng, Mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair ;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of bliss,
The spirits which came from a world such as this ;
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.

7

Do you think of that poor old man, Mamma,
Who came so late to our door ?
And the night was dark, and the storm was loud,
And his heart was weak, and his soul was bowed,
And his ragged old mantle became his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

8

And O what a weight of woe, Mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
And the rain-drops fell from his thin, grey hair,
And then the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his aged eye.

9

My heart was full of grief, Mamma,
And my eyes were full of tears.
As he told how he went to the Baron's strong-hold,
Saying, "O, let me in, for the night is cold :"
But the rich man said, "Go sleep in the fold,
For we shield no beggars here."

10

Well, he was in glory too, Mamma,
And as safe as the blest can be :
He needed no alms in that land of light,
For he walked with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
And no seraph there had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

11

Let me go once more to that land, Mamma,
While slumbering on your knee.
I would live in the land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine :
For the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

COVENANT SEALED.

REV. DAVID GAY.

I was born in Taunton, Mass., Jan. 28, 1842. When I was only five years old, my father moved to Warren, R.I.; and when I was ten years old he emigrated to Wisconsin, and settled near the city of Fond-du-Lac. In the year 1855, I was led to the Saviour, and received the forgiveness of sins. It was under the labors of that blessed man of God, Rev. J. C. Robbins, that I was brought to the cross of Christ. The instruments in my conversion, however, were my Sabbath-school teacher and my devoted father.

The year following, I was led to discover that I needed a greater blessing than I had as yet obtained. I longed to be made *perfect* in love. I was brought more forcibly to see my need of a deeper work of grace from the hearing of a sermon preached by Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D.D., the former editor of "Zion's Herald." I shall always believe that I did at that time experience the blessing of sanctification; but it was soon lost, and nearly forgotten. Since then, my life has been very wavering. I have never entirely baskslidden, nor have I ever felt a disposition to give up the struggle against the "world, the flesh, and the Devil;" but there have been "fightings without, and fears within;" temptations strong, which have often overcome; and my life, to me at least, was a standing proof that the roots of sin remained within me. Oh, how many, many times have I panted for the "living streams," — for something which I had not!

For the Guide.

When I was first converted, I felt it a duty to proclaim Christ in the capacity of a minister of the gospel.

Having emigrated to Illinois, I promised God, among strangers, to serve him more faithfully. At the age of seventeen, I began to exhort; about six months afterward, I was licensed to preach; and, in six months more, became a member of the Illinois Conference, in the bounds of which I still labor. Sometimes during my ministry I have had great success, and witnessed many conversions to Christ; but I have always felt, even in the midst of revival, that I needed greatly to have inscribed on my banner, "Holiness to the Lord." During the past two years, my mind has been more exercised on this subject than ever before; and I resolved never to rest satisfied short of its attainment.

I then sent for "The Guide," and read works on holiness more than ever before. At one time last year, I established weekly meetings especially for the consideration of this subject. They were very interesting for a while, but failed for the want of a leader, — one who could teach experimentally. Having obtained Mrs. Palmer's little work on "Entire Devotion," I sat down to peruse its pages, praying that God might make it a blessing to my soul. When I came to the "Covenant," I paused, resolved not to cease pleading until the blessing was obtained. Thank God, he heard my prayer. It was proposed immediately to my mind, "Why not now believe? Have you not doubted long enough?" I said, "Lord, I will believe." Then again it was suggested, "Do you consecrate *all* to God?" I could

For the Guide.

not but answer, and understandingly too, "Yea, Lord, *all*." — "Do you now believe God has accepted the sacrifice?" was again suggested. I said, "Lord, thou hast promised to accept: how can I disbelieve thy word? for thou never didst deceive me." Again the Spirit prompted, "Will you believe without the sensible emotions being given?" — "Yea, Lord," I cried; "I take thee at thy word: thou hast said thou wilt accept. I do believe I am accepted, and leave it to thy own good pleasure when to give the evidence." Oh, then what a sweet peace came over my soul! I realized that God had accepted me, and that all was well, whether any other evidence was given or not. God was not long in giving me the *full* assurance that I was entirely his. I sat down to copy the "Covenant" in my diary; resolved to make it my own as far as it conformed to my circumstances. When I was writing these to me ever-memorable words, — "My body I lay, upon thy altar, O Lord! that it may be a temple of the Holy Spirit to dwell in; from henceforth I rely upon thy promise, that thou wilt live and walk in me; believing as I now surrender myself," — God broke in like a flood upon my soul, and heavenly joy rested down upon me. Glory be to God!

"Oh happy bond that sealed my vows
To Him who merits all my love!"

God blesses me daily: It is now over seven weeks since I was made the recipient of this great blessing. I can truly say, not a cloud doth arise between me and my God. The Devil tempts me sorely: but I have no disposition to yield; his darts lie harmless at my feet. May God keep me in such perfect peace! and he will, so long as my mind is stayed on him. Oh that my dear people here in this fold might receive the like precious gift!

DELAN, 1867.

TRUE CONFESSION.

Confession of sin is an important duty; but there is no true confession of sin where there is not at the same time a turning-away from it.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

SANCTIFICATION, AND STUMBLING-BLOCKS THEREIN.

REV. H. BANNISTER, D.D.

(Continued from p. 41.)

3. The extravagance of its professors constitute another alleged stumbling-block to the doctrine of sanctification. There are some ill-shaped minds that go awry on any subject. In business, in politics, in their early justified Christian state, they are rushing, boisterous, perhaps fanatical. Possibly they may carry these peculiarities into the higher Christian life. But, in the proportion of ten cases to one, it is usually far otherwise. The sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit is to melt and mould such natures into a more peaceful and subdued state. The divine fire, however, kindles, burns, and purifies with varying manifestations in every person, but in no case so that the spiritually-minded may not generally discern in each what is genuine and what is not. The common result in the sanctified state is the entire submission, harmony, and stillness of all that previously was irregular, discordant, and boisterous. Praise and rejoicing will sometimes find outlet, but in such a way of subdued sincerity and child-likeness, that to all Christians around it gives pleasure rather than offence. Certainly nothing is more clear than that the exercises of persons truly sanctified are not extravagant, and that their feelings are not fanatical.

4. Another professed stumbling thing about sanctification is that it is often badly presented as a doctrine. This is often heard from ministers; the only proper answer to whom is an earnest request that they proceed at once in their ministrations to present it *correctly*, — not in the spirit of combat, not to oppose another man's theory simply, but to give the true sense of Scripture and Church standards upon the doctrine, with simple-hearted desire of presenting only the pure truth in the case; and, that less liability to err in the preaching of this doctrine may occur, be sure to present it in the light of a sound experience of it; otherwise mistakes may be added to mistakes already made, as alleged. Discard, if you please, all tech-

nical terms not scriptural, such as the special term "second blessing," and the vague and general one, "more religion;" neither of which, and none of this class, have such effective significance as the Scripture expressions, "sanctification, holiness, perfect love, and the like. This is the best way to reduce this grievance.

5. It is sometimes pleaded as an evasion of this doctrine, that the Scriptures do not authorize a certainty of it in experience by the "witness of the Spirit." What does the Holy Spirit in union with our conscientiousness witness to? That we are the children of God, is the answer of Rom. viii. 16, — children of God in all stages of growth, doubtless. If it do not witness to or of the sanctified state, is there reason to suppose it witnesses to any state below that? Are we children of God when justified merely, and not when sanctified? "We have received, not the spirit that is of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things which are freely given us of God;" all things, — not justification merely, or the blessings involved in this state as a matter of course, but blessings also in all degrees of attainment above this state. No one will stultify himself by an interpretation different from this.

6. Another hinderance with many to the reception of this doctrine is, that its blessedness, when fully enjoyed, is to be confessed. Oh the poor privilege of receiving great and signal blessings from God with no permission to speak of them! Whoever raises such an objection borrows a cross to endure before the time of enduring it. It is no cross to confess, it is a cross *not* to confess, Christ, when he is felt in the soul as a complete Saviour. All the teaching in modern and in former times, that it is duty to proclaim on proper occasions the full salvation, the perfect rest of faith, when it is experienced, is in entire agreement with the judgment of all humble, childlike, sanctified Christians. They love to do it; and they covet and pray for divine wisdom to do it *suitably* as to persons and places and occasions.

7. But, possibly, the hitch with many on this subject may be in none of these things. It is to be presumed that all

suppose themselves candid in their difficulties. The damaging spots in the characters of some, and certain unavoidable infelicities more or less apparent in all who profess the attainment of a sanctified state, doubtless do most to produce misconceptions on the whole question. This is the Devil's most successful snare: because, to engage men quite extensively in the defects of others, succeeds in largely taking off attention from their own defects; nay, almost to assume that they have none. They are caught in this trap without knowing it, and take to judging others severely, almost as if themselves were immaculate. Herein does their candor fail them. Not only this, but self-righteousness and pride are fostered unawares thereby. Possibly most Christians would not admit so serious an effect as this upon them. But let them be put to the test of obeying the command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," in the most serious sense which these words convey; let them consider the sacrifices to be made, the crucifixion of self, the flesh, and the world, the utter death of all cherished remains of the old nature, the consecration of every thing, to the utmost tittle, every moment unto God, suspending every interest of this world and of the next on the all-sufficient merits of Christ, — are they ready for this? — ready to take down all conceit about self-denial, all scruple about crosses? — to yield reputation for religious wisdom? willing to be taught, if need be, by the lowliest of God's deeply-experienced children?

If there is readiness for all this, none of the above-named stumbling-blocks, nor any thing of the kind, will be likely to be in the way. Cavillings about the psychology of sanctification will cease; misgivings about the profession of it, in appropriate circumstances, will yield; and a sound, useful, and delightful Christian character will probably be the result.

THE APOSTLE PAUL'S SALARY. — Hunger, thirst, fasting, nakedness, peril, persecution, stripes, death. Very much like the salaries of some preachers now-a-days; only Paul received more.

For the Guide.

SUBDUED LONGINGS.

MRS. M. A. BRADLEY.

Father, I am so lonely !
 Oh ! comfort me ;
 Thou hast the power only :
 I trust in thee.
 Thou makest day and night :
 Oh ! let me see
 Thy hand as it shadeth
 The light from me.

Through this dark sorrow
 Which blindeth me
 I watch for the morrow
 That findeth thee :
 I know thou wilt come
 When thou thinkest best ;
 And, waiting and hoping
 And trusting, I rest.

Father, I am so weary !
 Oh ! let me rest
 Upon thine everlasting arms,
 Close to thy breast :
 Oh ! calm the restless beatings
 Of this heart so wild ;
 Speak, in thy power and pity,
 Peace to thy child.

Oh ! give me patience, Father, —
 Thou who so patient art :
 Oh ! let thy Holy Spirit
 Breathe in my heart ;
 Then shall its pulses beat
 Calmly and free,
 And I shall have rest
 For eternity.

For the Guide.

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE.

P. L. U.

Go, count the sands that form the earth,
 Go, count the drops that make the sea ;
 Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,
 And tell me what their numbers be, —
 And thou shalt know LOVE's mystery.

No measurement hath yet been found,
 No lines or numbers, that can keep

The sum of its eternal round,
 The plummet of its endless deep,
 Or heights to which its glories sweep.

Yes, measure LOVE when thou canst tell
 The lands where seraphs have not trod,
 The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
 And lay thy finite measuring-rod
 On the infinitude of God.

BRUNSWICK, ME.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF METHODISM.

REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

I have made a little exposition of Methodism ; but I see it will be too long to present in full. I sum it all up in one or two sentences. As to its theology, it takes the old theology of the Christian Church ; but it takes one element which no other Christian church has dared to put forward as a prominent feature of theology. In ours, it is the very point from which we view all theology. Now listen : I want that to be understood. Knowing exactly what I say, and taking the full responsibility of it, I repeat, we are the only church in history, from the apostles' time until now, that has put forward as its very elemental thought — the great central pervading idea of the whole book of God from beginning to end — the holiness of the human soul, heart, mind, and will. Go through all the confessions of all the churches, and you will find this in no other. You will find even some of them that blame us in their books and writings. It may be called fanaticism ; but, dear friends, that is our mission. If we keep to that, the next century is ours ; if we keep to that, the triumphs of the next century shall throw those that are past far in the shade. Our work is a moral work ; that is to say, the work of making men holy. Our preaching is to that ; our church agencies are for that ; our schools, colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, are for that. There is our mission, there is our glory, there is our power ; and there shall be the ground of our triumph. God keep us true !

For the Guide.

JOTTINGS IN THE WAY.

NO. II.

REV. G. HUGHES.

My "Jottings in the Way" were suddenly interrupted. I had purposed an immediate following of my first article, published some months ago. A new and somewhat protracted and painful experience has made me pause. I have been awaiting fuller developments, and, if possible, the revelation of the issue. These, however, are so gradual and so complicated, and the issue so long delayed, that I may only glance at some of the unfoldings of the hours I have been led to prove that there is

A FURNACE IN THE WAY.

Furnace-work is precious work. Its processes are painful, but powerful. The fires are consuming, but nevertheless refining. The flesh may shrink from the ordeal; but the spirit, sweetly submissive to the divine will, appreciating the beneficence of the Redeemer's plans, yields every faculty to his sway. The response of the sanctified soul to every demand is, "Take me, O thou heavenly Refiner! and carry on thy purifying processes. My nature, without the slightest reservation. I give into thy hand, to be moulded as *thou wilt*." What marvellous utterances are in the New Testament respecting this furnace-work! It is written, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," or trials; "knowing this, — that the trying of your faith worketh patience." That is a sum in Christian arithmetic which calls for skilful exercise; but, in the solution, there is realized the profoundest satisfaction. And again: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." That is a process of divine philosophy which the highest exercise of human reason cannot comprehend. But *faith* "lends its realizing light," and exultingly grasps the truth in the greatness of its life-connections. As illustrating my theme, let me note, —

I. — FURNACE-RETROSPECTS.

When the fires are kindled, and the lurid flames are playing all around the soul, the

past comes up vividly. Past life in panoramic view is presented. Thought and word and act have a resurrection. There is a *painful* retrospect and a *joyous* retrospect: painful, as deviations from the holy law, misspent hours, blood-bought opportunities presented but not improved, and proffers of great privileges made and slighted, come up for review; *joyous*, as thoughts of *divine mercies* thronging every pathway, attendant upon every hour, *deliverances* numerous, startling, marvellous, *victories* achieved in the face of tremendous odds, when dire antagonisms were presented, and the strife of contending forces was terrible. These, coming momentarily upon the vision as bright, heavenly revelations, — *these* delight the soul, lift it up, entrance it, so that the hot, scorching process of the furnace going on is forgotten. *Blessed furnace-retrospects!* — at once humbling and exalting, prostrating and lifting up; mingling joy and sorrow in the same cup; bringing a mountain-pressure, and yet making the spirit buoyant as an angel's. Oh furnace-retrospects! How precious! Who would be without them? More precious than gold are they.

II. — FURNACE-REALIZATIONS.

These are glorious. Ay, while the fires are raging, and the soul is scorched to her profoundest centre, she may revel in unearthly, unutterable glories. *Furnace-fellowships* are glorious. If ever on earth the bright face of the Son of God is seen, if ever the music of his voice breaks distinctly on the ear, if ever the rapturous pressure of his hand be felt by every trembling nerve and fibre of the immortal being, it is in the furnace. The Hebrews had a wonderful realization. Oh inspiring power of the ineffable Presence, — the adorable Son of God, — walking with them, speaking to them, covering them with a canopy of celestial light! Angels, too, are very near those who are in the furnace. They have wondrous power, inspiring power, consoling power. And what fellowship with glorified souls is allowed to those in the furnace may not be accurately determined. The spirits of departed loved ones may be permitted then to come very near with im-

mortal whisperings to draw the soul to high contemplations.

The furnace-songs are glorious. — There are songs in the furnace, — “songs in the night.” Paul knew something about furnace-songs, — songs which floated their heavenly melody upon the midnight air. Angels were there to participate. The dungeon-walls gave out the choral echoes. My soul, be thou a songster in the furnace. That is, perhaps, one of the grandest demonstrations of the higher life, of a perfected salvation, to be able to sing in the furnace. When the processes of grace are painfully severe, when the whole nature is full of agony, — then to *sing*, to glory in tribulation! Such are the realizations of *holy souls only* in the furnace.

III. — FURNACE-ANTICIPATIONS.

Hope is not a stranger in the furnace, but a continual resident. She walks unburnt in fire. With countenance of exceeding lustre, and agile footstep, and voice of celestial melody, she is there with such angelic mien as thrills the sufferer. *Furnace-anticipations!* — how rich and outreaching, and overpowering in grandeur! They comprehend a perfect work, perfect purgation, perfect assimilation, perfect glory! An awaking in the likeness of the Invisible, “the brightness of the Father’s glory, the express image of his person,” — that is an issue, an altitude of realization, a *consummation* so infinite, invested with such eternal splendor, that the loftiest imagination fails to reach the thought. Courage, then, my soul! Hold thyself to the work. Let the Refiner go on. Bid him kindle, if need be, the hottest conceivable fires, — the hotter the better: only let the image of the Refiner be perfectly drawn, and the rapturous song of immortality shall celebrate the triumph.

NEWARK, N. J., 1867.

ADVANCEMENT.

Our advancement in the Christian life may be said to depend upon one thing; viz., whether we wish to direct God, or are willing to resign ourselves TO BE WHOLLY DIRECTED BY HIM.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

For the Guide.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Here is a positive command. It is, indeed, hard to be understood, and still harder to be practised, but none the less explicitly placed on record for our observance. What is to be done? Plainly, the first thing must be to obtain a clear comprehension of the requirement, and then one might naturally seek to know what means would lead to its fulfilment. The common answer, that a *spirit* of prayer is meant, will satisfy but few earnest inquirers. It is too indefinite; altogether vague. A better method of grasping the idea is to regard it as a *realization of the presence of God*. It is setting the Lord always before us; holding ourselves firmly and continuously to the thought, “Thou, God, seest me.” The fact that Deity is everywhere, instead of merely gaining from us a cold, intellectual assent, in this way comes home to the heart as an influence of mighty power. It involves a feeling of personal responsibility for each word and thought; it closely links eternity and its fearful or joyful harvest with the seed-season of time. Ceaseless prayer may also be spoken of as *inward recollection*; which is fittingly called the “key to the position” in holy living, so absolutely indispensable is it to any high attainments in religion. If thoughtfully mindful of duty under all circumstances, there can be little doubt that the Christian heart would ask and receive from moment to moment all needed aid. Ejaculations of prayer or praise would pour forth perpetually: in the intervals of longer letters, little notes and messages would fly heavenward.

It is not meant that we can have at all times a conscious recognition of God’s presence, any more than we can have verbal petitions always upon the lips. When, for instance, the mind is occupied in solving a complicated problem, it can suffer no other object to engage its attention. But the influence of this thought of God is no less real and strong because unconscious. Its force is mighty, though latent; and ceaseless prayer is entirely practicable, though to some it may appear impossible.

A few illustrations will assist in setting forth the idea.

A weary traveller, parched with thirst, toils along a dusty road. To beguile the tedium of his journey, he may whittle out a toy, repeat passages of poetry, or follow a close course of reasoning; yet all the while his husky throat clamors for water: he cannot forget it; and ever and anon, in the pauses of other occupations, it is the absorbing matter of reflection. So prayer is a quenchless thirst for the living waters of salvation, fixed in the soul forever, but entirely compatible with the employment of body or mind in other things for a season.

All know how an eagerly-anticipated joy fills the horizon of hope for days and weeks before its arrival. Many duties may demand attention, may succeed in engaging for a while our thoughts; but, without intending it, we are soon back at the one subject. Our mind reverts to this great pleasure in the immediate future, whenever leisure is given by day; and at night our dreams are full of it. While the routine of business goes on, our heart seeks to be elsewhere. Thus we see how the religious life should underlie and overtop all else, crowding itself into prominence everywhere. The mind should be drawn upward by an ever-growing attraction whenever released from the earthward-pulling weights of care and labor. The presence of God should be a well-spring of purest joy to cheer and encourage, and the anticipation of our heavenly home should be full of enduring brightness.

Listen while some vast organ peals forth the swelling anthem. The deep bass of the pedal pipes does not commonly attract attention; it is the trumpet-stop, or the tremolo, that wins applause for the performer: yet the other, so far from interfering, is absolutely essential to the effect, by producing a just balance of the parts. Thus, in the oratorio of life, mingled with the louder but more transient strains, interpenetrating, giving solidity and success to them all, there must be the undertone of ceaseless prayer. Though no word find utterance, though the *jubilante* of triumph and the *miserere* of sorrow may alike be hushed, yet the deep voice of the soul,

unperceived by human ear, will make itself heard at the throne of the Infinite with melody to him most pleasing.

Our second inquiry has reference to the means to be employed in securing this rare attainment, which, both from revelation and from various analogies, we see is fully within reach. Clear views of the great advantages to be gained are undoubtedly important. While it is not the quantity so much as the quality of prayer which produces large results, it would be well-nigh impossible for any one so to *walk with God* as is implied in this habit, and yet not be a perfect Christian. With a mind stayed on the Lord, we should be kept in perfect peace: shut up in him as in an impregnable fortress, we could laugh at assailing cares and fears. Undisturbed repose, blessed foretaste of heavenly rest, would then smile upon the soul, and stability, as of the anchored rock, be ours amid the surges. He who always prays must needs be always on his guard; and when did Satan ever overcome, while the believer, armed with celestial strength, watchfully repelled his onset?

Another point worthy of notice is this: He who wishes to become possessor of power to pray without ceasing, must make it, for a time at least, *the one object* of endeavor. Specificness is the secret of success in every undertaking. Let every energy be turned into this channel till it becomes the absorbing purpose of the heart; shrink from no sacrifice, however great; neglect none, however small; with resolute will, make business, pleasure, society, ease, all things, bend and give place. The most unalterable determination is needed, or else, after a few days of struggle, if sufficient results are not seen, effort is relaxed, and soon the whole thing is given over. Not to be disappointed at failures is difficult; yet failures are almost sure to come at first, and should not discourage. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise," is the language to adopt. Our chief enemy in this case is the inevitable tendency to trust in self; to take pride in what has been acquired as in the captive of our own bow and spear. To labor with tireless diligence and concentration, as though all depended on that, and still to

rely on divine power with the firm persuasion that all depends on that, — this seems the true basis of action. Unwavering faith and unfaltering work will vitalize and effectuate each the other.

Various expedients to assist in cultivating the spirit of prayer, adapted to the circumstances and necessities of each, will readily suggest themselves to most persons. Little helps, not to be despised, are found in texts of Scripture, so placed as to catch the eye at intervals, and turn the currents of thought upward. Followers of the false prophet write passages of the Koran on their houses, utensils, and ornaments. Many have deemed it an important aid to spirituality to associate with the commonest employments, with the things most frequently seen and used, some verse or holy thought.

There are some qualities or habits so intimately allied with that of ceaseless prayer, that its attainment depends in no small degree upon them; and he who struggles for the one must give attention to the others. We mention two in particular, — seriousness and silence. A gloomy or morose type of piety is very far from being our ideal. There is undoubtedly, with some, a danger in that direction; but the chief peril at the present day lies quite the other way. There is far too high a premium set upon what is termed good fellowship; which means a jovial levity, that throws wide the door of the heart to a thousand temptations. Surely devout seriousness is more becoming immortal spirits hovering on the borders of the grave. Sobriety necessarily attends those whose minds are wont to dwell on the eternal interests of others or their own souls' future fate. Most glaringly out of place does this trifling mood appear when seen in the ambassadors of Jehovah to a lost race. We cannot refrain from quoting the plain language of our sainted Bishop Hamline on this subject: "You speak of wit and humor, of jokes and anecdotes, among ministers. Alas! I cannot dwell here. If there be not a speedy end to these, the Church is marred, if not undone. I can only say, Keep away from these joking ministers, or get them converted to God. Swearing and joking are somewhat different, and the former is reputed more profane; but as to religion, after much ex-

perience and observation, I have no doubt that they are equally sure to kill religion out of their souls, and make the heart, so far as the Spirit's graces are concerned, a desert waste" ("Life and Letters," page 209). It seems to us clear that professing Christians could not utter the thoughtless nonsense that sometimes finds its way to their lips, if they were at the moment conscious of standing in presence of the King of kings, and were offering prayer for his guidance. As the latter is plainly a duty, what is incompatible with it must be abandoned.

In like manner, no one can pour forth a continual stream of talk on all subjects and occasions, and yet maintain unabated communion with God. The soul needs frequently to withdraw into itself, and there hold converse with its Friend. Solitude and silence, not carried to dangerous extremes, but proportioned to active duties, are invaluable aids. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." The distractions of daily business, the incessant calls of the world upon our time and attention, must be watched against and retrenched as far as possible.

We cannot better bring this article to a close than by quoting some counsels of Fletcher; counsels which, it is almost needless to say, were eminently exemplified in his own rich experience: "Recollection is a castle, an inviolable fortress against the world and the Devil: it renders all times and places alike, and is the habitation where Christ and his Bride dwell. Man's soul is the temple of God; recollection, the holy of holies. Without recollection, all means of grace are useless, or make but a light and transitory impression. Without it, God's voice cannot be heard in the soul. Without this spirit, there can be no useful self-denial, nor can we know ourselves: but, where it dwells, it makes the soul all eye, all ear; traces and discovers sin, repels its first assault, or crushes it in its earliest risings." "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

LOTTIE.

Nearer my God when the tempests rage,
And the earth seems dark and drear.
When my frailest of barks is almost wrecked,
And no mortal help is near,
Then nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee:
In the distant east
May the light appear!

Nearer my God when the sun shines bright,
And I sweetly glide along.
When all things around but seem to combine
To join in a happy song,
Then nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee:
May my zeal ne'er tire
When the way is clear!

Nearer my God in sunshine and storm;
Nearer where'er I may be:
Let me hear thy voice in darkness and light
Whispering ever to me, —
"Nearer, my child, to me, —
Nearer to me:
While close by my side,
You have nought to fear."

For the Guide.

JESUS MY PORTION.

W. A. RICHARDS.

Saviour, if through my life of toil and care
I may but feel
Thy presence, may but know that thou art near
To soothe and heal
By thy restoring word,
I cannot plead
For more. Thy smiles, thy cheering voice, thy
love, —
If I but have
This grace, these blessed gifts, so far above
What earth can give,
Thy fulness shall afford
All that I need.
If, when thy righteous will is done, and when
At last 'twill be
My time to fall, I feel thine arms are then
Encircling me

In strong, divine embrace,

'Tis all I'd seek;

Then I my weary, fainting head can lay
On thy dear breast,
Glad that life's toils and cares have passed away;
And I can rest,
Beholding thy dear face,
In bliss complete.

SPIRIT LAKE, IA.

For the Guide.

"JUST AS I AM."

A. MILLS.

The sin-atonement Lamb calls us to come to him, that he may wash us thoroughly, and cleanse us from all sin. Yes, brother, how long he has been calling you by his Spirit to come just as you are! But you have excused yourself, saying, "If I were situated differently, if I had no more trials than that brother or sister, I could lay all on the altar, and believe unto full salvation."

How long, sister, you have hesitated, fearing that you could not keep the blessing of a pure heart in the midst of family cares and every-day annoyances! But Jesus just as clearly says "Come" to you as to that one whom you fancy can live a life of entire devotion so easily.

The compassionate, all-powerful Saviour knows all your surroundings, and he wants to save you just where you are. He wants you to glorify him there, in your own sphere.

If you have many cares and perplexities, troubled on every side, so much the more will you magnify the Saviour by claiming the sufficiency of grace promised.

Think how little you know of the trials of those whose position you regard as so favorable to holy living.

You look upon a face that reflects the sweet peace within; but you see not the purifying fires through which such souls have passed. The joy you witness is the joy of victory.

Battles have been fought: the Enemy may oft again persecute, perplex, cast down; but he can rally no force that shall overcome the feeblest one that trusts in Him who "led captivity captive."

"This is the victory that overcometh the

world,—even our faith.” The hosts of Sin shall suffer defeat, but not the soldiers of Jesus.

Haste, then, to separate yourselves entirely from the party whose downfall is sure. Come just as you are to the Prince of salvation. Let him fashion you as he will. Take the armor he assigns you, not doubting but that he will give such as will enable you to do the greatest harm to the Enemy in your field of duty. So joy shall be yours, even in the midst of the contest. If you prove that “many are the afflictions of the righteous,” you will also testify that “the Lord delivereth him out of them all.” What of “the sufferings of this present time”? The “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” is being worked out for us. Trust Jesus fully now. Yonder are crowns and palms and everlasting joy.

MT. CARROLL, ILL.

For the Guide.

BALTIMORE SATURDAY-NIGHT MEETING.

REV. DR. C. M. ROBERTS.

Of this meeting, which has proved itself to be one of great power to the Church of God in this city and elsewhere, no record has been made. Perhaps it would be pleasant and profitable to know something definite of its history and progress. It was first held on Saturday night, Feb. 20, 1841, at Wesley Chapel; and has continued to be there held unto this day. The organization of it, a few nights prior to its being held, was largely attended by the membership of the church, many of whom were attracted by the notice given. For some ten or more years, it had to struggle for its existence against the difficulties thrown in its way; and would have long since been among the things that *once were*, had it not been for the conviction upon the minds of its founders that it was of God, and would eventually prevail. For many years, rarely more than ten or fifteen persons regularly attended, and they often through the most inclement weather. Some who were among the most faithful of its adherents have long since gone to their reward in heaven. It, however, finally reached a point at which it became manifest as

being a power in the Church, and, from that to the present time, has been steadily advancing. At this date, it is most largely attended by persons from all parts of the city, who weekly assemble to tell of the wondrous work that God has wrought for them. Every Saturday night, from five to ten persons present themselves publicly, as seekers of entire redemption through the blood of Jesus; of which number, from one to five profess to find the pearl of great price.

On the 31st of December, 1866, in addition to this meeting, we instituted Sabbath-afternoon meetings, to be held in one and then another of our churches throughout our city. The first of these meetings was held in Wesley Chapel; and they have been continued nearly every Sabbath since in the different churches, and are known publicly as designed wholly for the promotion of the work of “entire sanctification.” Such as may have been convinced of sin—and they have not been few in number—are always urged to continue their struggle for justification by faith until they find it. These meetings are very largely attended by our membership, and others who weekly come in crowds to fill our largest houses of worship. At all of them, our object has been twofold: 1st, To give instruction, to such as need it, of the nature and effects of this grace upon the hearts and lives of those who have entered into its possession. To accomplish this end, we devote more than an hour to the statement of religious experience; which time is fully taken up by those present in relating how they were brought into its enjoyment, &c., which they are urged to do, not occupying more than three or at most five minutes. This part of the meeting is always attended with great power, and, at times, becomes overwhelming in its character.

2d, The first part of the meeting being closed, sometimes, it is true, with great difficulty and reluctance, we then invite all who are convinced of the necessity of this grace, and mean to make it the business of their lives hereafter, to come forward to the communion-rail as seekers. Usually, from ten to twenty present themselves: sometimes the number has amounted to thirty, and even forty. We spend only a

half-hour in singing a few verses, and offering short and fervent prayers for those who have thus publicly signalized themselves, and *for them alone*. This part of our meetings is also invariably of great interest: sometimes four or five by faith apprehend this grace, and sometimes twelve or fifteen. Indeed, all seem reluctant to close when the half-hour has expired. At some of the meetings, the itinerant preachers have been found seeking this "pearl of great price," and have rejoiced in finding it.

At the present moment, there is a great awakening of the popular mind on this subject in every part of our city. Many are engaged in examining into the matter, and many are convinced. To say or to think that this state of things has been reached without opposition, would be to say what is not exactly true. The opposition, however, thus far, has not been of a public character, and is circumscribed in extent. Our pastors generally favor the meetings, and, in most instances, have attended them. We sincerely trust that those of them who have not as yet realized the grace will very speedily be brought into its possession.

To judge of the number of those who have made public profession of this higher state of Christian experience is somewhat difficult, as no record has been kept. As far as can be ascertained, it is thought that they have reached one hundred and fifty, including those who have been blessed at our Saturday-night meetings. The work has assumed such importance, as, in our estimation, to call for additional steps for the future fidelity of those who have realized it, as well as the further spread of the work. At no time heretofore in this city have there been so many excited on this question as at the present.

The immediate friends of the measure have recently held several private meetings for the purpose of considering what is best to be done. After much prayer and consultation, they have resolved upon, and, under a few simple rules for their government, have pledged themselves for, the furtherance of the work. They have districted the different parts of the city, for the purpose of holding, in *private houses*, weekly meet-

ings for prayer. Four places have been offered, remote from each other, where these meetings will be held, at such times as will not conflict with those statedly held in the churches. Doubtless many more will soon be offered; our object being to assist our pastors in bringing their membership up to a higher grade of Christian experience. The band has also determined to hold, *once a month*, a general prayer-meeting, for the accomplishment of similar ends, in some central part of the city, where all may congregate and offer supplication to the great Head of the Church for the permanency and further spread of this glorious work. The first meeting of this kind has been held, which, although the evening was extremely inclement, was attended by a considerable number, and was one of great "refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

What is to be the result of this movement? This, time alone will tell. Is it unreasonable, however, to suppose that it will be sanctioned by God himself, and must eventuate in the greatest possible benefit to our common Zion, both in and out of the city. Already persons have come here, for the sole purpose of attending our Saturday-night meetings, who reside some fifty and sixty miles from the city, and others some fifteen and twenty. They have testified to its hallowed influences upon themselves, and have returned to their homes with a full determination to spread the sacred fire in their neighborhoods. It would be contrary to the nature of things to suppose that all who have attained this state of grace will continue faithful to it: such are the obstacles thrown about their path by the Enemy of souls, that it is to be feared at least some of them will falter. Not that this *need* be the case with any one: such have been the provisions made for them by God, and such their entire efficacy, that none need fall from their steadfastness. Every one brought into the enjoyment of full salvation may and shall continue faithful if found watching and praying always. They shall thus be saved from "entering into temptation," and consequently be enabled to maintain their integrity. That this may be the case, we must labor night and day, and throw, as far as possible, all

the weight of our influence into the scale, and then leave the issue in the hands of Him who is "able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him," and keep them steadfast in this faith until death. After repeated thoughtful and prayerful consideration, *we* have pledged ourselves to the spread of this work, under God, no matter how great and formidable the difficulties to be encountered; for we firmly believe it to be of God. The friends of holiness, throughout our work, are most earnestly solicited to offer continued prayer for us. In conclusion, I will say, that, as far as my knowledge extends (and thus far it embraces in its range the whole city), in *every instance* those persons brought into the enjoyment of the direct witness of this grace have realized its consummation *instantaneously*; they have entered into its enjoyment at once by faith. We would say, that, whilst some come up to the point of exercising this faith *gradatim*, they nevertheless cannot but realize the *exercise of it instantly*. Indeed, we cannot conceive how in any other way *IT* (or justification) can be realized, being based, as we believe it to be, on the terms of *faith*, and *faith alone*, on God, through Christ. It is his precious blood that cleanses us from all sin, and his blood alone. This blood being applied in its cleansing efficacy to the soul of the *believer*, the witness of the Holy Spirit is then given that the work is accomplished within him. How can it be done otherwise? The Divine Word alone, which should always be received as the rule of our faith and practice, is wholly silent upon any other way than that of *FAITH*. Our groanings with any and all other means we may employ, *never can do the work for us*. It is written that the precious blood of Christ alone can cleanse us; and that also *will do the work for us*, for one and for all, who seek it sincerely and wholly by faith. To God alone be all praise given.

A person whose life is full of good works, whose heart is devoted to God, whose faith and hope are sincere, will never be surprised by death.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.—ITS BENEFITS.

M. J. G. M.

Am but a child in the school of Christ; though little more than nine years, have been sitting at the feet of Jesus, striving to learn of him; yet, oh, how imperfectly have I practised his teachings!

By the prompting of his Spirit, I would here record, to the glory of his grace, some of his gracious dealings with me, that perhaps *one*, treading life's pathway, perplexed, in doubt and darkness, reading, "may take heart again." It is no strange way in which the Lord has led me, but one common to many. The week of my conversion he made known, through "The Guide," the duty of holiness; and though the privilege seemed exalted indeed, yet what God *commands*, I felt must be obeyed. That blessing was sought; but being entirely unacquainted with the way of obtaining it, and fearing to submit wholly to the guidance of the Spirit, discouragements were yielded to, and for years I was kept back by the temptations of the Adversary and the unwillingness of my own heart. Unwillingness, I say: for the natural heart rebelled against the cross-bearing of the Christian life; and I feared, that, entering that narrow way of entire devotedness to God, the cross might be enlarged, duties greater and more abundant. And, feeling so inadequate to the faithful performance of those already about me, how could the increased burden be sustained?

Oh, how little realizing the added grace, the greater strength, that would be given!

Can I sufficiently praise my God that his Spirit did not leave me, but pressed me closer and yet *closer to the cross*, until, feeling my utter helplessness, and even that hope in Christ must be laid down unless his righteous claims were yielded to, after severe mental struggles, my all was laid upon the altar, and I could say, —

" 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine " ?

Would that I had ever been faithful to the grace received! But, through lack of confession, the assurance of cleansing was withdrawn, and for months I mourned its

loss. Then, again, I sought the Lord. The energizing power of his Spirit was imparted; faith was restored. Again the offering was made, with the determination to follow unhesitatingly and unquestioningly the leadings of the Spirit. *Now* I was left to walk by faith, but with a firm hold upon the promises of God, believing that in due time the witness would be given.

Gradually the clouds dispersed, the shadows fled away, and the full light of the Sun of Righteousness shone in upon my soul. Two and a half years have passed; and, thanks and praise to our Lord, it is shining there still.

Do you ask what benefits accrue from the reception of this blessing? Uninterrupted communion with God; constant walking in light; joy that is unspeakable, yea, *full* of glory; peace, rest, perfect rest, in Christ, — these, and many others.

What more can mortals ask or desire?

ENTER AND WORK.

MRS. M. E. M'ALLISTER.

"Be earnest:

Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the judgment-day."

It has been said that there are four classes of persons who visit the temple of God, — "they who enter, but will not work; they who work, but will not enter; they who neither enter nor work; and they who *enter and work*." Reader, of which class are you? Have you entered the temple, and, trusting to the security of the name of Christian, ceased to be a worker with God? No beating of the heart in sympathy with Christ in the great work of saving the world? Making no sacrifices for its accomplishment, but yet fondly dreaming that by and by heaven's gate shall open for you, and you enter into the city, having right to the tree of life, expecting to hear the welcome applaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? If so, yours is an idle dream; and better that you be out of the temple, than that, idle, you stand in the way of those who work. Behold the whitening of the harvest-fields! There's work for all. Say not, "No man hath hired us:" the command is given, "*Go*

ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive. That inactivity is not for the disciples of the lowly Nazarene we are continually admonished, from the time of a "I am slow of speech" contending with "I AM hath sent thee," to "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among wolves;" "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you;" and to the morning of the resurrection, when to the weeping Marys was given the message, "Go quickly, and tell the disciples that he is risen from the dead." But with these commands we hear ever the voice of the Master: "Lo, I am with you always;" and "My presence shall go before thee, and I will give you rest." And though it may not be ours to broadcast o'er the land, there's the work of planting "hill by hill;" though not ours to wield the sickle in the ripened field, let us remember that "Ruth *gleaned* in the fields of Boaz;" and by and by, when the time of the great gathering shall come,

"Happy then will be those gleaners
Who have sheaves to carry home."

The great want of the Church at the present age is earnest workers, — men and women everywhere baptized with power from on high, who are ready for any work, — the "child-work" and "man-work;" who dare, as Rev. B. Pomeroy has it, to give to the Church "all the God-talk in them, without changing an accent;" who are ready to go at any bidding, down to the child-errand, up to the elevated position of a worker in the inner temple; those who on their breastplate will bear "Victory, or death;" who unflinchingly are ready to carry the blood-stained banner of the cross into the ranks of the Enemy. Upon them, amid the infidelity, and "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" of the world, God may at any time place his hand in the dark, saying, as of Abraham, "I know him."

Were the Church with her millions such an army, where is the power that could stand before her? But God be praised that such an army (and one steadily increasing in numbers) is in array; and though, for over eighteen hundred years, all the combined powers of darkness have been brought to bear against it, offensive in her movements she stands to day, "Onward" the motto;

For the Guide.

"MARK THE PERFECT MAN."

S. G. SHARP.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
for the end of that man is peace."

while on the banner, unfurled to the breezes that float from Calvary, we read, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." Thank God, the spirit of the martyrs is with us still! Men and women there are, scattered here and there all over our land, who, with the banner of holiness firmly planted, are ready at the command of our Captain to push the battle to the very gate of the Enemy; who, at every call of the Master, are responding, "Here am I; send me!" Beholding the eternal triumph of our holy Christianity, knowing that

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,"

onward they move; and we, catching the exultant strains of their music rising above the mists of unbelief, with triumph join their song:—

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
We see the triumph from afar;
By faith we bring it nigh."

Reader, are you in this army of invincibles? Are you a worker in the temple? Are you daring to be singular for Christ's sake? Have you forsaken all for Christ? Is the promise yours, providing against all fear of want?—"They shall receive a hundred-fold more in this present life, with persecutions; and in the world to come, life everlasting." If so, happy are you, thrice blessed in your inheritance; and may the day hasten, when all bearing the name of Christ, robed in their strength, shall thus go forth to glorious war! Then shall the time come when a nation shall be born in a day; then shall the Millenium-morn, with all her glory, dawn upon us. And, until then, let us stand at our post; and, when we fall, may it be on the spiritual battle-field!

"'Tis glorious thus to die:
God smiles on valiant soldiers;
Their record is on high."

I ask not that my name be enrolled among the noble of earth; I ask not that the marble rear proudly towards heaven above my dust; but I do ask, and the petition is registered in heaven, that, when this tenement of clay is laid in its narrow, last resting-place, it may be said, "She hath done what she could."

LEROX, MICH.

I have just finished the perusal of the "Life and Letters of Bishop Hamline," and, as I closed it, fervently exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." What Christian could read the words, the blessed experience, of that saint, and not feel an increasing hungering and thirsting after righteousness? My soul has feasted upon the contents of this volume every moment I could spare from family duties, and a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost has descended upon my heart as I heard the heavenly utterances of that sanctified man. The book was so highly recommended to me by the wife of a former pastor, that I bought it, and have occasion to praise God, who led me to visit her just at that time, when, through bodily infirmities and manifold temptations, I was in the valley, mourning that I could do so little for my Master. Oh, how many experiences of helps in my weakness from my heavenly Father could I recount! For many weeks past, I have been comparing the infinite love of Jesus, and the magnitude of the debts I owe him, with the poor return I have made. The thought has overpowered me with a sense of my unworthiness: but I have still clung to the assurance, though tremblingly, that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin; that I had proved its efficacy, and was indeed his humble follower. To-night my soul doth magnify the Lord for the blessed example of that holy man, Bishop Hamline, and for the power of faith, hope, and joy, which has fallen upon me through the testimony he has left of the glorious effects of holiness in intense suffering and amid great deprivations. Glory to God for redeeming grace, for full salvation! I would recommend this book to all Christians. Those who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect love will be incited to an earnest seeking after this great gift; and those who do will find, as I have, their spiritual strength renewed.

WATERTOWN, CHESTNUT COTTAGE, MASS., 1867.

THE MINISTER'S "HOBBY."

For the Guide.

A. T. ALLIS.

Suggested by the following remark by a minister :
"There were a few ministers at Conference who made the subject of holiness a 'hobby.'"

Call it a "hobby," ye who will,
For men to fearlessly proclaim
The living word, — that holiness
Is God's free gift in Jesus' name ;

To spread this solemn truth abroad
On every breeze wide as they can, —
That holiness, and this alone,
Can save a sinful, fallen man.

They who would prove man's duty less,
Try as they will, in vain will try,
Till they can blot experience,
And prove God's holy Word a lie.

Till then, these God-commissioned ones
Cannot with innocence divide
The "hobby" he has given them,
And choose the part which they would ride.

How shall the multitude be taught
These truths, so vital to the soul,
Unless the teachers God hath sent
Shall always ride their "hobbies" whole ?

The Church has need of just such men
To bear the standard Jesus bore :
We bless the Lord that she has some,
And pray that he will send her more.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N.Y.

"WHAT WAS THE SECRET?"

BISHOP SIMPSON.

Some of you possibly have read the story of the old Christian preacher, St. John, who was afterward called Chrysostom, or "the Golden-mouthed." He was a young man of promise, and of some power in the Church ; but his sermons had but little effect, until, as he says, he had a kind of vision. It seemed to him, as he was going to ascend the pulpit, that he saw angels all around the altar, flying up the altar ; and sitting right before him was Jesus : and the vision became so powerful on his mind, that

it was like a living reality to him ; so that, when he entered the pulpit the next day to preach, he preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. The people listened ; and such impressions were produced on him, that they called him "the Golden-mouthed." His words seemed to drop with wisdom and with power.

Brethren, we may have the same vision ; we may always know the angels are there, and we may always know that Jesus is there in the plenitude of his power and presence. And, if so, how should we preach ? Shall we preach mere essays ? Shall we preach for the applause of men ? Shall we preach that we may win fame for some rounded period or high-sounding phrase ? Not if we see Jesus ; not if he is listening to us ; not if our reward is to depend upon the manner in which we preach. But we will plead with men to be reconciled to God ; we will use all the arguments we can gather, and all the illustrations we can employ ; we will come with words of burning love ; we would lay our arms, if we could, around our hearers, and say, "Come to the Saviour, who received me ; come to the feet of Jesus, who waits to receive even you."

Such, I think, are the thoughts growing out of the precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Under the influence of this, the disciples of ancient days went and preached. And what was the effect of their preaching ? It is said they preached the gospel, the Lord everywhere working with them with signs and with wonders. It is said the gospel had free course, and was glorified. Now, if the apostles preached thus, what was the secret of their preaching ? I presume there are men in this conference as eloquent as Peter ever was ; there are ministers in this conference that know a great deal more than Peter ever knew ; there are men here that might have as much of the love of God within them as Peter ever had. Why, then, can they not preach like Paul, Barnabas, or Apollos ? Is it because the power of God is limited ? It is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Is it because Jesus does not wish the gospel to be accompanied with as much power ? It is for his glory that it should have the power. Why, then, has it not ?

Is it not, in a great measure, because we do not look for it? Do we not oftentimes enter the pulpit when we ourselves would be astounded if such a scene would follow as followed the ancient apostles? And yet Jesus is the same.

For the Guide.

TRIUMPHS.

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

SALLIE A. SANTEE.

We often hear persons speak of dying in the triumph of faith; but, oh, be it mine to *live* in the triumphs of faith! I feel that I need this triumph more in life than I shall in death: for "to die," to the Christian, "is gain;" to die is to pass from toil to rest, from death to life. When we die, we know that our struggles are ending; that the Enemy is losing his last hope of recapturing our souls; that we are going to the realms of bliss to dwell where Jesus is, and sing the song of redeeming love throughout eternal ages. Ah! methinks it would be easy then to triumph; but it is something more to triumph amidst the trials, toils, temptations, and afflictions of life. Yet bless the Lord, O my soul! It is our privilege to live as well as die in holy triumph.

We may not only triumph, when, like one whose joy I have witnessed for the past week, we are sailing towards the heavenly harbor, without a cloud in the sky or a ripple upon the surface of the boundless ocean; when, like him, we go about our daily toil with so deep a song continually dwelling upon our lips as to express boundless joy in the Holy Ghost, and yet show forth that there is such a fulness bound up in our hearts as cannot be made known; but, by faith, we may triumph like Paul and Silas, who sang praises at midnight, when many stripes were laid upon them, and they cast into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks.

Yes, thank God, we may triumph when Satan wages his fiercest warfare against our souls. We may triumph when pain afflicts the body, and when anguish seizes upon the mind. We may triumph when wounded in the house of our friends, and when our

hearts are all torn and bleeding with the severest ills of life. We may triumph when compelled to yield to the human will, which denies us the privileges that God grants. We may triumph in joy; we may triumph in grief. We may triumph when we have to stem the tide of oppression and woe. We may triumph through life; we may triumph in death. Then let us take the Word of God, and go down upon our knees before Jehovah, and learn to triumph at all times. May God help us all to live and die in the triumphs of faith!

HARVEYVILLE, PENN., 1867.

For the Guide.

HOW TO REGAIN THE WITNESS OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

A LEAF FROM MY LIFE'S HISTORY.

REV. G. NEWTON.

I professed the blessing of holiness, preached it, endeavored to live it, but had lost the clear witness of the Spirit of its present possession; still would confess it, and testify to its truth, but felt in my soul a want of unction that I believe should always attend the possession of this grace, and does, as light to the sun, and, if not obstructed, will make its power known. Late one night, after retiring from a protracted meeting, in which the conflict was even, and the Enemy, at most, only kept at bay, in reviewing and endeavoring to analyze the effort of the evening, the Spirit of God led me to see that my dimness of light was not sufficient, and others were in the dark on my account. I was led again to approach the mercy-seat with a cold, naked faith, perceiving that I was to be saved by faith, and not by my works, even of good desires, wishes, or resolutions; and, if by faith, now was just as appropriate a time as any other would be. And, without feeling or emotion of any kind, I mentally took the stand. I am now the Lord's, letting go of all the past, of neglects, unfaithfulness, &c. I was enabled to stand upon this truth, "Jesus saves me, for I trust him to save me;" and from that time my witness returned.

"To any who have lost the witness, go thou and do likewise."

For the Guide.

TRIBUTE TO THE GUIDE.

MADGE.

Dear, precious Guide!
 Thou'rt leading me in narrow ways. These feet
 So prone to go astray, and heart not warm
 Enough to do spontaneous all God's
 Blessed will, would learn of thee. My spirit
 Hails with joy the light that points me to a
 Higher life, and finds in thee a proof of
 God's great promises to man. I'd put my
 Hand in thine, dear Guide, and ever walk the
 Shining way, till Jesus calls his pilgrim
 Spirit's home.

Editorial.

LETTER FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR.

We left New York June 20 by the beautiful and commodious steamer "Daniel Drew." As we were about stepping on board, we met the philanthropic gentleman whose name it bears, and enjoyed a moment of pleasant converse. He seemed quite aware, that, as servants of the holy Master, we were on our way for the performance of some errand of grace; and when in answer to his inquiry, "Whither bound?" we said, "Away, far away, west, in the region of Chicago, to attend camp-meeting, he smiled appreciatively. Doubtless amid his stupendous and oft-perplexing business-operations, with its connecting responsibilities, his heart sometimes sighs for the quiet of a less-imposing sphere: yet rich men, when true to their responsibility as stewards, do much for humanity; and perhaps there are not many such more disposed to live for public good by honoring God with their substance than the one whose name this magnificent steamer memorializes. May the Lord preserve him amid the perils that wealth imposes, and enable him to abound yet more and more in every good work! How few remember that it is God that giveth power to get wealth, and fewer still the danger of riches, inasmuch as Infinite Wisdom has said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom!"

WOULD BE RICH REPROVED.

We were observing an uncultivated stony field as we paused at a railroad station. An intelligent Christian lady, joining us in some remarks on the subject, said about thus: I had a friend,

who, though a Christian man, had a great desire for earthly gain. His motive, he imagined, was laudable. He saw a large family growing up around him; and desiring that each loved object of solicitude should be liberally educated, and reputably established in life, he ate the bread of carefulness, and indulged an over-anxious concern about the acquisition of wealth.

He who in former ages instructed Jacob and Joseph, Peter, Paul, and many others, by visions and dreams of the night, permitted this mistaken man to be thus instructed and warned. He had fallen asleep, and in vision stood amid a field that he had as the avails of his labor called his own. But the field was very stony, and he felt that he had little to hope for from its gains. Picking up one, and looking at it closely, he was surprised to find that it was of an unusual texture; and, after careful scrutiny, who can conceive his joyful astonishment on finding that not only the stone he held in his hand, but every stone on the surface of his field, that had been so annoying to his observation, was gold?

New inspirations fired his soul in view of his immense new-found wealth; and then the ponderous query, of how this vast amount of gold could be safely treasured, came pressing upon him. Should he let the people of his village know, what a rush to the field there would at once be, and how much of his treasure lost! This could not, must not, be. Plan after plan was devised; but not one could be fixed upon without great peril. Such a heart-sickening weight of care he had never before felt. Nature began to reel under the accumulating load; and, oh, how excessively was his head pained by the ponderous weight of solicitude that had thus newly been rolled upon him! Happily he awoke, and most relieved was he to find that his fancied wealth was but a dream. Never afterwards was he heard to say that he desired to be rich. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men, destruction and perdition."

VISIT TO CLIFTON SPRINGS.

Our first pause on our westward route was at Clifton Springs. Here is a large and prosperous hydropathic establishment, under the care of a devoted Christian physician. Dr. Foster's first great concern in his intercourse with his patients, and in all the orderings of his commodious and well-arranged establishment, appears

to be to promote the highest spiritual and physical good of all. A peaceful atmosphere prevails through those large halls; and "Holiness to the Lord" seems to characterize the designs of its founder, the good Dr. Foster. A very neat chapel makes part of the building; and here all the patients able to leave their rooms morning and evening assemble for family worship, and also for Sabbath and week-day services. In this pleasant retreat we met several choice spirits whom we love in the Lord, among whom were our dear Mrs. Bishop Hamline, Dr. Whedden (editor of "The Methodist Quarterly") and lady, Rev. L. Hartsough, who so often during months past has entertained our readers with the enchanting notes of song as found in our musical department. At present, he is unable to attend to the duties of the pastorate. We trust that his harp, so beautifully attuned to the songs of Zion, will not long be hung upon the willows.

SABBATH AT ERIE.

After a brief visit of a few hours at Clifton Springs, we proceeded on our way to the enterprising little city of Erie. It lies on the shore of Lake Erie, and contains several thousand inhabitants. The various evangelistic sects seem to be well represented, and suggest a type of piety that does not lead them to dwell in their ceiled houses while the Lord's house lies desolate. A religion that costs people nothing is not the religion of the Bible: neither the Old nor New Testament Scriptures favor it. When I see people live in their beautiful mansions richly furnished, and the house of God neither commodious nor neat, and the priests ministering poorly paid, it is difficult to make myself believe that they are heartily in love with or honor the Deity, whose shrine they thus neglect, and whose service and temple is less honored and cared for than their own interests. We had hoped to reach the town of Girard, or Painsville, to spend the Sabbath, where we had long stood invited to labor: but Saturday evening had overtaken us; and, pausing at a hotel, we spent the Sabbath with the people of the Simpson M. E. Church. The excellent minister, Rev. J. H. Tagg, desiring that we should take the services of the day, we opened our lips in honor of the world's Redeemer, and had a gracious season both morning and evening. We accepted the invitation of Brother Janes, residing near the church, and "abode that day with them." Sweet will be the gathering in our Father's house above when we

meet to enjoy forever the society of the many dear ones whose fellowship we have prized on earth.

Monday evening was spent with our friends in Cleveland, when we again saw many of the beloved friends with whom we were engaged as fellow-laborers last winter. We were pleasantly entertained with Mr. and Mrs. Lowman, who are "given to hospitality."

DIVINE IMPRESSIONS OBEYED.

Though much carefulness is necessary if in all the minutiae of life we would be led forth by a right way, yet is there not danger in the direction of an over-carefulness in regard to following impressions made on the mind by the ever-blessed Holy Spirit? So we think. Instance: Imagine that Philip, when the Spirit whispered in his spirit's ear, "Go join thyself to that chariot," had reasoned thus: "That man is an entire stranger to me: he is evidently a man of position. Will it not seem very obtrusive for me, as a stranger, to go and stop that chariot?" If Philip had taken time to reason thus, the eunuch, riding along in princely state, would have gone quite beyond the reach of the pedestrian Philip, and an opportunity for usefulness, far reaching as eternity, lost. But the same blessed, all-pervading Holy Spirit by which David was told, "Do what is in thy heart, for the Lord is with thee," gave Philip to see the importance of prompt action. The king's business required haste. With hasteful step he ran, and, ere the opportunity was lost, broke in upon the attentions of the musing traveller with the question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

OBERLIN.—RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

With a decision hasteful and unpremeditated, we were induced to pause in our westward journeyings at the religiously-famed, literary, and, we may add, really pretty town of Oberlin. Who in the religious world has not heard of the Oberlin Institute? Here, over thirty years past, hundreds of young men and maidens have been trained to enter upon earnest religious toil in various climes. Perhaps not many colleges in our land have sent out a greater number of efficient laborers of both sexes, irrespective of color, into our Lord's vineyard, during the same term of years, than Oberlin. Like most very earnest religious enterprises, it has won its way amid calumny and a host of contending influences, till now the Oberlin College stands

through honor and dishonor, having established principles of truth enduring as eternity, ranking strong amid the religious literary enterprises of the day. Though not rigid in its doctrinal teachings, it is due to say that its indices are Calvinistic and Congregational. Yet we have reason to infer that the first great object of the institution is to train devoted Christian laborers for our Lord's great harvest-field, mainly in view of hardy service rather than to serve the interests of any particular sect; and this it has done. We have long been familiar with its history, and have noted that the first few earnest spirits that contemplated the movement laid the foundation in much prayer and sacrifice, and, in the light of heaven, inscribed upon its basis "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Its faculty, we believe, is still composed of men who favor the precious theme. And doubtless the divine blessing will rest upon it to the degree it remains true to God, in view of the great specialty contemplated by its founders.

The plan of Oberlin originated with Rev. John J. Shepherd in the year 1832, while he was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Elyria. Associated with Mr. Shepherd in the development of the plan was Rev. P. P. Stewart, formerly a missionary among the Cherokees, and at that time residing in Mr. Shepherd's family. They and their wives prayed and talked together, and prayed alone, until the work lay out before them in such distinctness, that Mr. Shepherd in after-years was wont, with due modesty, to refer to this conception as "the pattern shown him in the mount;" and it is remarkable that the plan brought out in his first published circular might be taken in all its leading features for the description of the college as it stands to-day. The plan involved a school open to both sexes, with various departments, — preparatory, teachers', collegiate, and theological, — furnishing a substantial education at the lowest possible rates. This school was to be surrounded by a Christian community united in the faith of the gospel, and in self-denying efforts to establish and build up and sustain the school. Families were to be gathered from different parts of the land to organize a community devoted to this object. Among the articles of agreement to which the colonists subscribed their names was one reading thus: —

"We will strive to maintain deep-toned and elevated piety; to 'provoke each other to love and good works;' to live together in all things

as brethren; and to glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his."

That such a scheme should have been branded by cold, calculating professors as fanatical or heretical, is only as might be expected. Professor Fairchild says, "The Oberlin heresy, a shadowy form which has not yet faded from the imaginations of men, was a heresy that rejoiced in the gospel, in 'the grace of God that giveth salvation' in 'the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,' by which Paul was crucified to the world, and the world to him, and in those 'exceeding great and precious promises by which we are made partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust.' Some, perhaps in the fresh joy of a Pentecostal baptism, seemed to unsympathizing observers to be full of new wine; yet, if you listened well, you would hear them speak only 'the wonderful works of God.' Among the results of this fervid religious action at home were many precious revivals, when daily recitations were suspended, and the power of God was present to heal. Religious obligation was recognized in every movement; and in every gathering, whether for literary, social, or political purposes, God's blessing and presence were invoked. This habit, originating in those early times, has come down to the present."

There are those who think it wise to ask, "Why were the former days of Oberlin better than these?" But we were grateful to witness that its ancient fires are still inspiring the hearts of some with whom we held delightful converse.

Rev. Dr. Asa Mahan was early elected president of the college. His views of Christian holiness, as embodied in his printed sermons and other works, show the practical power and orthodoxy of his views on the great cardinal doctrine of Christianity. President Finney, whose praise is in the churches, and whose works we hope may be read while time endures, succeeded him. With such able advocates of Christian holiness, Oberlin has been an important centre of influence, from which has emanated a number of strong advocates of heart purity.

EX-PRESIDENT FINNEY.

Our home during our pleasant visit at Oberlin was with the excellent, we were about to say Dr. Finney; but he wholly and persistently repudiates the title. Seldom have we enjoyed a day's visit more than with the deeply pious and earnest President Finney and his estimable lady.

Though in feeble health, he is in excellent spirits, and generally able to preach twice on Sabbath to the crowded congregation in the commodious chapel. His residence is large and neat, and furnished with becoming deference to good taste and economy. The surrounding grounds are beautifully diversified with fruits and flowers. We shall often take pleasure in reviewing the few delightful hours spent with the dear friends of Jesus at Oberlin. At three o'clock in the afternoon, and half-past seven in the evening, we attended meetings in the chapel, and talked of the great salvation. Also spoke at the ladies' new capacious hall, and attended evening prayer at the college chapel, where all the students, male and female, meet as one great family for daily devotion. 1831, the spot where Oberlin now stands was a sturdy forest: of that primeval forest, one large elm-tree yet blooms in freshness within the college-ground, under which the sainted shepherd knelt, and consecrated the place to God. Just now, the town is everywhere fragrant with the incense of sweet flowers; and we bore away several fresh-made, beautiful bouquets, which loving hands adjusted, and presented as fitting memorials of the delightful new-made Christian friendships so sweetly enjoyed. "The Guide to Holiness" has many readers in Oberlin. As characteristic of the loving zeal of a female agent in multiplying the number of its readers among those whose small purse will not allow the price of yearly subscriptions, she takes twenty-five cents of each, giving four the privilege of reading it at the club price, taking the number from one to another till four have had the reading of each number. Surely she will not be forgotten of Him who hath said, "She hath done what she could."

COLD-WATER CAMP-MEETING.

Leaving Oberlin at nine, we proceeded westward, by the way of Toledo, till we reached Cold Water, Mich. Refreshing as water to the thirsty traveller is the glow of dear Christian faces as they beam upon us at our points of destination. Here we were greeted by the excellent presiding elder of Cold-water District, Rev. Mr. Crawford, and Brother Robinson, whose pleasant hospitalities we shared on our way to the encampment. Both the devoted elder and his estimable lady stand forth as mutual banner-bearers, maintaining by life and lip the full salvation of the gospel.

The camp-meeting was held in a delightful grove over three miles from the town of Cold Water. Much intense interest prevailed on the precious theme, "*Holiness to the Lord*," both among the ministry and laity. Seldom have we attended a camp-meeting where the readiness of Christ as a Saviour to pardon the penitent, and sanctify the believer, was more graciously manifest in view of the opportunities given for such to present themselves at the place of prayer. The habit of having four sermons daily prevails in these parts. We, of course, would not dictate; but our own opinion is, that this leaves too little time for the great work of harvesting souls. Meal-time, of necessity, soon succeeds the sermon, leaving less time to gather the fruit than to sow the seed. Time to listen to the testimony of the newly blessed, and to record the names of such at each service as we have reason to believe are newly recorded in the book of life, is, to our perceptions, very important, by way of insuring permanency of experience, and garnering fruit for both the Church below and above. And then the tribes of Israel seem greatly to prize the time devoted to the narration of Christian experience. Many who gather from distant parts of the circuit, only see each other as they thus yearly meet at the feast of tabernacles; and how much they prize the time appropriated to the narration of experience can only be known by their eagerness in improving the moments allowed. The Cold-water District Camp-meeting, as a whole, was a blessed season of grace and great delight. Ever shall we remember the dear friends and the blessed testimonies, the sweet songs of Zion, the souls born into the kingdom, and the many who by the new and living way entered into the holiest. Over one hundred testified at the love-feast connected with the farewell services, the majority of whom definitely proclaimed from their own personal realizations the efficacy of the atoning blood to cleanse from all sin.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Several articles in our Revival Department would have appeared in the August issue but for the fact that the matter went to press a little earlier than usual, and the work of the press had proceeded too far to admit of detention. The letter from the Senior Editor and Rev. G. Hughes require this explanation.

CORRECTION.

The verses in our last issue, on page 48, entitled "*The Unseen Line*," was by mistake placed under the caption "*Original*." They were given in manuscript to the printer, being copied by special request by ourselves from memory. Who the author of the lines may be, we know not: we have heard them ascribed to Rev. Dr. Alexander, formerly of Princeton, N. J.

DUPLICATE ARTICLES.

We will in this connection say, that our friends, who certainly would do us no harm, have occasionally placed us in embarrassing circumstances by writing duplicates of original articles, — sending one for "*The Guide*," and another (probably at the same time) to a contemporary magazine, who perhaps, not being as much pressed for room as ourselves, gives it an earlier insertion. This renders us liable to the charge of *plagiarism*.

We do not remember that this has occurred more than two or three times in our editorial career.

We must ask that those who thus make duplicate copies for contemporary magazines will mention the fact.

THE GENERAL CAMP-MEETING.

This camp-meeting was indeed owned of God in a remarkable manner. It was a glorious success beyond what most of the ardent lovers of holiness could have anticipated. The God of the hosts of Israel moved his people to ask for great and mighty things, and then fulfilled the desire of their hearts, perhaps beyond their most sanguine expectations. What a blessed refreshment, an oasis in the pilgrim-life of hundreds of the lovers of heart-purity, to meet face to face those who had been battling against the hosts of Sin with weapons of love from near and remote regions! Some of those from distant places had been standing up nobly and almost single-handed in sustaining the blood-stained banner, "*HOLINESS TO THE Lord*." How inspiring to their faith and courage was it now to meet in holy conclave, under the canopy of God's own pure, beautiful heavens, many who had long endured the heat of the battle amid the Enemy's hottest fire, and encourage each other's heart in the Lord!

The weather was propitious. Few clouds obscured the azure sky. The atmosphere, both moral and mental, was gloriously peaceful. Heaven and earth seemed to combine to make this general gathering of God's "sacramental hosts" one of signal power against the hosts of Sin, and of great spiritual pleasure and hallowed profit. Here were friends from Washington, Baltimore, South Carolina, various parts of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, and the regions beyond, all mingling as one in schemes for the world's redemption from sin, and in holy converse about things appertaining to the kingdom. We will not attempt to describe how gloriously Jesus revealed himself, as we talked of his dying love and saving grace, in the social circle and in "the great congregation." Often did we think of the words of the Psalmist, "*Praise waiteth for thee, O God! in Zion.*"

"And, if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

The article written by our valued correspondent, Rev. George Hughes, will be a rich feast to our readers.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

DIXON DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

LIGHTHOUSE POINT, ILL. — *J. O. Foster*, — The children of God have been up to the feast of tabernacles in the tented grove. The baptism of the Spirit was present from the beginning. Elder W. T. Harlow had made the necessary preparations on the whole district, requesting the churches to be closed, and the pastors, with their flock, to come and worship in Nature's great temple. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were there from New York; and the blessing of holiness was presented with many strong exhortations that now the pool was troubled, and all might step in.

The working Spirit was manifest, and the power of God attended the full consecration. Each day some were convicted, born again, or

sanctified. Several prayer-meetings were held at the same hour in the morning (at seven o'clock), and the grove was vocal with prayers and praises. At one o'clock, the children's meeting was led by Rev. J. O. Foster, and the little ones invited to Christ. The last day of the meeting, forty-eight of these little ones stood up for Jesus, a large proportion of whom, we trust, had been converted; their tears and testimony bearing evidence of Christ's saving power.

The general love-feast of Sabbath will not soon be forgotten. Dr. Palmer led, and the testimonies were rapid and joyful. The crowd was immense on Sabbath morning. Thousands upon thousands from miles away lined the groves, and filled the area before the altar. The Rev. Joseph Hartwell preached the morning sermon with the happiest effect. Dr. Palmer gave the invitation for seekers of religion to come to the altar of prayer; and the penitent ones, weeping, pressed their way to Jesus.

In the afternoon, the people listened to one of Dr. Hitchcock's powerful sermons. His allusions to the historic scenes on this camp-ground were listened to with the greatest attention. Close by him was the place where J. V. Farwell of Chicago was converted, and others who are now in positions of honor and influence.

Mrs. Palmer was introduced by Elder Harlow, and, taking a place by the side of her husband, spoke in a clear, strong voice for twenty minutes. Her remarks were full of deep truth, and made a powerful effect upon the audience.

Dr. Palmer gave the invitation, and again the altar was surrounded by the penitents. The day wore away freighted with songs of praise, and vocal with prayer.

"The Chicago Daily Republican" has the following:—

"The scenes of this grand meeting are drawing to a close. Tents are being struck; and, in a few minutes more, the public exercises will close. About forty adults have professed faith in Christ, and about twice as many have testified to having received the blessing of sanctification. The clear teachings of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer concerning the blessings of the higher life made them very useful workers to those present. These earnest Christians have a very interesting experience in good works. Mrs. Phœbe Palmer was the first to suggest the Five-points Mission in New York. She also first proposed and gave the first thousand dollars to the Methodist mission in China.

"During their stay of four years in England the secretaries appointed by the congregations reported twenty thousand souls converted to God.

"The following resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote at the close of the meeting:—

"*Resolved*, That our thanks are due, and are hereby presented, to Dr. and Sister Palmer of New York, for their kindly, Christian visit to our camp-meeting on this occasion.

"*Resolved*, That we offer devout ascription of praise to the Great Head of the Church, that he has so signally crowned their labors in the sanctification of believers and in the conversion of souls.

"*Resolved*, That our fervent prayers shall ascend to heaven, that their useful lives and individual services may long be spared to the churches.

"Elder Harlow called all the people to the stand, gave them some very appropriate and stirring words, headed the band of worshippers, and marched around the enclosure, singing the songs of Zion. The final adjournment will long be remembered.

'All hail the power of Jesus' name'

swelled up from the throng in the stirring strains of 'Coronation.' The benediction was then pronounced, and the vast assembly melted away."

AUSTRALIA.

A friend of ours at Preston has kindly sent us a "Guide" the last few years; and a Mr. Matthew Burnett here, observing it, thinks it will be of service to him and his mission by circulating it among his friends. This gentleman has been bringing holiness prominently before the Wesleyan Church here. He is known as the Yorkshire Evangelist, and arrived in the colony in 1863. He has spent two years in the gold-fields, and is now on a short visit at this metropolitan gold-field. Holiness is his great theme; and the Great Head of the Church is graciously crowning his labors during the past six weeks. Three hundred have professed to having found justification, or entered into holiness.

A man more abundant in labor we have never seen; and the work seems never to flag. A preaching service is held every night, with prayer-meeting afterwards; and three, and some-

times four services on the Sunday, with frequent day-services during the week, and in every case to crowded churches.

JAMES EDDIS.

BALLARAT.

For the Guide.

THE VINELAND ENCAMPMENT.

REV. G. HUGHES.

A great battle has been fought, and a great victory won. The Lord hath triumphed gloriously. The voice of rejoicing and praise is in the tabernacles of the righteous. Heaven has kept jubilee. Every harp of immortality, and the melodious voices of the blood-washed hosts before the throne, have been engaged in the triumphal song. Satan has suffered loss: Messiah has had accessions of strength. The salvation of the Lord has come out of Zion. "The Lord will count, when he writeth up the people, that this and that man were born in her." Glory, glory to the Lamb!

From the very inception of this meeting until its grand termination, it has been evident to faithful ones that God was in the movement. Despite the fears of the timid, and among them some who were the friends of holiness, the courageous sons and daughters of Zion saw the Lord leading his chosen people to certain victory. The preliminary meeting in Philadelphia was a baptismal time. The broad seal of Heaven was placed upon the enterprise then. Those who were present will never forget the approving tokens.

The meeting opened on Wednesday, July 17, under the brightest auspices. The presiding elder of the Bridgeton District, Rev. A. E. Ballard, being thoroughly in sympathy with the objects of the meeting, greatly inspirited ministers and people in their holy work. His clear and manly utterances at the very outset opened a wide and effectual door. The banner was nobly flung to the breeze, bearing the grand inscription, "*Holiness to the Lord.*" The first day, "the promise of a shower" was given. The morning was devoted to a prayer-meeting in one of the large tents. The Lord poured out his Spirit. In the afternoon, the ground was formally dedicated; the services being in the hands of Rev. J. S. Inskip. Scriptural selections appropriate to the hour were read by Rev. A. Cookman. Then followed stirring addresses by Brothers Inskip, B. M. Adams of Brooklyn, and R. V. Lawrence of New Brunswick, N.J. The dedicatory prayer by Brother Inskip was divine-

ly indited: it manifestly reached the throne. God's hands were open, — the Shechinah was revealed, — the presence of the Triune God was demonstrated. From that hour, it was unmistakable that every foot of that consecrated enclosure was *holy ground*, covered with the divine panoply.

The evening was given to exhortation and prayer. Penitents were bowed there, seeking pardon; while believers were panting for the rest of faith. *The seal of awakening and converting power* was thus affixed in the opening services. The simple testimonies of the afternoon, bearing upon the great theme, smote hearts with conviction which had resisted the most powerful preaching, the most searching pulpit appeals. This was especially gratifying, and in exact accord with the anticipations of the friends of the meeting. They have learned that the divine order is *the sanctification of believers, the conversion of sinners*, — this the great gospel conjunction. These two are so joined in the economy of grace, and especially illustrated in Methodist history, as to afford the highest demonstration of the wisdom of God; and "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Brother Horne of New York gave the keynote in the pulpit on Thursday morning, selecting as his text that beautiful passage in John, "*And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.*" The word, as subsequently delivered by chosen ambassadors of the cross, was indeed in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. One of the clearest and most effective expositions of the doctrine of entire sanctification was by Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Fairton, N. J. It was full of unction, and made a deep impression upon the long and attentive congregation in attendance.

Rev. Brothers Coleman of Troy Conference, B. M. Adams, New York East, R. V. Lawrence of New Jersey, J. Parker of New York, L. C. Matlack of Philadelphia Conference, J. S. Inskip of New York, J. A. Wood of Wilkesbarre, J. R. Daniels, Newark Conference, Barnitz of East Baltimore, Rose of Troy, French of South Carolina, L. R. Dunn of Newark Conference, Clemm of Baltimore, Wells of Troy, A. Cookman of Philadelphia, Browning of New York, Pomroy of Troy, and B. W. Gorham of Pittsburg, severally occupied the stand. They were one and all clothed with power. A wonderful scene attended and fol-

lowed the preaching of Brother L. C. Matlack. He was so affected, that it was difficult for him to open his discourse. The strong man bowed himself. Leaning his head for a time upon the desk, he wept freely; and the whole audience was bathed in tears. He referred with deep feeling to his former experience of intimate communion with God, and his desire for its happy return. At the close, the whole congregation was called to kneel before the Lord in solemn, earnest prayer. That was a time of holy wrestling at the mercy-seat, — a lifting-up of holy hands. Several led in prayer. Brother Cookman made a solemn and most earnest approach to the audience-chamber divine. Wave after wave of power rolled over the assembly. I confess I was momentarily looking for a prostration upon the ground of the whole congregation, ministers and people. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Another great occasion at the stand was under a thrilling sermon, by Brother Wells of Troy, on Ezekiel's sublime vision of the cherubim touching his lips with the live coal. God was marvellously present. The effect was heightened by a soul-moving exhortation by Bishop Simpson: the whole audience was moved to tears, and shouts of praise emanated from many lips. The bishop himself was bathed in tears, and his whole nature was surcharged with holy fire. He had been pouring out floods of tears over the head of his darling son, who had been kneeling as a humble penitent at the footstool of mercy. His words will not be forgotten. They sank deep into many hearts. He thoroughly indorsed the meeting and its objects. Not in vain did the bishop and his family tent with the devoted worshippers on that memorable ground. The conversion of his son, and a rich baptism upon himself and beloved companion and the son's wife, will render "*Vineland Encampment*" a spot of precious memories to the bishop and his dear family. God bless them, and lead them on to altitudes of surpassing light!

This encampment had some peculiar features which are worthy of mention. One was the rule, that each day, at one o'clock, the curtains of the tents should be dropped, and the occupants be engaged in *private prayer*. Persons coming on the ground at that hour of private prayer, and finding the tents closed, and all holding audience with the Deity, were awed by the solemnity of the scene.

Another feature of exceeding interest was the large enclosure which was aptly styled "*The*

Bower of Prayer." It was a space which had been devoted to *dancing*-purposes by citizens of Vineland. Brother W. B. Osborn, to whom we are largely indebted for the excellent arrangements, conceived the idea of transforming it into a *praying circle*, having it roofed over with brush. It was a delightful place for meetings; and, oh, how honored! It was a common remark, that heaven was very near that spot. After our good friends Dr. and Mrs. Palmer arrived on the ground, the meetings there were placed under their superintendence. The people stood around in large masses, and listened with profoundest interest to the words of his honored servant and handmaid. Their labors, I believe, were greatly blessed. Many souls will, I am sure, in the judgment, rise up, and shower benedictions on them. I shall never forget one scene in that "*Bower of Prayer.*" After a number of thrilling testimonies had been given, and the invitation was tendered to seekers to present themselves, Brother Clemm of Baltimore asked for earnest prayer in his behalf, that he might be endued with power. He came and prostrated himself at the bench, and was followed by about one hundred others. Oh, what a time of divine visitation! Heaven and earth were in glorious contact. The roll of the fully saved was greatly increased. The recording angel made numerous entries. The song of triumph was lifted heavenward.

One of the honored workers of this occasion was "*Father Coleman,*" a venerable member of the Troy Conference. He preached at an early period in the meeting; and his message was so full of gospel simplicity and divine unction, that all were impressed. He labored continuously in the prayer-meetings, pointing seekers of pardon and purity to the bleeding Lamb. He frequently led in prayer, and carried the people with him into close fellowship with the Father of mercies. The good patriarch has, I am persuaded, gathered new stars to deck the crown of his rejoicing. We were favored also with the presence of another venerable and honored servant of Christ, — Rev. John Allen of Maine. He said this made one hundred and seventy-seven camp-meetings that he had attended, but had never witnessed one like *Vineland*. His face shone with unearthly light, his words were full of power, and he returned to his home to tell the story of redeeming love in higher and nobler strains. He purposes, God helping him, somehow to have a camp-meeting

started in Maine for the promotion of holiness. The God of Elijah attend his steps! Another striking feature of the meeting was the fact that so many Christian denominations were represented. Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Friends, and Methodists were all dwelling together in sweetest harmony. Never was there a more beautiful illustration of the Psalmist's declaration, — "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" One Presbyterian minister had come from Illinois to receive the baptism of fire; and he *did* receive it. A Baptist minister from Philadelphia came for the holy anointing, and the Spirit of power came upon him. He went to the Baptist church in Vineland on Sabbath morning, and preached to them on the text, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," and held up to them distinctly the privilege of full salvation in the blood of the Lamb. Strange to say, a devoted Quakeress who was present stated some years ago, in a public meeting, that there was to be such a gathering of Christians of various denominations in that very section of New Jersey, and that the Spirit would be abundantly poured out.

But it is utterly impossible, in the limited space allotted to this article, adequately to portray the scenes of this modern Pentecost. A more extended history will be written. And yet no pen is capable at this time of writing the results of this meeting. The influence will run parallel with the sweep of all succeeding ages, and roll up in the final day an aggregate which will, I believe, astonish men and angels. It has been estimated that about five hundred souls were sanctified, and not less than two hundred sinners converted. In one *private* tent alone, twenty-five were reported as being sanctified; and in the public tents, in the "Bower," and at the altar, the work went steadily forward, increasing day by day, until, on the last day, a climax was reached. What a day of power! How the legions of witnessing angels must have exulted! In the morning love-feast, in two hours, three hundred and twenty-five testified; and, if the meeting had been extended, I doubt not one thousand testimonies would have been recorded. It was wonderful. Tears, songs, shouts, were prevalent: hundreds rose, and, in token of realizing in that moment full salvation, lifted up their right hand. In the afternoon, after the sermon, ministers and people prostrated themselves at the altar in living consecration,

and the fire descended. One minister was cast down upon the ground under the mighty working of the Holy Ghost, and many others felt a shock from the battery.

On that last day, the question was submitted, whether it was desired that another meeting of the same character should be held next year. The people gave an affirmative response by rising in mass. It is to be held (D. V.) on the second Wednesday in July, 1868. A committee was appointed to select the place, and arrange other details. May this contemplated camp-meeting be tenfold more glorious in its results than the Vineland Camp-meeting has been!

In the evening, a deeply-solemn scene was presented. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, eight hundred participating. The multitude looked on, were awed, were melted. A canopy of celestial glory covered the encampment. Then the people, headed by the ministers, marched around the ground, singing triumphal songs. They returned to the altar-work. About one hundred, the larger part penitents, knelt before the altar. The power was again manifested gloriously. Not less than fifty, I judged, were converted. The battle was prosecuted all night in the tents, each hour signalized by new victories. Thus ended the most memorable encampment of modern times. Ended, did I say? Its results shall never end. The tide of salvation thus set in motion will sweep over the States of our great Union, and even visit distant lands, bearing upon its bosom a rich freightage of gospel blessings. Brothers, sisters, in Christ Jesus, what shall we say in view of this marvellous triumph of holiness? We will take up the sublime doxology of the great Apostle to the Gentiles: "*Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, — unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.*"

I close this imperfect sketch by humbly invoking every friend of holiness, in grateful commemoration of this *Jerusalem-manifestation*, at the earliest moment after reading these lines, to enter into the closet, and upon their knees, with a fervent heart, breathe into the ear of Heaven the above apostolic doxology; and let the united company of the saved say, "*Amen, and Amen!*"

NEWARK, N. J., July 29, 1867.

Correspondence.

OLD PEOPLE'S GATHERING.

At a social gathering of the oldest members of the M. E. Church in Fort Atkinson, at the parsonage, D. O. Jones, pastor, it was voted that the writer should report the same to "The Guide;" and, in accordance with the request of all present, I send you for publication in "The Guide" some of the peculiarities of that meeting. There were fifteen persons present whose respective ages ranged from fifty-seven to eighty years: the aggregate number of years was ten hundred and twenty. The years of church-membership of each ranged from thirty-three to sixty-one, the aggregate number six hundred and forty-eight; and the most of those present were subscribers for "The Guide," and had learned to appreciate from experience the doctrine it inculcates. One interesting feature of the meeting consisted in the singing of so many old persons, with such clear, harmonious voices, some of the old tunes they used to sing fifty and sixty years ago, particularly "Old North Salem," in the well-known hymn commencing with —

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,"

which was sung with a spirit that indicated that the hearts of the singers were in sympathy with the sentiments of the entire hymn. In short, it was a very pleasant, and we trust profitable, interview. The hospitality of our pastor was most unmistakably manifest in the abundance of strawberries, ice-cream, and other good things, with which his table was spread. After the repast was over, all repaired to the parlor to engage in singing some of the sweet songs of Zion, and closed up the interview with prayer, in anticipation of very soon crossing the Jordan of death, and joining the company of the redeemed in heaven, to go no more out forever.

O. PORTER.

FORT ATKINSON, WIS., July 10, 1867.

ERIE CONFERENCE. — HOLINESS.

The Erie Conference has just closed a very interesting session at New Castle, Penn. Preachers, whose heads are white as the snow, say it has been one of the best they ever enjoyed. The younger brethren say, "What an excellent,

For the Guide.

glorious time we had!" Why? Because the good, ancient fire of Methodism has been revived in this conference. Her doctrine of holiness is preached and enjoyed by the greater portion of her ministers. The attention of the Church has been directed to this source of power.

Camp-meetings have been held, and the blessings of purity of heart successfully sought by scores; revivals have followed; believers have been sanctified who have rejected the doctrine for years; opposition has been overcome. And we say here, The best way we can aid a brother to understand this doctrine is to urge him to seek it; pray for him; help him into the fountain, and he will not doubt its cleansing power. Our preaching during this conference has been most powerful. It has come from hearts baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Our love-feast on Sabbath morn was a time of refreshing. Hearts overflowed with love. Many, we trust, felt Jesus to be an all-sufficient Saviour.

Our young ministers enjoy the blessing: they read "The Guide" and standard works of the Church. They love such men as Bramwell, Carvosso, Fletcher, and others. We are seeking for the old paths, — *holiness* and *strong faith, flaming zeal*, and an ardent desire to see souls saved with a complete salvation. We have no fears for the Church of Christ, if we keep humble, look to Jesus, and "go on unto perfection." We love "The Guide;" hope and pray that all the converts may take it, read it, be led into all truth. May the beautiful stream of salvation widen and deepen in all hearts till there is no sin to weaken and deprive us of sweet rest in Jesus!

S. B. TORREY.

KIRTLAND, O.

FIRST NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING FOR HOLINESS.

HELD AT VINELAND, N. J.

The first camp-meeting convened in America under the especial auspices of "Holiness to the Lord" began at Vineland, N. J., July 17, 1867, under the supervision of Rev. A. E. Ballard, P. E. of Bridgeton District, New-Jersey Conference. The day was propitious, the grounds well prepared, the accommodations ample, and a good representation from distant conferences. The encampment was held in a grove of forty

acres, laid out as a park in the centre of the growing village of Vineland.

The dedicatory services were held at the public stand at three, P.M. ; Rev. J. S. Inskip of New-York Conference, and President of Preachers' Meeting in New-York City, giving out the hymn commencing, —

“ There is a fountain filled with blood ; ”

after which Brother Inskip led in prayer. Rev. A. Lookman of Philadelphia read some very appropriate selections of Scripture.

Brother Inskip followed, saying, One of the most interesting meetings which it had ever been his privilege to attend was that one held at Philadelphia to consider the propriety of holding the present camp-meeting. He never saw a company of men in his life who were more sincere, or more thoroughly desirous of being led and influenced by the Spirit of God. If the expressed objects of this meeting be reached, if the avowed design of this gathering be accomplished, we shall have secured the conversion of more than a thousand sinners. He had not come there for disputation, — he had no time for that, — and would discourage it in others ; but he had come there to hold up a banner that had written on it, “ Holiness to the Lord.” After other appropriate remarks, the whole congregation was invited to arise ; and the ministers and people dedicated themselves, and then the grounds, to the service of God, in the most solemn manner. Rev. Brother Adams of the New-York East Conference then spoke, and was followed by Rev. Brother Lawrence of New-Jersey Conference. Rev. Brother Ballard, the P. E., said his own conception of Methodism, in its inception, in its continuance, and in its development, had never been but one ; to wit, the inception of holiness, and the development of holiness. His only idea of Methodism now was, first to spread holiness in our own experience, to spread it in the experience of others, until it shall extend all over the land. He understood this to be a Methodist camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness.

Brother Inskip proposed prayer ; and Rev. Mr. Adams of New York East, Coleman of Troy, Cookman of Philadelphia, and Hunt of New-York Conferences, led in prayer.

In lieu of the experiences of the Tuesday Meeting, we furnish our readers in this number of “ The Guide ” with some of the interesting testimonies of Vineland Camp-meeting.

MINISTERS' EXPERIENCE MEETING.

Rev. Brother Lawrence of New Jersey was brought up in the Presbyterian Church, but heard Methodist ministers preaching often in his youth. He was converted about fifteen years ago, and licensed to preach about a year afterward. Eight or nine years ago, he entered upon the blessing of holiness. Of course, he had had some dark seasons and some lapses. He had been in some straits when he could not say, “ The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin ; ” but, for the most of the time, he could say that. He had been preaching on this subject ever since he was converted. Since he had received this blessing, he had made special effort in his charges to promote holiness by holding special meetings on the subject, and had seen some great displays of divine power. In some places, it had not appeared to do so well ; but he had learned afterward that the good seed was not altogether trampled out. He had found that this blessing had quickened the whole of his people ; and he desired their prayers, that he might enjoy this blessing more fully, and preach it more distinctly and convincingly.

Rev. Brother Lawrence supposed the great object of every minister was to get all the light and good they could. He had been honest in his endeavors. The most of his labors had been on the Pacific coast ; and, for a time, his reading had been on the doctrine of Christian perfection, and he was a firm believer. His health having given way, he came to this coast ; and it had been his pleasure to attend a meeting at Brother Lawrence's church ; and, when the invitation was given for those who sought for this great blessing to go forward to the altar, he went, and he had never had such comfort and pleasure as since then. Pastoral visits are now a great pleasure ; before they were great labor. And, at the family altar, the blessing comes down ; and often, there, souls are asking for prayers. He had not found sanctification just what he had expected ; for he had supposed it would be fair sailing all the time, and that no temptation would have any effect upon his mind. Finding it different, he was somewhat disturbed by it : but, on going to God, he saw it was an outward presentation ; and then, as he believed anew, he felt such a peace and joy that was inexpressible. He had come there for the one purpose of getting farther out, and cutting entirely loose ; and he was being blessed. He had tried to preach this doctrine ; but

he had not urged it upon the people as he should have done. All he had was the Lord's, and in his name he meant to go on.

Rev. Brother Adams of Maine was from an "Orthodox" family; but, when he first understood much about preaching, he thought it better to have all saved than a few of the "elect," and so settled into Universalism. After he was converted, he went to a camp-meeting forty-one years ago, praying all the way that something might be said or done that would give him light on this subject. He heard a sermon from "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." He admired the discourse, and said to himself, "Oh that I could get that!" The Adversary suggested that it was for some special ones; and, when he heard a sister praying for it, he felt indignant that she should be seeking it. He went to another tent; and, while praying there for the blessing of full salvation, the light kept increasing more and more. The conviction came that he must preach, which he resisted; and then the heavenly influence seemed to waver. At last, while some one was singing,

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,"

he passed into a clearer light. Soon afterward, he heard a sermon from Bishop George from the words, "This one thing I do, — forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He led us right along; and, the first thing he (Brother Adams) knew, he was making a great outcry; and from that time it had been getting better and better. Since that, he had often been reproached or blamed for speaking of it so often. He had seen the work of the Lord revive, and sinners coming in for eighteen months together. His friends did not want him to go so far, as he was an old man; but he told them it was just as near heaven from Vineland as anywhere else. When he experienced religion, he went to his Congregational father, and told him the story; and he wept, and said, "John, search the Bible, and go to the church where you can find a home." He followed the advice, and it made him a Methodist.

Rev. Brother A. of New-Jersey East Conference: He found this blessing of a clean heart nineteen years ago next month. He had just

been received into the New-Jersey Conference, and went out to preach on a circuit, following a very popular young man; and it pleased God to put him (Brother A.) in great straits. He was greatly afflicted with the fear of man, and, before the congregation, would lose his place and way. Once while preaching, to overcome his fear, he shut his eyes; and, in moving about, he got turned around, and found, on opening his eyes, he was facing the corner of the church; which, of course, increased his embarrassment. His parents were Methodists, and his grandfather belonged to the thundering legion of Methodists. In the course of his studies in the conference, he took up Wesley's plain account of Christian perfection. He got about half-way through it, when the Spirit of God said to him, as though it was the voice of a man, "This is what you want." He put the book away, and knelt down, and said, "O Lord! if this is what I need, I will never rest until I have it; I will never sleep again until I have it." He supposed it was a hard thing to obtain; and so brought in a sufficiency of wood and water to last some time, and made all other preparations, and said to his wife, "I am going down to the barn to pray for a clean heart, and I will never come back without it." And, as he was going out, it seemed as if, had he owned the whole world, he would have given it if he had not said that to his wife. We lie to God more readily than we do to man. He fed his horse an unusually large mess, and got into his carriage, and knelt down. Some time towards morning, the Lord came into his soul, (hallelujah!) and satisfied him that the blessing was his. He had resolved to have it then and there; and it had been a cardinal doctrine with him, that any man who would plant himself on that position, and say, "Lord, I am going to stay here until I have it," God would give it. A little after the first cock-crowing, the blessing came, and he rejoiced greatly. After this season of praise, he went to the house, and found his wife up; for she had been praying for him, feeling it was a turning-point in his life. He said, "Wife, I've got it;" and then it seemed as if the bottom of the reservoir of heaven had fallen out. Soon the Lord directed him to go nine miles, and tell a dear friend about it. He did so; and the Lord convicted that friend for the blessing which he also sought and found, and in a few months he died, and went to glory. This grace suited him (Brother A.). If he wanted full salvation (and his life corroborated his tes-

timony), he insisted upon it, it was no one's business. He had seen this subject tabooed; but a wonderful change had been going on in the ministry during the past nineteen years. Fifteen years ago, at Sing-Sing Camp-meeting, a tall, black-haired brother came into a little tent, who wanted the blessing of full salvation. We prayed for him; and after a while he said, "I have found it," and left immediately for his distant home. None of us knew him, and he never heard of him until now; but here he is to day, a minister of the gospel, and in the full enjoyment of the blessing.

Rev. Brother A. of Philadelphia Conference: Whenever or wherever he preached this doctrine, the Lord had converted souls. Three weeks ago, he preached on faith; and then he took occasion to emphasize one point that he was very fond of dwelling upon,—the having confidence in the word of God. At that time, there had not been a soul converted in his church for a month; and it concerned him much. That night he preached again, and it was a very warm night, and he thought to abbreviate the exercises; and, while he was closing them by singing, two persons came forward to the altar, without being invited, or his knowing of their desire or intention. He said, "Let all remain after dismissal who desire to;" and a hundred and fifty persons staid. Four were converted then, and several others subsequently. The more you preach this doctrine, the more souls you will have converted. After having believed this doctrine, if you allow the subject to go into desuetude; you cannot prosper. He had preached this subject, and God had blessed it: if he neglected it, he suffered in his own soul, and the work declined. If he tried to preach a good sermon on any thing else, though he prepared it ever so carefully, he often had a dry time; but he never had an unprofitable season on this blessed theme. To a man whose eyes had been opened, and who had enjoyed this grace, he would say, "You cannot fall from it into justification, and hang on that pin; but, if you fall, you will drop from the top round to the bottom." If at any time there was any thing in his way, he knew what was the matter: he hadn't been preaching this doctrine. Blessed be God! it was Wesleyanism, it was Bible, it was salvation!

Rev. Brother I. of New-Jersey Conference had found it a most pleasant thing to have this blessing: he could visit the sick with more

efficiency, and study better. There was not a department of ministerial effort where his usefulness had not been increased. There was but one thing that he could not do as formerly: that was, to have an ecclesiastical dispute. Now he had no sort of taste for it. He preached every part of the Bible; he preached about every thing as he used to do: but there was a kind of tint or divine influence running through it now. (A voice, "It was oil on the axle all the time.") He used to be able to push; yes, God be praised that he used to push along: but now he was pushed. Oh, hallelujah to God forever! Some people say "You're a fanatic:" but that they said long before he got this blessing; and, after a warfare of twenty-five years, he could well endure that. But they didn't say much about him now: he didn't find a man, woman, or child that cast unjust reflections upon him. He loved God and everybody, and everybody loved him. He was, on this subject, running over all the time. Here, in the preacher's tent, at this camp-meeting, and this social meeting among the preachers, he was glad to give in this testimony for Jesus.

Rev. Brother H. of New-York East Conference felt this experience had benefited him in every respect. He used to feel great trouble about his preparations for the pulpit; but now he didn't feel troubled about them. It was very pleasant yet to make such preparation carefully and studiously; but, after that, he didn't feel any concern about himself at all. When he went to the pulpit, he felt he was given up to the Lord, and it belonged to the Lord to carry him through. He threw the responsibility off from himself, and God took it; and, after he had made such preparations, whatever God wanted him to say in the pulpit, he was ready to say it; and, if the Good Spirit suggested something while he was in the pulpit that he had not before thought of, he would say that; and, if the Lord was pleased to let him break down, he was satisfied with that. He found himself always ready for the work of the Lord. It had become a *pleasure* to follow all along the line of religious duty. He met the Lord at every step; and, through all the means of grace, he could say,

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Sometimes there was a cross; but then he could say,

"E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my cry shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee."

Oh, how he had enjoyed the love of God through this camp-meeting! How every thing had been lightened up here!

"No cloud doth arise
To darken my skies,
Or hide for one moment
My Lord from my eyes."

He felt willing to live or to die, and could say in all things, "Good is the will of the Lord."

(We supply a few experiences from one of the love-feasts.)

A brother said he was a witness for Christ; he was blessed in reading the morning lesson where it speaks of "God having the treasury of the winds;" and he thought, what treasure was it that his Father did not possess? He had enjoyed this blessing forty years, and had never been put to shame.

Brother S. said, though he did not belong to their branch of the kingdom of grace, he felt it a privilege to be with them; and it reminded him of the time spoken of anciently, when, as they professed Jesus, the unlearned or unbelieving fell down, and reported that God was with them in very truth. Whatever they found in the Book of God, whether as Scripture ideas, or Scripture terms, or Scripture doctrines, and notwithstanding any differences about consecration, we all have the substantial thing. He thought he could best express it by being able to say with the apostle Paul, "I do not frustrate the grace of God." O river of grace! O fountain of love! that has run from all eternity, and shall from all eternity flow over our souls if we will allow it. It constrained him to say, "Let us not frustrate the grace of God." What God is willing to pour over our souls, let us be as willing to have as freely as he gives. He thought his whole being rose up in response, and in dedication to God. But what we have taken as to our justification we may not have taken for our lives. Are we not to take Him for our lives, to lead us continually; to let Jesus enter the inner sanctuary, and say with the apostle, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, Christ liveth in me"? Christ had loved him with the same eternal, unchanging, everlasting love as though he had been the only sinner in the universe.

Rev. Brother B. of East Baltimore Conference rejoiced that he belonged to that band of

believers. He was kept from seeking this blessing for years, through hearing an essay against it in preachers' meeting; but last year he was brought into contact with a little meeting on this subject of holiness, and then and there he gave himself, his wife and children, and every thing else. The Devil said, "Take care! you are going to conference soon, and you will be a speckled bird: but, he blessed God, in two and a half weeks seventy of his flock were fully saved. Before that, they had an official meeting to devise means to get the people to go to class; but there was no trouble on that score after they were sanctified.

Sister L., from New York, said, while she had been standing, waiting to offer the sacrifice of praise, she thought, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God! in Zion." She offered praise to God that she had not frustrated the grace of God. Oh, how her heart went up in prayer, saying, "Save me from frustrating the grace of God!" She saw how blessed it was to open the heart to Jesus, and let him take possession of it.

Sister J., of Trenton, N. J., desired to offer her tribute of praise; for her heart was full of praise. That was a very heavenly place to her soul. She felt their fellowship below was like to that above. She could not express her emotions: they were too large for words. In early childhood, she knew Jesus satisfied; and yet she realized this, and had known it for forty-five years.

A brother had come over four hundred miles and he found God was there. He was converted up in Vermont; but he was saved just then, praise the Lord!

Rev. Brother C. of Philadelphia remarked, that it was sometimes said the friends of holiness were disposed to be exclusive; but that was only in appearance, and not in fact. If we stand together, it is with our faces toward the world, stretching out our hands, and saying, —

"Oh that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

None were so disinterested as the friends of this blessing. It seemed to him he could give his life for precious, unsaved souls. He would bind this doctrine on his brow, and clasp it to his heart: living, it was his joy and strength; and, dying, it should be his confidence; and in heaven they would shout its triumphs forever.

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

A CHAPTER FOR THE CHILDREN.

MRS. VAN DENBERGH.

"What do you want me to say my prayers for in the morning, aunty?"

"I want you to ask God to take care of you through the day."

"I am *able* to take care of myself, now I have got over the chicken-pox; and I only want God to take care of me in the night, when it is dark."

Georgie thinks as some other little children do, and talks much as some large ones act.

Mary Curtiss was very restless and inattentive when her Sabbath-school teacher talked to her about her soul; but when her mother took poison for sirup, and became very sick, Mary cried and screamed for her teacher to come and pray that her mother might live.

Another little girl asks God every night to take care of her; and he does: but, when morning comes, she forgets to thank him. Though she is not an ill-mannered little girl that would forget to thank the person that gave her even a flower or a toy; yet Jesus, who remembers her, and gives her life, friends, and all she has, is forgotten. How unkind to continue to partake and ask for the mercy of One that purchased our blessings with his *blood*, and not thank him!

Does Jesus do any thing for our little readers that they can *thank* him for?

Some may say they are ashamed to thank him for so many *little* things; but if we are not ashamed to accept *little* gifts, and live on his mercy, let us dare to thank him and give him praise.

One little boy says, "All good children we read of die: and I want to grow up to be a man; then I'll be good."

But listen. Bad children die: the Bible tells us how they died thousands of years ago. And a little boy that swore, chewed tobacco, and said on Monday that he expected to be drunk on the Fourth of July, got into the river and was drowned before the week was out.

God did not take care of him as long as he expected.

It does not make children die to be good; it makes people love them: and, if they do die,

their friends love to write about their life. When bad children die, it's unpleasant to think of them, and no one wants to write their memoir.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much a favorite; but his patience, at times, would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school-rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectives. Shortly after, one of the detectives shouted, "Master John Zigler is whispering!"

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. John, by the way, was a favorite both with his teacher and schoolmates.

"Yes," answered John. "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me an arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper, or escape the punishment; and continued, "I wish I could avoid it, but cannot without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I omit the punishment." John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out J. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict; which they soon did, after consultation, as follows:—

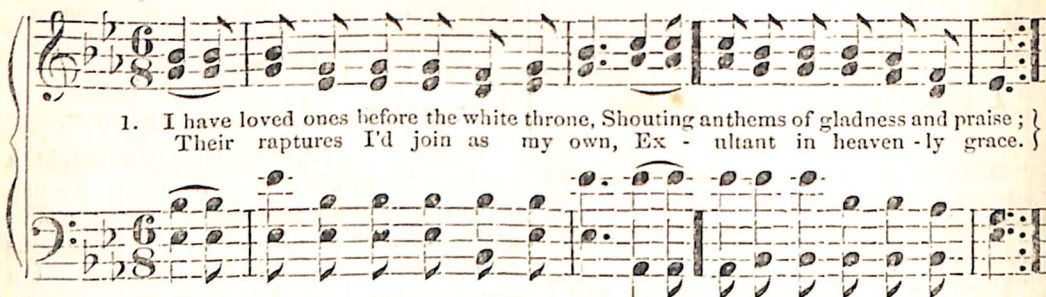
"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed, "Master, here is my hand: they sha'n't be struck a blow! I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and, telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted.

MY HEART-SONG.

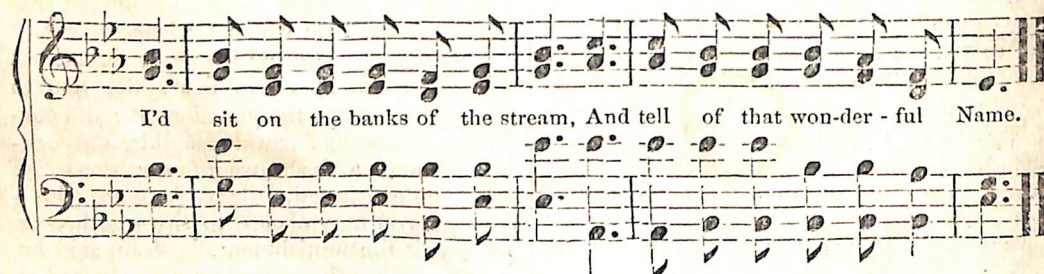
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I have loved ones before the white throne, Shouting anthems of gladness and praise ;
Their raptures I'd join as my own, Ex - ultant in heaven - ly grace. }



I'd bathe in the glories that beam From the presence of God and the Lamb ;



I'd sit on the banks of the stream, And tell of that won - der - ful Name.

2
I'd tell of the power of sin,
How fallen my soul had become ;
How hopeless and cheerless within,
While recklessly wand'ring from home.
Thus burdened with sin and its woe,
My vileness was all I could see,
When Jesus said go with me, go,
Thy soul from its sorrows I'll free.

3
I gave him my poor fainting heart,
And quickly salvation received ;
I felt his dear life in each part,
As I in his mercy believed.
Blessed Saviour, now seal me thine own,
Thine image stamp wholly in me ;
My heart be it ever thy throne,
From sin keep it evermore free.

4
Henceforth this vain world must all go,
Its claims I can see are but dross,
For none but my Jesus I'll know,
I'll glory alone in the cross.
I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine,
The witness impart unto me,
The death that I die is to sin,
The life that I live is to thee.

5
Go, friends, that would keep me from Him !
Go, joys that would share with his love !
Go, hopes that would draw me to sin,
Go, all, that from him would remove !
Come, sorrow, if only in thee,
I shall cling to my Saviour and God ;
Come, scorn, and reproach, if left free,
To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1867.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A MINISTER OF FIFTY YEARS' STANDING.

REV. WILLIAM ROY, LL.D.

WHEN six years of age, I was brought by a pious lady, who took me under her care after I lost my father and mother, to hear a Methodist preacher. Young as I was, I saw the difference between him and our minister. He had no black gown on, and was dressed like a Quaker: he prayed without a book, and preached without notes. This astonished me. The hymn he gave out I recollect to this day:—

“When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?”

He looked like an angel, and preached such doctrine as never was heard or preached there before,—that *our sins must be all forgiven in this life, or we be forever lost in the life to come*. The minister and the priest both denounced him as a false prophet and a deceiver of the people, and that his doctrine was not to be found in the Bible. But, thank God! the orphan-boy believed all he said; and he made such an impression on his young and tender mind as was not erased until some years after, when it ended in sound conversion. I was, when ten years of age, invited to a class-meeting, a meeting of which I was entirely ignorant; and I really took them to be angels, and not men and women. Such talk I never heard before. One said, two years before, God converted her: she knew the time when and the place where God converted her,

and pardoned all her sins. Another said, “Five years since, God not only justified, but also sanctified me.” Another, “I enjoy the perfect love of God: I love him above all things, and my neighbour as myself.” Another, “I was a poor backslider; denied my dear Saviour (like Peter); I went to the ball-room, theatre, card-table, and rum-house: but God in his mercy hath reclaimed me, and I am now happy, and have no desire for these amusements or places.”

But, oh! the leader was coming to the trembling young boy. He asked me “if I was converted, and knew that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all my sins.” I said, “No, sir.” He said, “My son, you must be born again before you can enter heaven. You say every Sabbath, ‘He pardoneth and absolveth all them who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel:’ don't you believe this?” I was dumb as well as confounded, and did not know what to say. They prayed for me, and ran to shake hands, and welcomed me among them. The love, simplicity, and humility of this dear people exceeded any thing I had ever seen or heard of before. I was sent for by a rich friend to come to New York. I went to Hand-street Chapel, in Dublin, where John Summerfield was converted. Under the sermon, I was so powerfully awakened, that I was carried out by two pious soldiers, insensible, to my lodgings, and remained so till morning, when I saw myself the vilest of all sinners. And yet I never was in a theatre or ball-room in my life, nor learned to play at cards, nor was ever drunk; and yet, “when sin revived, I died” to all hopes of being saved. The language of my heart was,

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" The Enemy of my soul tried to induce me to believe that there was no mercy for me. Under this delusion, I went to the altar to be prayed for, determined that night to *drown myself in the river* if I did not receive the blessing; but, thank God! deliverance came when returning from the meeting. The heavens opened to my view; a divine light shone round about me, brighter than the sun at mid-day. I saw the Saviour, by faith, hanging on the cross, as clearly as by sight, and heard the inward voice of the Holy Spirit saying, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more." I was filled with the love of God.

"Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song:

Oh that all his salvation might see!

'He hath loved me,' I cried; 'he hath suffered and died

To redeem such a rebel as me!'"

I had victory over death, hell, and the grave. "I was ready to depart and be with Christ, which was far better." I never, for fifty-seven years, had, for a moment, a doubt of my conversion. I became a plain, simple, humble, devoted, and zealous Christian; have acted with a single eye to the glory of God ever since, and will to my dying day. Anger was my besetting sin; and, shortly after my conversion, I made use of a rash expression (but not an oath). I never felt so much grief for any thing I had done as for this. I fasted, prayed, and wept before God, until I got the victory over it.

The spiritual appearance of the Saviour to the new-born soul is not a novel thing, but is scriptural. Abraham saw Jesus in Isaac. "Abraham rejoiced," He said, "to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad" (John viii. 56). Moses saw him in the burning bush; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fiery furnace; the Virgin Mary saw him as her son and Saviour (Luke i. 47); Simeon saw him literally and spiritually (Luke ii. 30); Stephen saw him in glory by faith (Acts vii. 55); and Paul saw him as "one born out of due time." Here, then, is the scriptural evidence of faith, which every converted soul should have, and especially every minister of the gospel.

Finally, in early life, I was called of God to the ministry, and have labored all my life for the salvation of sinners; and, thank God! have seen my labors crowned with abundant success.

"Happy, if with my latest breath

I may but gasp his name,

Preach him to all, and cry in death,

'Behold, behold, the Lamb!'"

For the Guide.

DO NOT DISCREDIT YOUR PHYSICIAN.

A young friend who had undergone a series of operations by her physician, and been attended by him with great care and devoted kindness, was doing well, and improving daily, when she was visited by a new form of her disease, which greatly distressed her, and made her dull and mute. On her physician asking her why she was so downcast, she replied, "I am afraid I shall discredit your skill and attention."

Would that the Saviour's patients were as careful of his reputation as a physician as this young person was of hers! Ought we not to show a more perfect work of healing, when we have so perfect a physician to attend us? Does he not say to us, "Wilt thou be made *whole*?" How is that so many of us are sick and lame so long? Either we do not believe on him with all the heart, or we do not obey him with all our strength. Many go to him for his advice; but few follow his prescription. Even under the dispensation of the law, God asked, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why, then, is the health of the daughter of my people not *recovered*?"

For the Guide.

RESTING IN JESUS.

w.

Rest for the weary! How sweet these words to the toiling, burdened pilgrim, as he travels on towards Canaan's happy land! Rest from what? Not from labor, for, while in the tabernacle, we have a work to do; not from striving, for Jesus has said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate;" not from watching, for we must watch unto the end. Yet there is rest, sweet rest, in

Jesus. There we can safely repose, secure from Satan's wiles or the world's proud scorn. Though the billows may rise, and the winds may blow, yet we are safe in Jesus' arms. In Jesus there is perfect trust, sweet confidence in his word, heavenly assurance that he loves us. Resting in Jesus, we can calmly look around on the most trying scenes of life, and say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Resting in Jesus, we are ever happy, at home or abroad. When we lie down upon our beds at night, we are blessed with his presence; and, when we arise in the morning, our song is of his loving-kindness; and all the day long, no matter how arduous our labors, there is a peaceful rest and heavenly musings.

Resting in Jesus, we can view by faith the promised land; while before us rise, beyond the hills of time, the heavenly hills of Canaan. Strengthened by the sight, we hasten on, until at last our feet tread on Canaan's shore. We walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, to go no more out forever.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCES IN THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE HEAVY CROSS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DROPS OF WATER."

The consecrated life, as it now opened before me, was a new and untried path. The Enemy, that "accuser of the brethren," met me as I was entering through "the door" into the rest of faith, and, with ready insinuations, suggested that I should be unable to meet the crosses that lay all along this "high way," and that I had pledged myself to take up; but I replied, "God gives me grace for this duty, and I will trust all the future with him."

About two years after my consecration, I spent a few months in my step-mother's family for the purpose of attending school. My father, being a sea-captain, was rarely at home: so the family comprised my step-mother, her son, two young daughters, and myself.

Not one of the family was a Christian; and very earnestly did I desire that my brief stay might throw a holier influence over the household, and lead them to feel their need of the saving grace of God. How little did I appreciate the manner in which this was to be done!

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

A few days after my arrival, while sitting at the table, the thought was suggested, "Why not adopt the practice of asking a verbal blessing?" The thought seemed so absurd, that I regarded it only as a freak of fancy, and gave it no consideration. But again and again it returned with increasing weight, until so great was my emotion, that I found it difficult to swallow my food.

Fears began to creep into the heart lest the will was struggling into too-decided action; and with trembling earnestness I brought the matter before God in prayer. The path of duty was at once made plain; and the command was, as unto the children of Israel, "Go forward." Many reasons were suggested which made such an act seem incompatible with propriety and duty.

I was not the head of the family, was a female, was in a community where religion and its precious rites were little appreciated; and, for the first time since my consecration, I asked God to excuse me from duty.

I reasoned with God. Could I not do something else for the improvement of the family? could I not converse with them upon the all-important subject of their souls' salvation? could I not conduct family prayer?

But invariably the reply of the Spirit was, "If I will that others do thus, what is that to thee? follow thou me." A week passed, — a week of great mental conflict. I became sadly conscious that I was rebellious. The heavens gathered blackness, God's smiles were removed, the cross rose up, blockading my way to heaven. I could not pass over it. I dared not leave the "narrow way" to find a by-path around it; and the sorrowful conviction stole over my heart, that I could never progress heavenward till I denied myself, and took up this cross for the Master.

The fearful consciousness of my position startled me; and, in the bitterness of my

soul, I cried, "Lord, save, or I perish!" Prostrate in my closet, humbled to the very dust at my reluctance to pay my vows unto the Most High, I promised that I would never again take food till I had obeyed the divine direction. From my closet I went to the sitting-room, purposing to open the subject to my mother; but hours passed, the tea-hour approached, and I still sat trembling under the cross.

Poor heart! how strong and steady was the conflict! But at the last moment, with one mighty effort of the will, causing the tears to flow and the whole form to quiver, I shattered the strong cords by which the Enemy held me, and told mother of all that was in my heart.

The Lord had been preparing the way, and she received it much more kindly than I had feared.

That first step was the hardest; for when, at tea, I raised my trembling voice in prayer, my soul was so filled with strength and peace, that the cross lost all its weight.

Oh, how sweet was the return of my Father's smile! I felt like the little child on its return home after a long absence. During the days that I had refused to obey, I had enjoyed no sweet refreshings from God's presence; but now the assurance of his love was so fresh and sweet! That happy repast, and many succeeding ones, was taken, sitting "under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet unto my taste."

For the Guide.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

W. F. R.

Jesus wants my heart. What does he want of such a poor, wicked heart? He wants to cleanse it, and make it his dwelling-place. I have the power to bar the door, and keep him out; or to open it wide, and let him in. Shall I let him? Shall I say to him, —

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee"?

What! must it be closed to every other love? Must there be no room for dear ones? Must I shut out father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children? No: I must shut out no one; neither must I let any one in. But

I must put the door, and the key to it, in Jesus' hands. I must say to him, "Open and shut it as *thou* wilt, and to whom *thou* wilt." When this is done, Jesus will take possession. He will turn out every thing that ought not to be there, and some things that are not in their proper place he will set right.

Oh, how many things he finds that ought not to be there! And those things that should be there, how disarranged, how confused, how turned about! He wants to cleanse the house, and set it all right, and then breathe it full of the pure atmosphere of his love; and he will, if I will *let* him. But, although I offer him the key, he will not take it. No: he leaves the door unlocked, and places me on guard to keep it. And then, if I get sleepy or grow careless, and that which he has turned out gets back, he will be grieved, and go away; and he will not come back, unless I entreat him. But he will send his messenger to alarm me; and then, if I do not ask him back very quickly, the house will become unclean and out of order again.

O Jesus! come and dwell in my heart. Cleanse away all that is wrong. Put every thing in perfect order. Breathe the place full of thy love.

And then, O dear Saviour! arm me with thy whole armor, so that I may stand a true and faithful sentinel at the door to keep away the foe.

NEW YORK, 1837.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FROM KANSAS.

CELIA C. SHORT.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations."

From infancy my lips were taught to say, "I love Jesus;" but, when I was thirteen years of age, my heart responded to the truth of this declaration. One year after, I united with the Presbyterian Church. The fourteen years which followed were checkered experiences of sunlight and shadow.

I felt the need of something more. I desired that "fulness" and "living faith" of which I often heard. I sympathized with the destitute, prayed for the afflicted,

For the Guide.

and avoided the presence of the ungodly. I was considered a consistent Christian ; yet my own conscience reproached me, and often asked, "What are you doing for Christ?"

I decided to *consecrate* myself unto the Lord, and for three years wandered in mists and clouds ; failing to look upward in *faith*, claiming the sunshine of that promise already mine.

Trials and afflictions encompassed me, with Satan ever ready to discourage my upward progress. I remember the cottage in the lonely forest where God took my nestling babe into his "upper fold." I remember *greater* tribulations, the almost dark despair of my soul, when life seemed a burden ; and I prayed, "If *this* is the peace of the Christian, take me from earth." In my blindness I saw it only as a necessity for that "higher life," and yielded, feeling "Thy will be done." But now I see "wherewith He humbled me and proved me."

I did not dream that sanctification was attainable with me, or that holiness was what I so much needed. But, when I heard Dr. and Mrs. P—— were coming to assist in our meetings, I resolved, if possible, to obtain that "perfect love," let it be called by what name it might.

Day after day I listened attentively, yet felt my burden of soul for a more exalted life in this world almost insupportable, and that I was no nearer it than I had been. But I did not despair ; neither did God forsake me.

One afternoon, Mrs. P—— said, "Abraham performed his duty when he placed Isaac on the altar. So, if we lay ourselves upon the altar, we have done our duty, and God *will* do his part, and, through faith claiming God's promise, we are accepted of him : consequently we are no longer our own, but God's ; and we have no right to withdraw the sacrifice."

From that hour I felt that I was accepted, and have felt neither inclination nor right to live, except for the Lord. The sunshine of God's presence drove darkness away. Daily do I consecrate myself anew to him, to live and labor in his vineyard ; feeling "that the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., 1867.

REST OF FAITH.

C. M. DAMON.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

A simple, artless narration of Christian experience has always been a powerful instrument in the work of saving souls. If additional testimony may avail in the furtherance of the cause of Christ, surely it should not be withheld.

I was converted and united with the Church at the age of eleven years. My early Christian life was not satisfactory, and at times caused me much anxiety. I could refer to no particular date or place of conversion. My first impressions were, that I wanted to live a Christian. I began at once to pray, and live in the regular discharge of duty. Yet there were frequent manifestations of the carnal mind, and many yieldings to temptation. These caused as frequently hours of bitter repentance.

My attention was early called to the subject of holiness ; but, as a distinct work, only for a short time. I earnestly sought, however, to conform my daily life to the principles and teachings of the Bible ; and at length obtained a clear evidence of acceptance with God, not so much by a definite witness as by examining the grounds of my faith and the fruits of the Spirit in my heart and life. Having obtained this evidence, I continued to walk in the light of God's reconciled countenance, and felt that I was growing in grace and the knowledge of the truth.

In the fall of 1863, when recovering from a period of long and severe illness, during which God was constantly my refuge and support, my mind was again called to the subject of purity of heart, by reading the "Memoir of Carvosso." From this time, it became the one absorbing theme of meditation and desire. Often have I thought of that holy man of God, that by this memoir, he, being dead, yet speaketh. Doubtless I shall have reason to praise God in all the future, that, through this instrumentality, I was awakened to the importance of this glorious, crowning doctrine of our holy religion. The strength and simplicity of faith illustrated in his life soon led me to consecrate myself

wholly to God, and, I think, to the faith that purifies the heart.

Under date of Oct. 26, I wrote thus in my diary: "I have been struggling in prayer for an increase of faith, and that I may receive the witness that I am cleansed from all sin: and, thanks be unto God, he has heard my prayer; and, through faith in Christ, I feel that my heart is made clean." I then read a work on "Holiness," by Wallace. I was involved in doubt and perplexity. The strong language used in reference to the depth of conviction, and agony preceding a genuine experience, far exceeded any thing I had felt. The admonition, "Do not think of exercising faith for a cure till you first learn your disease;" the description of saving faith, of the "strong emotions" produced, and especially of perfect love as a "powerful affection,"—caused me to fear that I was mistaken, and finally to let go my confidence. Again I consecrated myself, and wrote, "According to His word, I now trust in Him, and believe that He fully saves me." But still I waited for the *witness*. Not realizing that "he that believeth hath the witness in himself," I was looking for some overflowing baptism of the Spirit which should be God's seal to the work. I failed to retain a lively sense, that, in reference to this specific grace, I was to *live by faith*; and, not receiving such a baptism as I expected, I became wavering and unsettled. Some of the time I felt that I had done all I could, and believed that my offering was accepted and sanctified, but generally longed for clearer light and the knowledge of the things freely given to me by the Spirit.

My church relations were very favorable for the development of practical piety and a gradual growth in grace; yet I received but little encouragement relative to the attainment of holiness as a work distinct from pardon and regeneration. I read nearly every thing I found upon the subject; but, influenced by the opinions of those of whose piety I had no question, I inclined for a time to believe that the perfection I sought was but a growth in the grace received at conversion. At this time I copied, as my firm belief, Clarke's description of the privilege of Christians:

"That the souls of all believers may be purified from all sin in this life; and that a man may live under the continual influence of the grace of Christ, without sinning against his God, all evil tempers and sinful propensities being destroyed, and his heart filled with pure love both to God and man." After this I thought I discovered remains of the carnal heart, and began again to look for a distinct work. I entered substantially the following, under date Sept. 27, 1864: "For nearly one week I have been in a constant study upon the subject of holiness, and earnestly seeking for it. Yesterday I was reading in Caughey about making a bargain with God for purity. Immediately I went to prayer, and tried to cast myself upon the atonement of Christ. I find myself just where I was nearly one year ago; that is, COMPELLED to rest on *naked faith* for purity. I have yet no other evidence than this,—but the *blood of Jesus Christ*, his Son, *cleanseth me* from all unrighteousness, and I do believe that God will give me an *unmistakable witness*." Again I wavered at the same point, *the witness*, and at the close of the year felt that I had not satisfactorily settled this great question of absorbing interest. This was principally my experience for the next two years. During this period, I had great peace, and, in many seasons of severe trial, was enabled to overcome, and to rejoice in God. I cannot say that I had a perfect victory over myself, the world, and the Devil, but a victory, I think, just in proportion to my faith. The holiness I sought was not that of word merely,—a boastful profession,—but purity of *heart*, power to overcome the trials and besetments of daily life; a religion of the family, which should banish cross words and unholy tempers; a religion of love and peace and pure enjoyment. Oh, how I longed for the exercise of prevailing prayer in my behalf; for those of experience to take me by the hand, and lead me into the fountain! Not that there was no experience of holiness in the church; but I wanted *more sympathy* and help. But God was good, and finally led me to the light.

Listening to the narration of a definite *experience* of eighteen years, that the *blood*

of Christ cleanseth, my heart was again stirred within me, and I determined to seek until I found the same glorious prize. Accordingly, I began to wrestle more earnestly in prayer, and to renew my covenant of consecration. At length I named a particular day, on which I asked God to give me the great blessing I desired. My faith gathered strength; and, in the evening of the day mentioned, I particularized my consecration. Property, time, talents, reputation, — every thing was brought to the altar. My soul, with all its powers; the body, with all that pertained to it; appetites, clothing, — all were to be given.

Still I waited for some miraculous change, some "demonstrative deliverance," before I believed the work was done. This not being realized, I retired, leaving the sacrifice, as I thought, upon the altar. For nearly two days, my faith remained unshaken that God *would* accept. Yet I supposed I must have something more to do first. But, in reading Mrs. Palmer's "Faith and its Effects," this sentence arrested my attention: "God demands *present* holiness." Also this: "What you are aiming at is *holiness*, not feeling." I reflected, Does God require me to be holy *this instant*, without a moment's further preparation? If so, I *can* and must obey. If God requires me to present to him, this moment, an offering complete, acceptable; holy, he will provide that the sacrifice I now make meet the conditions. I then, with a sweet feeling of *consciousness* that the offering *was* complete, laid the gift upon the altar, and believed that the Altar, Christ, then sanctified the gift. This was on the 18th of January last. I was not conscious that my emotional nature was stirred in the least; but my experience was the *rest of faith*. I then felt, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." And, since "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," I have felt it my duty to confess the Saviour, principally before the Church, in respect to this as well as all other gifts. I think I have the fruits of holiness, — perhaps none more manifest than a present active faith, which brings a present salvation. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but ac-

cording to His mercy, He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

RUSHFORD, N.Y., April, 1867.

For the Guide.

THE WHOLE HEART REQUIRED.

A. A. C.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all of thy heart, and with all of thy soul, and with all of thy mind, and with all of thy strength." This is plain language: it is not necessary to refer to Bible dictionary or commentary for an explanation. Wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein. To love God less than this is to live beneath our privilege, and refuse to do our duty. God does not ask for a half-heart. He does not say, after you have bestowed your best affections upon your earthly friends, "Give me the reserve." No: he does not take up with the dregs of the heart's affections. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

And yet, — sad the thought! — if we have any right to judge, our churches are flooded with half-hearted professors, whose daily walk, conversation, and dress show conformity to the world. Is not the Prince of glory disowned in the house of his friends? To come up to the privilege and duty of love to God with an unholy heart would be as utterly impossible as to walk on the waves of the sea without sinking. There must first be a cleansing from *all* filthiness of the flesh. All roots of bitterness must be extirpated, the man of sin must die, or we can never fulfil the noble end of acting in the sphere which the Creator of our being designed we should. We have not an unjust Father. He does not issue a command that we have not the ability to perform. No: praise his name, he has made ample provision in the gospel, and offers us abundant supplies out of his immense fulness. "There is a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness," and it is near at hand: we have but to go to the cross of Christ, and we are at its very head. Entire consecration prepares the heart; faith

takes hold of the promises; God through Christ will do the work effectually.

It will not be a lengthy process. The promises of God are all in the present tense; with him it is one eternal *now*. The way of faith is too simple for some; consequently they are never able to scale the golden mount, but grope their way in the dark valley of sin and unbelief, "ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth." Strange that believers who have entered into the first life will thus doubt God's word and power!

How sweetly and easily Jesus can save us with all upon the altar! But it costs mighty struggling with flesh and blood to get all upon the altar; but when once there, and bound by cords of unwavering faith, the fire of God quickly descends and consumes the sacrifice, and the soul is lost in wonder, love, and praise, feeling within a burning zeal to do or suffer all of God's holy will. May the time speedily come when there will be less quibbling Christians, who, "going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God"! Notwithstanding persecution and opposition beset all whose feet are in the highway, the number is increasing. Many are now lifting up the standard, and unfurling the banner of holiness, declaring to the world and believers that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin. None but those who have entered into the second life can come up to the privilege and duty that is enjoined upon every son and daughter of God, in loving him with all of the "heart, soul, mind, and strength." When, oh! when, will the Church come up out of the wilderness of unbelief, arise and shine in the beauty of holiness?

MINAVILLE, 1867.

NOTHING SHORT OF GOD.

The soul is not happy which is not at rest; but the soul can never have true rest which places its confidence in any thing short of God. Mutability and uncertainty are characteristics of every thing which has not God in it.

Dr. T. C. Upham.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFIED.

Dedicated to the Friends of the Tuesday Meeting.

L. H. F.

"For both He who sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all one; for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Through one long and lonely year,
Weeping oft and sorely tried,
Filled with haunting grief and fear,
Prayed I to be sanctified.
May-blooms filled the air with sweetness,
And the summer waned away;
Autumn, with its ripe completeness,
On the woods and upland lay.

All the harvest-work was ended,
And the winter came apace;
But I, the desolate, still waited
For my Father's hidden face.
Friends were round me, kindly striving
To assuage a hidden pain;
But they knew not why the anguish
That so burthened heart and brain.

Many a lonely prayer at midnight,
Many a tear they could not see,
Many a conflict with the might
Of the Tempter tempting me, —
These were mine; until a blessing
Such as blessed the olden saints
Fell upon me, and my poor heart
Ceased its burdens and complaints.

Where, oh! where, did I obtain it?
Where did Jacob's ladder rise?
Never were more steps of glory
Set 'neath Haran's star-lit skies.
Jesus led my wandering footstep
To a blessed open door:
Wondering I paused before it,
Entered, and my burthen bore.

To the saints who knelt in meekness
At the cross I could not see,
Full of grace and love's completeness,
Full of faith and purity,
Thrice I knelt, and, childlike asking
For their prayers so sweet and true,
Felt all earth elude my grasping,
Felt my Jesus' touch anew.

Could it be that I the restless,
 I who had my Lord denied,
 I as false and frail as Peter, —
 Could I so be sanctified?
 Did the Spirit's wing, o'ersweeping
 All the blessed, cover me?
 Did I sink into the keeping
 Evermore of Diety?

Even so. The cross I'll carry
 Till my changeless crown be won:
 If for years on earth I tarry,
 Still I'll breath, "Thy will be done."
 And for those, the pure and saintly,
 Who have kept that open door, —
 All my poor prayers turn to blessings
 On their heads forevermore.

Meek ones whom the Saviour leadeth
 Ever in his paths of peace, —
 Lo! for them my full soul pleadeth,
 And my glad lips will not cease.
 Angel-harps shall tell the story
 Upon Jordan's farther side
 How they won for me the glory
 Of a spirit "sanctified."

NEW-YORK CITY.

For the Guide.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER ON SANCTIFICATION.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY J. WILKINS, JR.

Motives to emulate the primitive standard of Christian attainment: —

First, It is the happiest life that can be lived.

Second, It is the easiest possible way to get to heaven. A little religion makes a hard conflict with little comfort; a heart full affords joy and peace and triumph.

Third, It is also the safest course. Of the many who lead a low and languid course, not a few, it is to be feared, will be deceived; and no man, while living in this equivocal state, can be sure that his will not be the "hope that maketh ashamed."

Fourth, In aggregate power, the Church will be increased a hundred-fold, in the efficacy of her prayers, the power of her doctrine, the light of her example, the liberality of her contributions, and the energy of her action.

For the Guide.

YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCE.

REV. M. D. JUMP.

It is a source of great gratification to those of your readers who are still struggling with the adversities of youth to peruse those records of trying experiences from the pens of white-haired veterans in the cause of Christ. And we would gladly yield the space which these few lines may occupy to additional testimonies of this character from the old and venerable champions of the cross, were it not for the conviction that there are many individuals among your more youthful readers who stand in need of more *immediate* assistance in overcoming *present embarrassments*. To this class I would humbly present the brief record of my experience, with the hope that it may prove beneficial to some earnest soul struggling with the adversity of fortune. When but a mere child, just passing the boundary-line between infancy and youth, my mind became deeply impressed with the fact of my accountability to God for every act which I performed. My early instruction at the hands of a pious and devoted mother, and the deep solicitude she felt for my future welfare, served to deepen, and render more abiding, those impressions. Sabbath after Sabbath, she used to take me by the hand, and lead me to the house of worship, where I was ever an attentive listener. My earliest recollections find me in my allotted place in the Sunday school. And, oh, how pleasing are those memories! For years, this state of things continued. While under the watchful care of that devoted Christian mother, who, thank God, lives to see her labors rewarded, I was secure. But I was not always to enjoy the blessings of home's sweet influence. My parents being in moderate circumstances, I felt it my duty to engage in some business by which I might at least gain my own subsistence. I had enjoyed all the advantages of education which the "Old Red Schoolhouse in the Pines" afforded, and was tolerably well versed in the English elements. I was, as if providentially, at this time solicited to engage in business as a retail clerk in the town of J——; and thus, at the

age of fourteen, I found myself fully set sail on the lone voyage of life. And here let me relate a circumstance which was calculated to exert an important influence upon my mind. Among the promiscuous throng who used to congregate at our place of business were two individuals who firmly held to the dogmas of *infidelity*. I used to listen with a fool's eagerness to their denunciations of the Bible and Christianity; and, notwithstanding my early education, I was at times, in the depraved condition of my natural heart, almost ready to pronounce them *wise*. But thanks be to God, that, through the pious influence of home and friends, I was kept from the evils of such a decision. This was not, however, the only evil influence with which I had to contend. I was *naturally* of a social and convivial turn of mind, and loved the society of the gay and thoughtless. I had an insatiable desire for the applause of the world, and, even at this early age, began to feel the goading lash of worldly ambition. Like many a youth, doubtless, my nightly dreams were filled with visions of future glory and renown. To be a statesman, perchance a Bonaparte or a Cromwell, to hear the loud huzzas of the promiscuous throng, was my highest conception of felicity. To struggle against poverty and through innumerable difficulties, and attain at last the desired goal, seemed almost impossible. And yet what will not man undertake? Day by day, and night after night, every spare moment of time not spent in social pleasure or business was diligently employed in gathering together such fragments of information as I could discover amid my small and ill-assorted supply of materials. Two years passed away. I removed to the City of C—, where new dangers awaited me. I still struggled on. My leisure moments were now more fully employed, either in reading, composition, or meditation. From here I entered the schoolroom as "pedagogue." Here tolerable success attended me. I had lost nothing of my former ardor; my love of worldly fame and glory had not abated. But here I must pause, abruptly pause, dear reader, to tell that a "change has come over the spirit of my dream." Suddenly, as a stroke of lightning swift rushing from the

clouds, and then vanishing into utter darkness, have those golden visions of future worldly glory vanished. Those early impressions begin to recur with great vividness. The bread cast upon the waters, years before, now begins to appear. Glory be to God! Those aspirations which once burned so brilliantly upon the altar of earthly ambition have been exchanged for others of a higher and holier nature, — to serve God acceptably, and win souls to Christ. And, oh, how much happier I am! The glory which I then sought was only transient; but that which I now pursue is unfading, yea, eternal. Dear youthful friend, will you but read these lines thoughtfully, coming as near as may be to the stand-point of their unworthy author, I dare not do otherwise than to presume that you will find lessons of encouragement.

Young man, are you struggling with poverty? If so, struggle on. Success will crown your efforts. Are you longing to acquire an education, which will qualify you for the duties of life? Although your means are limited, despair not. Let your motto be, *Perseverantia omnia vincit*."

Be diligent, and victory is yours. Do visions of worldly glory haunt your peace of mind? Dash through the shadowy phantoms, and grasp the more glorious prize which lies just beyond, concealed from view only by the cross of Christ. We are companions in youth: let us be companions in arms, fighting valiantly for the cause of truth, religion, virtue. Already more than a score of years have passed, and soon we shall be old. Let us work while work we may.

BERNE, N.Y., 1867.

"A lighted lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet giveth light to all who are in the house; and so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance."

Memory is like a picture-gallery of past days: the fairest and most pleasant of the pictures are those which immortalize the days of useful industry.

For the Guide.

SPECIAL BLESSINGS.

REV. SWANTON RANKS.

Twenty-five years ago the seventeenth day of last February, God forgave my sins ; and, applying the direct witness of the Spirit (see Rom. viii. 16), my mouth was filled with his praise. Though retaining the witness of the Spirit, yet, being convinced by the word of God (see 1 John i. 9), the reading of "The Guide," and Wesley's plain account of Christian perfection, that a higher state or the *special* blessing of Christian perfection was required, I was enabled by grace to make a special consecration for this *particular thing*. This was but a short time after conversion. About seven months had now elapsed ; and I found my way to a camp-meeting, seeking, and resolved there to seek it, with all my heart. The meeting had progressed to Thursday evening ; when the sad thought crossed my mind that the meeting might close, and I still go away without the blessing of perfect love. Could I go out into the world destitute of that which God was willing *now* to give ? No. Self-desperate (but guided, as I see now, by the Spirit), I fell upon my knees for the last time to decide this question ; truly resolved to remain there, and die there, unless I should be "cleansed from all unrighteousness." It was an eventful moment. After praying for it with all my soul, I "waited," perhaps, five minutes. Then such a peace as passeth all understanding ! Then such a wave of light and glory succeeding it ! Oh, what joy ! My cup was now full. I shouted, "Glory to God !" rose, and stood upon my trembling limbs, — trembling under the weight of glory. Opening my eyes, the faces of those present shone as the faces of angels. Then, as never before, did the word of God appear the word of God.

With astonishment to myself, and perhaps to many, soon I was called of God to preach. After a long struggle I went out and spent fifteen years in the regular itinerant work. Some two years since, refusing what seemed to me a "starvation circuit," I asked a supernumerary relation in the Maine Conference. Soon I began to feel I was in the wrong place ; and after another year in a local relation, and

encumbering myself with earthly things, I resolved to become disencumbered as soon as possible, and return to the regular work. At times, during the two years, it appeared that my misery was complete ; but by a reconsecration, and faith perpetuated every hour, I received the witness of a clean heart. But two years of *such* suffering as this poor heart passed through *at times*, God grant that no one reading these lines may ever know ! I am floating upon his providences, and intend fully to be directed by his Spirit henceforth : and of late, though living by a perpetuated consecration and faith, and preaching at every opportunity, it seems that the last and dearest blessing must go ; namely, a good name or reputation, — dearer to me than silver or gold. And I have questioned whether or not the *success* of some men must not be crushed in order to usefulness.

And this morning, while meditating upon my bed, the Spirit suggested the question, "Are you willing that your all — good name, influence, church relation, and ministerial standing — forever go, if God permit ?" My soul responded, "Yes, Lord ; for thou wast "despised and rejected of men." "He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Yes, it is enough that the servant be as his master. The test was severe, and applied about half an hour ; when I responded, "Lord, if I may be a block thrust under the lever by which the Church may be elevated, and more souls converted, though *I* be crushed in the process, Amen !" Then such a conscious sense of the presence of God, and his love filling my heart, resulted, as led me to glorify God with a loud voice. Glory be to God ! I love him with all my heart *just now*, and, I hope, with a heart of larger capacity than twenty-five years ago. Now it was a *special* blessing at conversion. And I want to say to Dr. Currey, It was a *distinct special* blessing at that camp-meeting. It is a *special* and higher blessing this morning, I think ; though they are all of the same family and from the same *Father*. Glory to the Lamb forever !

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure.

For the Guide.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN THE SICK-ROOM.

S. L. A.

It is recorded in God's Word, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." If any one has reason to praise God for his wonderful power to save in the time of trial and affliction, it is poor unworthy me. Yes, praise God, O my soul! for a Saviour that can save to the uttermost.

Jesus called me when very young to give him my heart, which I did; but, after a while, the Lord showed me a higher way, a better way than sinning and repenting, doubting and fearing, — the way of trusting God fully. It is about six years since Christ enabled me to consecrate all to him; and I believe that he did accept the offering. I found it much better to keep looking at Jesus than looking at self.

How often did Satan try to destroy my confidence by saying, "Oh, yes! it is very easy to walk in this narrow way now, you go to meeting so much, and have so many privileges: it is nothing but excitement that keeps you up. Just wait until trials come; then see. That time has come! Was it so? No, no, thank God! Never in all my life have I enjoyed more of the presence of God than I have the past year; and yet not one hour have I been free from pain. It has been a year of trial and suffering, and I am still unable even to sit up; but it has been the happiest thirteen months that I ever saw. Is it *excitement* that has kept and is still keeping me? No; it is *Christ*: to him be all the praise. He has never left me one whole hour since I have been sick. Oh, what amazing love! How precious has Jesus become to me! What should I do without just such a friend as Jesus? How wearisome would my nights be, if my Saviour was not with me! The Lord is so very good to me! Oh, how many blessings I have! Why, I never should have known how precious some of the promises are; and, oh, how many times hath God spoken so direct to me through his Word! It is indeed a mine of wealth to those that search for its treasures. And then how often my sick-room is made cheerful by the presence of God's own dear children! They sing and pray, and talk of Jesus; and *Jesus* makes one of our

number. Oh, what condescension! what love! Should I be sad while I have God for my father, the *Holy Spirit* for my comforter, *Jesus* for my friend, and heaven for my home? Shall I murmur because I am deprived of all the public means of grace? I might if God was confined to the *sanctuary*; but I find him *here*. Yes, even *now*, while lying here writing, I feel his presence. Glory to God for an abiding Saviour!"

"Yes! Jesus condescends to stay
Here in my room both night and day:
How many happy hours I spend
Alone with Christ, my dearest friend!
Such wondrous love! how can it be
That such a King should honor me?"

Only think of the King of glory stooping so low as not only to *visit* me, but to *stay* here! If I die, I shall live with Christ; if I live, Jesus will live with me. Hallelujah! Jesus is mine, and I am his. I have ever found his grace sufficient under the most trying circumstances; and, when passing through the deep waters, Jesus carried me in his arms. What if the Tempter did say, "It is too hard; God does not love you, or he would not afflict you so long"? But he cannot make me believe that. I *know* that God does love me, and I know that God makes no mistakes; and if I die or if I live, even though I should still be a sufferer, I do say, "God's will be done." Christ has been teaching me this lesson, not to look for grace in advance. He is a present Saviour: he saves me *now*. Glory to the Lamb! Oh the precious blood of Jesus! it cleanseth even me. Oh, how much easier it is to bear every thing when we are *all* the Lord's! I want my motive pure, pure in every word and act, remembering that God searcheth the heart.

May he keep that which I have committed to his keeping!

The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces, — saints for their holiness, believers for their faith, brethren for their love, and disciples for their knowledge. Fuller.

VICTORY.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

They told me she was dying; yet she lay
With a sweet half-smile on her parted lips,
And a bright halo hovering o'er her brow,
As if the portals of the heavenly world
Were just ajar, as welcoming her approach.
Friends wept around her, — wept and smiled by
turns,

As thinking of their sorrow and her joy;
Of the lone silent home, which nevermore
Should echo back her light and joyous tread;
And of the heavenly home prepared for her
By Him, the blessed Saviour, who once said,
"I go, and will prepare a place for you."
Now, this young blooming girl, whose hope of
life

Looked like the morning of a cloudless day,
Met the last Enemy, whose name is Death,
Wrestled with the grim monster, and was
crowned;

For the bright glory hovering o'er her brow,
And the sweet fearless smile upon her lips,
Proclaimed that she was victor through *His*
name,

Which came in songs of triumphs through the
chill

Of the cold death-stream: "Jesus, Saviour,
Prince,

With joy I come to thee. Loved ones, farewell!
I'll come and meet you, if my Lord permit,
When your last hour shall come: farewell, fare-
well!"

Then, whispering "Glory" with her parting
breath,

She slept in death below, and woke in heaven.

VALLEY HOME.

"NAE STRIFE UP HERE."

It is related that an old Scotch elder had
once a serious dispute with his minister at
an elders' meeting. He said some hard
things, and almost broke the minister's
heart. Afterwards he went home, and the
minister went home too. The next morn-
ing the elder came down, and his wife said
to him, —

"Ye look sad, Jan: what is the matter
with ye?"

"Ah!" he replied, "you would look
sad too if you had such a dream as I have.
I dreamed that I had been to the elders'

meeting, and said some hard things, and
grieved the minister; and, when he went
home, I thought he died, and went to heav-
en: and I thought afterwards I died too,
and went to heaven; and, when I got to the
gates of heaven, out came the minister, and
put his hands out to me, saying, 'Come
along, Jan; there's nae strife up here.
Happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly
to beg his pardon, and found he was dead.
The elder was so stricken with the blow,
that, two weeks after, he also departed.
"And I should not wonder," said he who
related the incident, "if he meet the minis-
ter at heaven's gate, and hear him say,
'Come along, Jan: there's nae strife up
here.'"

Presbyter.

For the Gulde.

THE SPIRIT AND FLESH.

W. F. R.

"But, if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under
the law." — GAL. V. 18.

Why not? Because, if I am led of the
Spirit, I shall bring forth the *fruits* of the
Spirit; against which there *is no law*.
"Now, the fruits of the Spirit are these, —
love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness,
goodness, faith, meekness, temperance:
against such there is no law." We may
read the text thus: "But, if ye be led of
the Spirit, ye will bring forth the fruits of
the Spirit; against which there is no law:"
therefore, "if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are
not under the law." But there is a law
against the workings of the flesh; and it is
only when we follow the flesh that we are
under the law. Then is it possible for me
to be free from the law because I bring
forth such fruits as are agreeable to the law?
No, not because I, but because the *Spirit*
brings forth such fruits. If we walk in the
Spirit, we have our "fruit unto holiness."
But there is no law against holiness. So,
then, if any man wishes to come out from
under the law, and be free from it, I would
say to him, "*Walk in the Spirit*." But
how? Well, we must get the Spirit first.
We must receive him. We must be led
by him. The plain statement is this: Here
is a man walking in the flesh. He brings
forth its fruits, such as idolatry, wrath, strife,
&c. He is under the law, because the law

is against these fruits. Now, all the time he is thus walking in the flesh, the Spirit is *following*, but not *leading* him. "The Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." The Spirit is following him, now speaking in gentle tones of entreaty, and then in the loud voice of warning. Now, if he turn right about, and, instead of being followed, be led, by the Spirit, he will soon bring forth the fruits against which there is no law. But there are some who have so long and so persistently walked in the flesh, that they have almost drowned the voice of the Spirit, who is still following them, or perhaps they have driven him quite away. To such I would say, "You had better begin to pray."

But we are to receive the Spirit alone through faith in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ; and not only so, but as we receive him, so we are to walk in him.

For the Guide.

OUR WORKS AS WITNESSES.

MRS. A. M. FRENCH.

"The same works that I do bear witness of me," said our immaculate Jesus. How much more is this true of thee, O my soul!

True, thy words may, yea, must, bear witness for Christ and of Christ: of what he is to thee; of what he has done for thee; of how he saved thee, loved thee, and, better still, how he saves thee, loves thee now; yea, and that his precious blood now cleanseth thee from all sin; and that his power now keeps thee, moment by moment, according unto thy faith; and how he loves thee to the end, in spite of all thy failures, faults, infirmities.

So, my soul, in telling the simple truth, thou bearest witness for Jesus, as he graciously commands. Thou art his witness, as he bids thee to be; and oh, how blessed the privilege!

But though thy *words* bear thy witness of him, thine own *works* alone bear witness of thee. Thy lips bear witness for Jesus: thy works alone bear witness of what thou thyself actually art. Thou art just what thy works have been this day. If they are all love, all fidelity, thou art all love, all fidelity.

If thou hast spoken, done, just as thou wouldst thy neighbor should do to thee, thou lovest him as thyself. If thou art ready to retract or amend the least word or act or look that came short, or that was not true, pure love, thou hast perfect humility; if not, if it is even painful to thee, or not a privilege, so to do, thou hast not.

O my soul, what a profession it is, before all by whom thou art surrounded, to profess perfect love! True, thou professest no perfection in mental powers, as judgment, taste, memory; no exemption from errors and failures: but thou dost profess to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. Now, do all thy works testify of thee that this is a fact? How dost thou guard, cherish, honor thyself, and not wickedly too? Then how equally shouldst thou guard, cherish, honor, save thy neighbour, so far as it is in thy power!

Alas! do not some rest in great joys, in fine, clear professions, especially when those professions are owned of the Spirit, and blessed to brethren, as truth often is, even when coming from an unconverted soul, so that they look upon their works as secondary, at least, in importance or power, or as marks of their true state?

Yet everywhere does the Bible hold up our works as showing, proving, what we are. Alas that some who love, in fact, so much, should, from mistaken ideas of duty or usefulness, show so little love in comparison with others who actually, in the inmost heart, love so very little!

"I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you," cries the meek Lamb of God to those who verily thought themselves righteous. What does he this moment say to thee?

My heart replies, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;" yes, and with a pure heart. Yet oh the full unction, the divine unction, the fulness of indwelling God! How far above, how very far above, mere purity, great as that precious blessing is! Oh to be filled!—to show thee, my God, my Jesus, not myself, not merely my pure heart, but the whole Christ in me,—his whole meekness, tenderness, zeal, fidelity, love, long-suffering, sweet-mindedness, charity! Oh to have

him illumining all within, — shining out through every feature, expression, word, acts, that none can, for a moment, see me without thinking of him! Lord, thou must be more the health of my countenance, even mine, and my God. Thou dost now give faith to claim it.

CHARLESTON, S. C., 1867.

GIVEN TO GOD.

M. A. HAWKINS.

"A pure, bright spirit lent to me,
Sweet babe I'd learned to love;
And then on angel-pinions fair
It took its flight above."

Our darling boy is gone, — gone to God.

We will not murmur, though our heart should break with its great grief; but, oh, how many high hopes faded, how many joys were crushed, when our brown-eyed baby died! Died? No: its pure, young spirit is gone to Him who gave it; yes, it *lives* close by the throne of God.

On angel-pinions now it scales the heights of glory, and sings the song of redemption with Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It will never sin.

Forever freed from care and toil and *pain*, it will go on from strength to strength in its home of light and love.

It is nourished by food from the tree of life, and refreshed by water from that crystal fount whose streams make glad the city of God.

Why these unbidden tears, which will not be restrained? Father, do they not come from a submissive though overflowing heart, which says, "Thou doest all things well"? It was our *only* son.

"Sweet tears, the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection far too big for words."

Oh, were it not for the assurance of a Saviour's smile to cheer away the gloom, how weary a thing would be this poor life! But 'tis so sweet with child-like faith to trust his never-failing love, to *feel* that Jesus cares for us! "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Precious promise! and as true as precious.

For the Guide.

The storm of affliction may come; it may sweep away gilded hopes of a golden future; it may wither the bright-eyed buds of promise: still peace, "not as the world giveth," fills the faithful, trusting heart.

Oh! why should we *ever fail to trust the blessed Saviour*, when his promises are all so sure? "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When earthly friends can do no more, there is a Friend that is ever near, able with a Father's loving hand "to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think;" willing to grant the Holy Spirit's presence, that its sweet influence may abide with us forever; giving our stricken hearts the strength to say, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

For the Guide.

OUR INFLUENCE.

P. M. A.

My attention has frequently been called to the peculiar influence of those professing the great blessing of holiness. More is expected and required of us than others. In the Sacred Word, the requirements are very clear to "come out from the world, to be separate, and touch not the unclean thing;" also to be "instant in season and out of season." Oh! if all who professed to be wholly the Lord's would but live up to these and other similar requirements, how strong would be their influence for good on both the unconverted and those who are yet struggling with a strong and wily foe! The power we exert by our influence is unknown to ourselves, but is constantly going out among others, and, perhaps almost unconsciously, is imitated by them. And, if such be the case, surely we ought to be living examples of Christ's power to save to the uttermost; to declare, both by example and precept, that Jesus is a *present* Saviour *from* sin. And yet how few there are among the professed followers of our Saviour who are living up to their high and holy calling! It has been a source of wonder to me that so many of those who to-day are standing in the pulpit, proclaiming our precious Saviour ready to *forgive* sin, are yet so seldom telling us the glad news, "Salvation *from* sin." O brethren in Christ! where are you standing? Jesus

says, "*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth*;" again, "*And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer (if according to His will), believing, ye shall receive.*" And surely, if we ask to be delivered from our foes (foes which threaten at times to carry us down deep to the place of lost spirits), *he will*: there is no *if* about it. Now, use all the influence of your holy calling in telling to all (not only from scriptural knowledge, but from your own personal experience) the precious blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin, and is able to *keep us so*. Glory be to his holy name!

Our influence is one of the many talents intrusted to our care. Let us see that this talent, with the others, are increased to many; and *to us* will the blessed words be applied, "*Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*"

NEWARK, N. J.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of my Word, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not "hold out"?

"He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

For the Guide.

WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.

MRS. H. M. BRADLEY.

Oh! life is sweet to those who tread
Each passing day a step toward heaven:
By gracious love their feet are led,
And peace through every hour is given.

Each morning hears their song of praise;
The noontide-hour lifts up their prayer;
While night serene shows Wisdom's ways,
And Jesus walking with them there.

Beneath his smile their spirits grow
To fairest blossom, fruitage crowned;
And angels smile for joy to know
Such fruit of heaven on earth is found.

Oh! not for them shall tears arise
As slips the failing life away:
Their fragrant deeds perfume the skies,
And lift the gates to endless day.

DISTINCT BLESSING.

We will give up forms, words, illustrations, any thing and every thing but the thing itself. Holiness, a distinct blessing, to be sought, obtained, professed, practised, and urged with all humility and love, but with might and main, upon the whole Church; entire sanctification through faith in Christ the present privilege and the present duty of all Christians, — this we never will give up. In the name of Jesus, and with the eye fixed upon his cleansing blood, we will contend for it till death shall sign our release.

Jesse T. Peck, D.D.

Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero, who, seeing the lions, goes straight on.

Editorial.

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

We are pleased with the article in our present issue on the subject of dress. It was written by a Congregationalist, but it presents the same Bible view of truth as was taught by Wesley, and has been taught by intelligent, earnestly devout Christians of every name, age, and clime. Some of our readers may have read Dr. Judson's letter to Christian ladies, when far away in heathen lands. Also the good Mrs. Wade's appeal to Christian females, on the subject of "Worldly Conformity." We met this devoted, self-sacrificing, female missionary, several years since. She had returned for a short respite to her native country, from a sultry clime, with her constitution much enfeebled. What an example was she in the simplicity and uncostliness of her dress, of the setting forth of God's word on this subject. She had been teaching the heathen that they must turn from vanities to the living God, and was in her own personal appearance a living exponent of all she taught.

When I see a dear Christian sister uniting her destiny with one who has devoted himself to the evangelization of the heathen, and see her adorned with jewelry, artificials, and costly array, my heart, could it speak out, would say, "Ah! you have not counted the cost." You go to teach the heathen that they must renounce the world with all its vanities, and embrace Christ as a soul-saving soul-satisfying portion, and show by your exterior, a love of display which does not suggest a renunciation of the world, and the lowliness of your Saviour.

But, says one, we do it to show what a beautiful, dignified principle Christianity is. Ah, would you trespass against the self-sacrificing principles of the Christian religion by way of showing its power to dignify and attract. What is this but doing evil that good may come! It certainly is all a mistake. Worldly conformity does not add to the dignity of a minister's wife either at home or abroad. It nullifies the teachings of a minister of any denomination, or in any position, if his wife

and family are not living exponents of what he proclaims.

Suppose a minister should preach from the text, "Be not conformed to the world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, &c.," while at the same time his wife and daughters are arrayed in artificial flowers and jewelry, and alike fashionably attired as other worldlings? And in case the edge of truth is blunted on this subject, or, in fact, nullified, and "worldly minds the world pursue," and souls thus go to perdition—where, O, where, may their blood be found?

But, says another, fashionable style of dressing gives us influence with people of the world, and attracts young persons to us. Yes, it may attract them to you, but does it attract them to a close walk with your meek and lowly Lord. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Will the religion that admits and courts friendship with the world stand the fires of the last day? God's word is a fire, and how searching and solemn will be the burning rays of naked truth, on that day when the fire shall reveal every man's work of what sort it is. Nothing then will stand, but what has been in entire conformity to God's revealed truth, and in opposition to our natural unrenewed proclivities.

The world needs to be taught, that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is a *self-sacrificing, world-renouncing, principle*. The first step toward heaven is by the way of the cross. "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow after me."

The ancient female worthies, who lived well and died well, and being dead yet speak, felt the importance of this principle, and by precept and example taught its importance. Witness, Lady Maxwell, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, and many others that might be mentioned.

Let us ever remember that the friendship of the world is enmity with God, and whoso will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God. O, it is seriously wrong thus to identify ourselves with the world, that the dividing line, even in the eye of worldlings can scarcely be discerned. There ought to be a marked difference between the children of the world, and the children of the kingdom—those who are engaged in the service of the god of this

world, and the royal servants of the King of Heaven. It is, therefore, the apostle Paul places among the conditions upon which God promises to sanctify and cleanse, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, &c." St. James also characterizes as most repulsive the conduct of those who were disposed to retain the friendship of the world. Hear him: "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God."

The walk of the Christian is a *highway*, and so far *above* the world that the redeemed purified soul, looking down from its high, blissful eminence, sings:

"On all the groveling sons of earth
With pity I look down,
And claim, by virtue of my birth,
A never fading crown."

Dear fellow Christian, let us ever remember that we are "not of the world." Not of the world, because Christ has chosen us out of the world.

Let us, therefore, by the exhibition of the *beauties of holiness*, win the world to our meek and lowly Saviour. The beauty of holiness is, indeed, captivating. It does not present a repulsive exterior, but all powerful in love, by winning ways and acts draws the world to Jesus.

It does not by a repulsive demeanor and Pharsaic spirit, say, "Stand by I am holier than thou," but in humility and love seeks to follow whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report.

Some seem to regard it a duty to be singular for the sake of singularity. And conceive it a duty to make themselves, perhaps, a mark for the gaze of the world, by the peculiarity, and, possibly, carelessness of their appearance. We need not say that such a course is calculated to repel rather than win souls to Christ. The body has been redeemed to God as a temple for the blessed Holy Spirit. Surely purity and sweet simplicity in taste is becoming. "Serve the Lord in the *beauty of holiness*," is a duty divinely enjoined, and suggests a service most delightful to the truly sanctified soul. And those who intelligently enjoy the grace of entire sanctification, will be as careful to adorn the body

for God in the beauty of holiness, as in the performance of any other duty.

"Why do you not oftener speak of the sin of worldly conformity," said one whose chiding looks and words often bespoke sourness of spirit—why do we not oftener speak of it to the world-loving professor? Our reason is, that we wish to observe carefully the divine order. How does it stand written: "Be not conformed to the world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, acceptable, and perfect will of God." It is by the renewing of the *mind* that the exterior becomes right. But how vain is the endeavor to get the exterior right while the interior is unrenewed. And were it possible to accomplish this, of how little avail in the sight of God or man is an outward appearance that may seem right, if the heart is unholy. It is, therefore, our *first* aim to urge the importance of a heart wholly renewed, and this will suggest the duty of outward conformity to the will of God. But we never could, either in early or later life, understand a profession of entire sanctification, when we saw the individual conformed to the frivolous fashions of this vain world. Others, doubtless, like ourselves, in early life, have been perplexed by the example of such, perhaps, well meaning, but mistaken professors of holiness. Let us be careful, and not, by our indulgence in doubtful things, destroy a weak one, for whom Jesus shed his precious blood.

LETTER FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR.

RIDGEWAY, Michigan,
August 24, 1867. }

"Where now?" you will say. Well, we this morning left Romeo, a pleasant little town 18 miles distant; we have just arrived here by carriage.

The Romeo District Camp Meeting closed this morning. It was largely attended, and we had a season of remarkable blessedness and power. There was no account kept of the number that received justifying or sanctifying grace, but it was only to give the invitation to seekers, and many presented themselves, and they that seek do find. I feel persuaded that eternity will reveal most

important and extensive good resulting from the meeting.

The excellent Rev. J. Taylor, Presiding Elder, and the ministers generally manifested a deep and engrossing interest on the subject of heart purity. There seemed to be a delightful unanimity in regard to the precious theme. The more frequent, urgent, and explicit we were in our labors to promote it, proportionately greater were the manifestations of appreciation both on the part of ministers and people. We were much interested with the case of

A BELOVED MINISTER

who came out clearly into the enjoyment of the blessing, yesterday afternoon. In the morning meeting he had nobly confessed from the preacher's stand his appreciation of the glorious theme, and his desire to promote its experience both in his own soul and among the people. From that hour his case was laid on the loving hearts of some devoted ones who were dwelling in the inner sanctuary. They resolved they would take no denial to the request, that he who so devoutly wished to promote the experience among the flock of Christ, should from his own experimental realizations proclaim its blessed verities. Mightily did the Spirit help his infirmities. In deepest humiliation was the strong man bowed. Low down in the valley of decision was he seen a few hours after this. There he knelt amid the seekers, in the presence of the multitude, not ashamed to be prayed for, even by name. Most significant are the words of Jesus, "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and not that honor that cometh from God only." But though equal to the strongest affirmation ye *cannot*, who has not apprehended the simplicity and purifying power of faith, after getting the reputation on the altar, and the will that requires signs and wonders. So it was with this beloved minister, and ere the afternoon service closed, he received through faith the sanctifying power. So overwhelmingly did the waves of salvation roll over him that he seemed almost overpowered, and sank into the sustaining embrace of the strong men around him. True, indeed, "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

We are now at the Hotel, near the Railroad Station, awaiting the arrival of the train to Paris, C. W.

Saturday, August 31.

Last evening we closed a scene of delightful service, called a Home Camp Meeting. It was held at Simcoe, Canada West, commencing Sabbath, August 25. Our Wesleyan friends at Simcoe have a very neat, commodious church edifice. Ministers and people came in from surrounding regions, and our congregations were a fair representation of an ordinary Circuit Camp Meeting. It was the expressed belief of some best acquainted with the religious necessities of the people, in view of some specialties, that more good was done for the town of Simcoe than might have been anticipated from a Camp Meeting. The devoted Rev. N. R. Willowby, and other of the circuit ministers, (all of whom, excepting one, were present), were heart and soul in the work, and aided us delightfully in our efforts to point believers to the purifying fountain, and bring lost sinners to the Saviour. The communion rail, and all its surroundings were generally crowded at every service with longing ones, seeking the baptism of fire, and weeping penitents. It was recorded that about seventy new names were added to the ranks of the saved during the five days service, that is, from Sabbath morning, till Friday evening, when we were constrained to close our labors to meet another engagement.

The worth of one soul considered, what a remarkable week's work for the town of Simcoe and its environs! Surely it was a time of the passing by of the Son of God. And most gloriously did those who were groaning after full redemption apprehend that there was standing in our midst one who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire. And most graciously manifest was the fact that the energizing fires of the Spirit, by some who in this their might went about making personal appeals to the unconverted, seeking them at their own homes, and in the church, and in their pleading for them at the altar of God's sanctuary. We thought of the battle named in the sacred annals when every man marked his man, as we saw the children of Zion, both male and female, scat-

tered over the congregation, engaged in personal effort to win souls to Jesus. "God sends help out of his sanctuary," and where is the Church, but might witness an immediate revival, whose church membership will, in her *individual* capacity, make every earthly consideration subservient to the work of seeking priceless gems to sparkle in the Redeemer's diadem.

Time forbids other than a hasty glance at some scenes that stand photographed on our minds in connection with the

SIMCOE HOME CAMP MEETING.

We gazed out of our chamber window one morning, and saw our hostess, a lady in delicate health, and refined taste, standing in earnest converse at the window of a carpenter's shop across the way. She had been in converse with the world's Redeemer, and in the secret of his presence had marked the owner of that shop as a jewel for the Master. He was the father of an interesting family, and a neglecter of salvation, and with unyielding faith this heroine of the cross, seemed resolved that she would not leave the place till she had gained his consent to come to the sanctuary, and seek the salvation of his soul. There stood the frail, weary, beseeching lady, and there stood the resistant, hardy man of toil, parleying off the arrows of truth, which as quivers from the divine arrow flew thick and fast from the lips of that devoted daughter of the Almighty.

We thought of the Son of God, weary at Jacob's well, talking with one lone woman, and the eye of our faith beheld Him in the heart-temple of that frail pleader, speaking piercing, burning words through those consecrated lips. Over one hour the contest lasted, when at last his every refuge failed, and he yielded, that afternoon he was at the house of God, and knelt at the altar of prayer, and ere the service closed professed his hope in the saving mercy of Christ. The next day he was again there with members of his family, and gave in an inspiring testimony of his faith, and love to Jesus. And most gratefully did he refer to the blessed agency God had used in winning him from the path of sin and death to the way of life and happiness. How strangely significant are the words of the Saviour: "He that be-

lieveth on me, the works that I do shall he do, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." May not the meaning of these wonderful words be found in the fact, that the resurrection of one soul from the death of sin to a life of holiness, is a greater miracle than the creation of a world. "Let him know that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death." Can redeemed men and women do any thing that may most surely result in the salvation of souls? YES! through the power of an *in-dwelling Christ* they can save souls from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

I observed one who was in the ardor of young manhood. He came forward seeking the full baptism of the Spirit at the first service on Sabbath morning. "They that honor me I will honor." Not in vain did he seek the promised gift of power. That day will, doubtless, be memorialized in the archives of heaven as a marked period in the career of that young man. What was the gift received by the disciples on the day of Pentecost, but a baptism into the spirit of Jesus? What but the spirit of their risen, ascended Lord infused into their hearts, and speaking through their lips! Nothing more or less than this is HOLINESS. This alone will bring the soul in sympathy with the Saviour whose one great life business was to seek and save the lost. From the day that the brother laid his young manhood on the altar of heaven, Jesus used him in garnering souls for the skies, and he became an adept in bringing other young men of the town to the Lamb of God. He marked *ten*, five of whom had been given, as the fruit of his faith and works during our five days labor. Think of five souls during five days, that is, one soul for each days labor, and how long would it be ere the world would be brought to Jesus, if all the disciples of our Lord might, thus endued with power from on high, engage in personal efforts.

And yet another scene that seraphs must have gazed upon with rapture. I was passing down the aisle not far from the door and there knelt a young lady, in imploring attitude, as an angel of mercy personified. She was at the feet of one sitting in defiant position, who was evidently endeavoring to resist

the convicting influences of the blessed Holy Spirit. Doubtless the resistant young man was in some way related to the interesting suppliant. It was a personification of heavenly love, and the grouping reminded us of one who, filled with the Spirit of his loving Lord, beseechingly said to resistant ones, "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

Our next place of loving toil for the Master was Grimsby. We were met at the Railroad Station by the esteemed Chairman of the District, Rev. John Carrol, whose ever glowing zeal characterizes him as a man of power. Our home at night was with the hospitable owner of the ground, John B. Bowslaugh, Esq., who not only feels it a privilege to donate the use of his beautiful grove for Camp Meeting purposes, but also nobly shares in various current expenses connected with it, manifesting that he is more than willing to sacrifice that which costs him something.

That the Grimsby Camp Meeting was one of more than ordinary power and interest, will be seen by the account given in our present issue, by our excellent correspondent, Rev. J. H. Starr. The key note of the meeting was "*Holiness to the Lord*. About two hundred believers sought the pearl of perfect love, and over two hundred convicted sinners, of all ages, old and young and middle-aged, found their way to Jesus. Glory be to God in the highest!

The meeting closed amid scenes of signal triumph, Wednesday, Sept. 4th, about noon. In the afternoon we proceeded by train to

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

We had an evening service at the old McNab Street Church, where we again greeted many with whom we stood side by side during the glorious campaign of 1859. Our home was with our esteemed friends, E. Jackson, Esq., and Lady, whose praise is in all the churches. Thursday was spent on the beautiful Ontario Lake, on our way to Port Hope, where we also met the friends of Jesus, and had a service which we hope may be productive of good when Jesus makes up his jewels. The zealous and untiring pastor, Rev. J. A. Wil-

liams, is in charge of the flock of Christ here, and greatly is he and his devoted helpmate longing for a coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. May their enlarged desires for a revival be speedily realized at Port Hope. Our short stay was with Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, who are well-known lovers of hospitality.

On Friday evening we arrived at another sphere of precious toil for the Master, to which we had been invited.

Trenton Camp Ground is on the parental estate of our long known and beloved friend, Rev. Wm. Young. It was a season of gracious interest, but might have been productive of greater and more abiding results, had the people been on the ground earlier.

On the Sabbath multitudes thronged the ground. Had the Israel of God been there in time to prepare the way of the Lord, scenes of convicting, converting and sanctifying power might have been greater. It was not until the multitude were gone that the more mighty manifestations of the Holy Spirit were witnessed. On Monday morning, between the hours of eight and one o'clock, the Holy Ghost came down upon the people in a manner that can never be forgotten by any who were present. Saint and sinner, ministers and people will ever remember the solemn grandeur of that hour, when He who walked amid the golden candlesticks, caused the light of his felt presence to penetrate, subdue, energize, and fill with sanctifying power and glory, many hearts. The High and Holy One took the work into his own hands, so that for some time after we ceased speaking to the people, neither ourselves nor any other human agency could assume the orderings of the service. The meeting lasted four hours and a half, leaving in total forgetfulness the ordinary ten o'clock preaching service, during which many were filled with the Holy Ghost and glorified God with tongues newly touched with living fire, among whom were at least three or four ministers. Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Our time being limited by another exacting engagement, we were unable to remain till the close of the meeting, and on Tuesday morning were compelled to hasten on our way to the United States.

ST. JOHNSBURY DISTRICT CAMP MEETING,

held at Lynden Centre, Vermont, was our next scene of labor, where we arrived on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, Rev. Israel Luce, Presiding Elder of the District, met us on our arrival. We would love to say much about this most blessed feast of tabernacles. Many things conspired to render it one of the most profitable and pleasant meetings we have had the privilege of memorializing; but time forbids a detail of particulars, as our magazine now goes to the press. Rev. Mr. Spencer, Secretary of the meeting will, we hope, furnish for our next issue a recital of the blessed work of God there witnessed. To the glory of infinite grace we will say that many were sanctified wholly, and during Saturday and Sabbath services the names of nearly one hundred were recorded as born into the Kingdom of Grace.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

This devoted minister of Christ returned to the shores of America about two weeks since. Ourselves, and many of his personal friends had the privilege of listening to a precious testimony for Jesus from his lips at the "Tuesday afternoon meeting," (Sept. 17th.) His numerous friends in England and America will be pleased to hear that his health has improved, and that he may ere long be engaged in precious toils for the Master in these regions.

May he see multitudes speedily brought to Jesus, through his instrumentality, in this country, as in the land that he has left.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

THE GRIMSBY CAMP MEETING.

The Camp Meeting is virtually an institution of Methodism. Time was, when, with the rapid increase of large and commodious churches, many thought that the Camp Meeting would cease to exist, unless in the memory of the aged, and never be spoken of, unless as among the many good things of the good old times. Indeed, there was a pe-

riod, not far remote, when, for some reasons, not easily explained, the Camp Meeting was, to a great extent, neglected; but recently a new and growing interest has been thrown around this highly honored, and divinely blessed institution of the church. Many things contribute to make the Camp Meeting a plan pre-eminently blessed in extraordinary manifestations of the power of God; the calm and quiet retirement of the tented grove; the exclusion from the world's ceaseless stir and activity; the united prayer of God's Israel; faith in His promises; and, more especially, the distinct and specific object sought, viz., *salvation*.

Like many enterprizes of the Church, of a great and growing interest, the Grimsby Camp Meeting had an humble origin. Two or three ministers, with hearts on fire with the love of God and zeal for the promotion of His glory, proposed a Camp Meeting, and, forthwith, a noble minded lay brother appropriated a few acres, covering a lovely and shady grove for that object. The land was cleared; a few wooden tents erected; the Camp Meeting announced; prayer offered for the divine blessing; the word preached with power; and then followed those gracious results which ever accompany the employment of divinely appointed means for the promotion of the glory of God; viz., the sanctification of believers and the conversion of souls. This was the beginning of a series of religious services, which have continued from year to year, and have resulted in the salvation of hundreds, if not thousands of souls, some of whom have died triumphant, and are now around the throne, while others under the sanctified impulse of heart and life, wholly the Lord's, are actively engaged in laboring in his vineyard.

Aged and experienced ministers, who have attended scores of Camp Meetings, unite in the opinion that for ease of access, commanding beauty of situation, comfort and convenience to the people who attend, and satisfaction to ministers and others, who take part in the public services, the Grimsby Camp ground can hardly be surpassed.

To the praise of God, and with adoring gratitude to Him who holds the supreme Headship of the Church, we record it as our humble opinion, that whatever interest may

have surrounded other Camp Meetings, (and many of them have been seasons of extraordinary power) the one of the present summer, not only in the order, decorum, and solemnity which reigned throughout the encampment, but, also, in the blessed and triumphant practical results has been surpassed by none which have preceded it; indeed, many have pronounced the *last* to be the *best*.

We cannot forbear noting a few particulars. The Children's Meeting on Saturday afternoon, in the large tent, was one of deep and thrilling interest. At the close of an excellent and appropriate sermon by Brother Laird to the little ones, Sister Palmer addressed the children, and as she proceeded to detail some touching incidents in the active life, and triumphant death of that youthful laborer, H. Simonds, every eye in the congregation was suffused with tears, while many a silent vow was plighted henceforth to work for God. When the invitation was given to the children to manifest a determination to serve God by coming forward, some sixty of those little ones, whom Jesus loves, united together in prayer for the mercy of God. Who dares to say that little children must not come to Christ when the Saviour himself proclaimed them welcome? And who can tell how many of these sixty children may date the beginning of an active life in the Church of God to the Saturday's meeting in the tented grove?

When we mention that, our much loved Doctor and Sister Palmer were on the ground, it will at once be understood that great prominence was given to the much neglected, but glorious Bible doctrine of "*Holiness*." And when we state that 306 persons came forward seeking, and that 190 persons *recorded their names* as having found the blessing of "perfect love," it will convey some idea of the interest that prevailed on this all important subject; and the mighty power of God, "to save to the uttermost," that was present. And when it is remembered that these brethren and sisters, beloved ministers, Class-leaders and others, exulting in the baptism of fire, will carry among their friends and neighbors the example and power of a life, wholly the Lord's, we can really form no correct estimate of the good accomplished at the last Grimsby Camp Meeting.

To listen to the aged and honored Chairman of the District, Brother Carrol, and Sister Palmer exchanging their views in the public congregation, concerning the "way of Holiness," was not only instructive, but most affecting; and when Brother Harris proposed some questions to our excellent Sister, the answers were so pertinent and pointed, the whole conversation so appropriate and Scriptural, and, withal, accompanied by so much of divine unction, that many were constrained to say, with the disciples who journeyed together to Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures."

Christianity is not only diffusive, but aggressive. Never does the church arise in the might and majesty of a commission newly accredited from on High, to work for God without being privileged to exult in the salvation of souls. The Camp Meeting presented a fine illustration of this truth. There came forward to be prayed for 235 awakened souls, and of this number 135 *recorded their names* as having sought and found the pardoning mercy of God. These were exclusive of the children, and Brother Briggs, who was appointed to preserve a record of the persons blessed, gives it as his opinion that many obtained salvation whose names he was unable to obtain. Brother Noah Phelps's tent is always a sacred spot during the Camp Meeting. Brother Phelps is one of those devoted men whom the Lord raises up in different localities to work for Him; and who, mighty in prayer, and diligent in duty, become the honored instrumentality of leading hundreds of souls to Jesus. In one prayer meeting in this tent 21 souls professed to find the pardoning mercy of God. But the crowning display of the divine power and glory occurred in the last public prayer meeting on Tuesday evening. Ministers and aged christians say that they never witnessed the like before. Useless was the effort to close the meeting at the usual hour. All through the congregation cries of penitence were heard, mingling with shouts of triumph from newly born souls, and not until morning broke upon the scene could the people be prevailed upon to retire to their tents. It was a touching scene when the son of Brother Reid, one of our

ministers, just converted, threw his arms around his father's neck and wept tears of joy. And as father and son mingled their tears together there were few, if any, dry eyes in the congregation.

There were on the ground 113 tents, giving accommodation to 350 families, most of them remained until the close of the meeting. Forty Ministers were present, thirty Circuits were more or less benefited, and it was estimated that on the Sabbath 6,000 persons listened to the preaching of the word of God.

"We thank God, and take courage."

I. HERBERT STARR.

THEROLD, Ontario, 1867.

For the Guide.

MORRISTOWN, N. J. CAMP MEETING.

This has been a glorious meeting. "The power of the Lord has been present to heal." The work of Justification and Sanctification have gone on together. The tent where meetings were held specially for the promotion of *holiness*, under the direction of Sister Fitzgerald, of Newark, was the chief point of attraction. It was a small tent, and yet it was wonderful what a great work was accomplished. At one time seven ministers, members of the Newark Conference, were seen prostrate on their knees, humbly seeking entire sanctification. The tent was packed to its utmost capacity at every meeting, and the people vied with each other as to who should first reach the sacred enclosure. When the rain was pouring down, many would stand at each end, regardless of discomfort, eager to listen to the testimonies. About twenty-five penitents received justifying grace, and fifty testified of the power of Jesus's blood to cleanse from all sin. At least a dozen ministers entered into full Gospel liberty, most of them in that tent. Once the Authorities invited the friends to hold their meeting in the large prayer meeting tent. It was a precious hour, not to be forgotten. If a wide and effectual door had been opened for the sanctifying work, I believe there would have been sweeping work on the ground. But so much has been done, notwithstanding the heavy rains, that we have great reason to thank God and take courage. One of the most pleasing incidents of the

occasion was the deep interest manifested in Mrs. F.'s meetings by Mr. Condit, the owner of the ground, a Presbyterian gentleman of ample means. He was constantly in attendance, and near the close of the meeting sweetly entered into the rest of faith. His brother, a Presbyterian minister, fully consecrated himself on "the Altar that sanctified the gift." Mr. C. regards the ground as very sacred, and especially the spot where Mrs. F.'s tent was situated. He contemplates, at some future day, erecting for himself a fine residence, and proposes to have the tent pole to be the centre of a beautiful summer-house, where the friends participating in that meeting shall ever be welcome to come, and call up to remembrance the pleasant hours spent at the Morristown Encampment. It is thought one hundred souls were converted on the ground, and very many sanctified, perhaps double the above number of conversions. This marks a new era in the history of Camp Meetings in the upper part of New Jersey. Bishop Janes preached a masterly sermon on the Sabbath, in which he set forth the doctrine of entire sanctification clearly. He insisted upon a definite work of grace, attainable by faith, distinct from justification. It cleared the fog away from many minds. It is to be published. To God be glory for this triumphant Encampment.

G. HUGHES.

EMPIRE GROVE, MAINE.

REV. C. A. PARKER.

The Camp Meeting held at this place this season was much in advance of preceding years in spirituality and power.

A most gracious season of prayer was enjoyed in the public altar, where many of the ministers presented themselves as subjects of prayer for the "gift of power," and the spirit copiously descended. A PRAYING BAND was organized to labor outside the enclosure, and the meetings were a great success. Camp Meeting John Allen was there, anointed with the heavenly dews of vineland.

Rev. Charles Nichols of Boston, and many of the friends of holiness, and ardent friends of "The Guide," and the work of holiness progressed with power, especially in the tents.

GOSHEN, IND.

The Rev. G. Newton writes:—Having closed our 2nd Camp Meeting on our District grounds where you were with us last year, I will drop you a line that you may know what the Lord is doing still for us. The meeting commenced, continued, and closed with marked evidence of the divine presence. Good weather, good health, and a more general attention of the church, attended our gathering this year, quite an increase of tents over last year, and the permanent improvements of the ground by the association, in the building of some 20 or more good substantial tents, mark the progress of the Camp Meeting spirit among us. But the best of all is God was with us in sanctifying power, the seed sown last year took deep root, and has brought forth much fruit unto holiness for this year, without being, especially, led out by the Captains of our hosts, Israel came groaning for full salvation, and about thirty were enabled to plunge into the purple flood.

I fear our ministers are too tremblingly afraid of holiness, as a separate, distinct, and subsequent blessing, ever to have great success in spreading its precious experience rapidly abroad. I never was more painfully conscious of this need than during this Camp Meeting. Such was the spirit of the church rising above the ministry in her longings after God and saving power, that I believe had the ministry been as fully awake, conversions would have multiplied to scores, as it was but few were converted. But all glory to Christ! By whomsoever he will, ministry or laity, the tide is rising, the mass of God's redeemed ones, are raising aloft the banner, all stained with hallowed blood, and beneath its folds Israel's hosts are rallying to the battle against Satan's power. In three years I prophecy Goshen District, North Indiana Conf., will see more souls saved by faith in Jesus, than in ten years past. The sin-consuming, and energizing power of holiness is being distributed over the entire district. Every charge is catching the flame, my own charge is feeling its power, notwithstanding the peculiar hinderances that you know exist here. My faith is asking largely for this dear people, tho' conflicts have been frequent and

very severe, yet God is disciplining me for greater and more decisive engagements, and victory in Jesus' name shall be ours.

SWEDEN—HUNDREDS CONVERTED.

In Skane, south of Sweden, a most remarkable revival has been going on during the last few weeks, through the labors of Bro. Ola Hansson. Hundreds are said to have been converted, and thirty-seven have been added by baptism to the churches in Skane during the last two months through the labors of this brother. There has also been a remarkable revival during the last few weeks in my native parish, near the town of Hudiksvall, province of Gefleborg. And it is a matter of inexpressible joy to me that among the converts are four of my near relatives, children of my two brothers and their families. Now the Lord has given me proof that my prayers have been heard and answered. Praised be his holy name for all his infinite mercies! May not these tokens of a revival spirit be the fruits of the united prayers of our brethren in America for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Mission?

Correspondence.

Mrs. L. E. RAWSON, long a devoted servant of the Church in Oberlin, Ohio, in a letter dated July 29th, says some encouraging things in regard to our recent visit at that place. A short extract will interest our readers. * * * "Our dear pastor, Pres. Finney, has for some weeks past been preaching with unusual power on the subject of *full salvation*, and souls are seeking a knowledge of the higher life.

"We thought of you and prayed for you in our little meetings as you were holding the National Camp Meeting for holiness. Some of us would love to have been with the dear Christian friends there.

"In this letter you will find enclosed an extract from a communication which I have felt impressed to send you for publication in "The Guide." Numbers have read it and been benefitted by it. I have thought it might be well for the cause of God to give it a wider

circulation. It was written by Miss HARRIET E. TOWNSEND, a young lady who was a member of our family about three years.

"When she came to Oberlin she was in great spiritual bondage, but the Lord brought her out into a wealthy place. After graduating from this Institution she went to St. Louis as a religious instructor in the Colored Hospital. Laboring there with great success for a few months, she was subsequently married to the Rev. D. W. Goodrich, a gentleman you met at our house—who joined her in work. In a little more than a year after marriage the heavenly Bridegroom came and called her to himself. During her long and painful illness, and particularly during the last few days of her life, she bore a glorious testimony to the *fulness* of Christ's salvation.

DRESS.

"Being Dead, yet Speaketh."

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 2d, 1864.—*My Dear Miss R.*—I was glad to receive your letter, and should liked to have been present when you related to the young people your experience on the subject of dress and parties. Do you know that I have lately felt somewhat rebuked in regard to the position I have taken with reference to the wearing of jewelry? Since my conscience forbade my wearing it, when the subject has come up in conversing with others, I have usually put it in this light: "That is the way the Lord has led *me*. I do not lay down rules for every one else. He does not lead *every one alike*. I have nothing to say in regard to the duty of others, but I do know that for me to wear it would *grieve Christ*."

But lately the thought has repeatedly come to me, "What right have you to assure people that this way may not be *for them*? The ground on which you took it off was not that you found you were taking pride in it, or anything of the sort, which made it especially necessary that it should be relinquished in your particular case." No, I was not conscious of the least condemnation on that point. The ground on which I laid it aside was this: A few days before, I had been led to consecrate myself to God in an unusually solemn manner, and to tell Him

(under a clear sense of what it involved, too,) that I would bring myself *right to the teaching of His Word*, and would not draw back from any conclusions to which that might bring me, with the assurance that the Spirit would take of the truth and reveal it unto me.

The subject of jewelry was not in my mind at the time, in fact, never had troubled me, and I felt confident never would, for I regarded it as a trifling matter. I know my taste was to be simple in dress, and did not dream that it could ever be a source of conflict and trouble to me. But it was not more than two or three days after, that, in a conversation with friends, the subject of wearing jewelry came up.

We agreed that it would never trouble us, though it might be wrong for some to wear it, for we were sure we had never taken pride in it. We opened the Bible and turned to the two passages in the New Testament, which speak on the subject: 1 Tim. 2:9 and 1 Pet. 3:3. They never had struck me so plain, direct and conclusive before. There they were, *plain commands*, in which the forbidden articles were distinctly specified, gold, pearls, costly array. We might say, "Where's the harm? I don't take pride in it;" and make numberless excuses, as a child often does when a parent gives a command, the reasonableness of which he cannot fully see. But there the command was, and obedience or disobedience the only alternative, unless the command could in some way be removed.

Satan seemed to throw it in my face instantly, "Ah! here is a command you dare not face. You were going to follow the Word all so fast—got into trouble already, have you? Where is all your boasted obedience now?" To this I replied, "Nonsense! I will soon straighten that matter out. Just let me get the right explanation of the passages. They are to be taken in some modified sense. They don't mean just what they seem to say, or I think other people would have found it out as well as I." So I consulted Barnes' notes and other writers, but could not learn that anything less was meant than the text would indicate.

My anxiety became very great, for I saw that if I took the WORD as my Guide, as I

had promised to do, it was going to enter into the domain of *dress*, and spare not. Could I welcome it? Finally I was driven to admit the validity and force of the command, and then Satan changed his tactics. "The Lord wants you to give it up in spirit, and to be perfectly *willing* to lay it aside; and when He sees this willingness in you, He will be satisfied." So I told the Lord, over and over, that I was willing; all the time saying in my heart, "The Lord will not require you actually to lay aside your little pin, and so take the brand of *peculiarity* upon you." But no light broke in while I labored to give up my pin with one hand, all the time holding it tight with the other. It was not the *pin* or the jewelry I cared about in itself, but it was the terror of being odd, and having to tell people *why* I never wore it. I saw myself a fanatic in the eyes of some of my friends, weak-minded in the opinion of others. I believe Satan tried to frighten me as much as possible. I would not tell *you*, at first, for I thought you would bias me; but finally I concluded to do so, for I felt you must pray for me. I expected you would say I must give it up, and that would give me a chance to argue the case, but was somewhat chagrined when you merely said I must settle the matter for myself *before God*. It touched my pride that you were so quiet about it. Like Naaman, I wanted a demonstration made.

Being thus shut up to God, I went away by myself, and at last yielded the contest, and told the Lord anew that I would walk in obedience to *every* precept of His word, if he would only make the word plain.

My pin was laid on the altar, to remain there forever, I trust. I believe the Spirit will guide us unerringly in regard to dress, if we only have a teachable disposition and a sincere desire to honor God in it.

To dress neatly, simply, and without ostentation seems to be the rule, does it not? When I feel uncertain or uneasy about the lawfulness of an article of dress, I find it best to relinquish it or alter it at once. I would keep a conscience void of offence, for you know "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." It seems as though I had so stubbornly contested every point when Jesus has tried to teach me, that his patience must have been exhausted. But "God's ways are not our

ways." Human love and patience would have failed long ago.

Yours, in the Love of Jesus,

H. E. T.

For the Guide.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

R. M. A.

An incident occurred at our District Camp Meeting, that so strongly proves the power of faithful, importunate prayer, I would like to give it to the readers of "The Guide." Day after day had passed, and comparatively small results. Sabbath morning came the last day of worship there, and all felt that unless God manifested himself in greater power, we should return with sad hearts. In an humble tent a small number from distant circuits, with their pastors, knelt to ask, *in faith*, the descent of the Holy Spirit. They placed themselves on promise ground, and told God they would hold Him with a firm hand. His promises were "yea and amen in Christ Jesus," and they would not release their hold of Him. All felt that God was there. Then we covenanted to keep this petition before the Throne, all day, with unwavering faith. The congregation were unusually solemn through the day. At evening service numbers were blessed, some with pardon, others purity. Oh, how Christians rejoiced. At half-past ten services closed, and we retired to our tents, without permission from headquarters (as in olden times) "to pray all night." Then in the tent before referred to the pastor came in to conduct family worship before leaving for the preachers' tent. Some of our number had already retired, in order to recruit strength for the long journey of to-morrow, and when Brother W. said, "Let us pray," but few remained to kneel with him. Only one petition was breathed, when the answer of that morning prayer continued, came. The Holy Spirit descended. Oh, what glory. I have heard rejoicing before, but not such rejoicing as was heard in that tent when the Lord came. Not another word of prayer then. Why should we pray? The Master was there, and there was nothing more to ask. Others came in

The moment they entered the same spirit of rejoicing was given them, and glory, the glory of the upper sanctuary, filled that little tent as the Lord we had been seeking suddenly came into his temple. Strong men were as weak as babes, and delicate frames were endowed with super-human strength. The waters were troubled and every one that stepped in were made whole. Salvation flowed. Many were enabled to plunge beneath the purple flood. Who shall describe the triumph of that hour? Victory, echoed from heart to heart; faith triumphed, and Jesus reigned.

Many who read these lines will be reminded of the great glory of that visitation, and will join in ascribing all honor to Him who has washed us in his own blood. Hallelujah! "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

ALBION, Mich., 1867.

For the Guide.

PRAISE IS COMELY.

Allow me to say through "The Guide," praise the Lord, praise Him, for praise is his due. For various reasons I must write briefly, still I must write. Responsibility is on me, and I may not turn aside from a sense of obligation, thus hiding the light that is within me, lest it go out and leave me to walk in utter darkness. As comes the twilight in the morning, so in early life came justifying grace to my heart, dispelling the darkness of nature's night. My face was thenceforth set as a flint Zionward, and though conflicts and trials answering to "clouds and storms," my way has gently been "cleared," the sun of righteousness meanwhile ascending until it has shown and still shines with meridian splendor on my soul. Not by works of righteousness, not by gradual growth in grace alone, have I "obtained" the measure of salvation my soul so blissfully shares, but heeding Gospel teachings, together with the Spirit's call, which urged me to a life of holy consecration to God's service, such consecration was made, the sacrifice accepted, and the testimony of God's Spirit given clear as the consciousness of my mortal

existence, that the grace I sought of "holiness," heart purity was mine, mine through the blood of the Lamb. Riches of grace are now revealed to me through Christ. I have drank, and still drink of that water of which Jesus himself has said if any drink "it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And "Glory to God in the highest," while I write the gushing waters of salvation seem swelling up within my soul. The joy of the Lord has become my strength. Oh, who would not prove what "change Jesus can make, turning darkness into day." God speed the work of holiness, until "holiness to the Lord" shall be the motto of masses, where it is now only of individuals.

Mrs. H. A. WASHBURN.

NORTH EASTON, June 20th, 1867.

For the Guide.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

REV. F. H. WHEELER.

LUKE 17 : 21.

My mind to me a kingdom is
Where Jesus reigned alone,
And in my heart the Saviour finds
An undivided throne.

It is not hard to say, "Oh, Lord!
Thy will not mine be done."
Since Christ is manifest in me,
And both our wills are one.

A life thus "hid with Christ in God,"
Is heaven begun below;
I would that all the world might thus
My dear Redeemer know.

Then all the world with me would bless
His sweet and sacred name,
And all with me would sing the song
Of "Moses and the Lamb."

ERIE, Pa., 1867.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23, SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

INSPIRING TESTIMONY.

Rev. Brother J. deemed it a great privilege to meet with them to-day. Thought the people could not estimate the vast amount of good that is being done by this Tuesday meeting in other places. The results were by no means confined to this room, but were very far-reaching. . . . He was sure God would save by hundreds and thousands if the Church would only come to the possession of this salvation; and he thought she was coming up. Some did not speak out just as he did; for he was very outspoken, and must be either exactly right or wrong. He believed many had this blessing who did not explain it precisely as he would. God grant the time may come when every Christian may feel this power from on high! It was the positive work of the Holy Ghost to sanctify the people. Oh that he would pour out this grace upon us to-day! If you will only let him do it, he will. You need not make a desperate effort to bring heaven and earth together: just let the Lord do it. It is the same thing to wait to get ready for him to come as to do something to bring salvation.

He thought the better way was to quietly lie in the hands of the Lord, and say to him, "Here I consent to be made just what thou wouldst have me be." He felt this power in his own soul all the while, and had not at any time felt so settled in his Christian character as at this present time. It grows better and better. He was so steady! about as happy in the valley as on the mountain. He did not pray for the Lord to fill him with joy: it comes as a natural consequence. He had all the joy he needed, and all the sorrow that was good for him. He was very contented. The moment he looked at himself, he was not exactly satisfied, or, indeed, sanctified; but, as long as he kept his eye on Christ, he was sanctified and satisfied. The water under his feet was as good as rock as

long as it bore him up. He was full of rejoicing in Christ, who was the rock of his salvation.

WHAT JESUS WANTS.

A sister said she lived several hundred miles from here, and was glad to leave home and its cares. Real decision was a good thing, even when we are surrounded with a cloud of witnesses. One is of service in court; but many make the case clear to the judge and jurors. One said, "So glad I come!" A child does not go to the Christmas-tree, that for the darkness of the early morning it cannot see, with a servile fear, but would run gladly; for mother and sister had put something on it for him. Christ is promised, and all things with him; but we turn it around, and say, "Give me this or that first." God said to us, "I want you;" but we said, "We want a present." God says, "I want you for a habitation." God says, "I want your whole soul." God says, "I want your lips, ladies, women, of New York." Jesus will bring the soul to life. "I have taken Thy promise" is all we have to say, and it will prove a gospel to us. It is just as much a gospel as it was in the beginning. Then we have the company above and below; and it is a combined union, because He says, "I will come and dwell with you:" not that we go up, but that He comes down to inhabit us. Hesitate not to give yourself to Him, and then wait for the promised blessing; for they were bidden to tarry in Jerusalem until the proof came: when it did come, then we know the record. Christ wants us to take our affections off of other things, and place them on him; off of mother and father, houses and lands. Now is the day of salvation; and as surely as we give ourselves to God, so surely will he inhabit us. It had been proved if men would speak that gospel, that gospel would make men live; and God had permitted her to see fruit from it. It was the most glorious work ever men or angels had to do with. He wants ministering angels; he wants us to be the bearers of this fact. Shall we say, "So glad I come? Lord, as unfit as I have been, I come. Here is the empty pitcher: fill it, Lord. My poor faculties, that have been used and abused, and saturated with self! Lord, now we are empty, fill us." If we have servants, don't they obey us? but Jesus says he will make us higher than servants. If we are born of the will of men, or the will of the Church, or any thing else than God, we are not born of God. David could

say to Solomon, "Be strong; be not dismayed. I have laid up the iron and the wood for the Lord's house: but I shall not put it up; for I am a man of blood. But hear, my son, and put it up." It was to be a place of salvation: therefore it was the strongest type of Christ, a place of rest. He had to go to a place of rest. David had to die; and he charged Solomon again and again, though he had the pattern from the Holy Ghost. Jesus is here this afternoon, and is in his people; and the Holy Ghost speaks through us just as it did through Jesus. His word never made one Pharisee or Sadducee alive until they believed that word. Do you believe what has been said here by these brethren and sisters? If we dare to disobey, we are offending God. Joy did not express her feelings. It seemed as if she wanted to take a hundred passages, and put them all together for Christ. The Son of God had come down, and taken up his residence in her soul. He wants more bodies, some more bodies, so he can have a church. There may be a temple; but it is not a church. If they have the intellect of angels in the pulpit, it might not be a church. It is the soul, and the soul alone, that can make a church. God looks to those who have a humble and contrite heart. We may be workmen that need not to be ashamed.

A GREAT BLESSING.

A minister said last week, "I was somewhat perplexed. As I knelt before God in earnest supplication for a renewed and greater baptism of the Spirit, I was specially blessed; and, from that hour, have been conscious of the presence of the Holy Comforter. A sweet and holy influence has remained with me from day to day. I attended a meeting held at my own church. At first, I thought I would not allude to the peculiar manifestations received, but was impelled to do so. As I witnessed for God, the Holy Spirit came upon me with so much power, that I was constrained to say with the sainted Fletcher, 'Master, stay thy hand!' Those present at the meeting also felt the divine unction."

"Gentleness is the peculiar characteristic of the Spirit. We read that God the Father is angry with the wicked every day; that the Son, when manifest in the flesh, looked around upon some in anger: but we do not learn from the Scriptures, especially not from the New Testament, that anger is predicated of the Spirit. True, it is written, 'Grieve not the Spirit;' but a very

gentle being may be grieved. Again: 'Quench not the Spirit.'

"While I love the blessed Spirit so much, I would not dishonor Jesus: for I do not forget, that, through his blood alone, I am cleansed from all sin; through him alone I receive the Spirit, which proceedeth from the Father and the Son."

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE; OR, WHAT IS IT?

A sister said she had received a great blessing, and had been thinking perhaps it was conversion; and yet, during the last eighteen months, it had been so different from her Christian experience of the former twenty-seven years, she thought it must be more than conversion. She had never heard sanctification spoken of in the church to which she belonged, and never until lately read any thing about it; but, as she then read, she thought, "Why, I enjoy all this, and more too." She never prayed for sanctification distinctively. We often sing, "There's rest for the weary," and think of it on the other side Jordan; but she had found a rest that no outward circumstances affect. It flows on and on. Sometimes she spoke in the little prayer-meeting in her own church, and they looked at her as though she were crazy. There was not a person in that society that she could talk to of this experience. The Lord said to her on one occasion, "Tell your experience:" and she asked the elder whether she could tell her experience; and he said, "Yes, sister; but be short;" and she could not speak as she felt she would like to. But now she would like to tell it. She was afflicted for years, and thought God did not have any thing to do with temporal affairs. She thought God would take care of her soul only, but had found she then was very blind. Having been brought very low, and without friends, she thought, "Maybe God does know about these things. It is represented in God's Word, he does care for the sparrows; and, if he does know about them, he knows about my troubles." And she began to see she had been altogether in the wrong. She then thought she had been the greatest sinner on the face of the earth to murmur against God. One of her difficulties was to have an intemperate husband; and in this, as in all other things, she submitted to God. She never expected that he would become a sober man: "But, brethren," she said, "the Lord took away every bit of my trouble." She could safely say she had not one burden. Her husband had reformed, and consecrated himself to

God. They came here last week, but could only get in the hall. She wanted to hear if they spoke as she felt, that she might know whether she was sanctified. As she opened the Bible now, it seemed a new book, and the words seemed to stand right out; such as, "Know ye not your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" She had not before consecrated her body; but then she did: and "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—"Why, then," I said, "I can let him in;" and she found such peace as she could never describe. Whether she ate or drank, she wanted to do it all to the Lord. She felt she must not do any thing whatever that was wrong. She was inquiring, "What can I do for God or any person?" and especially for those she had injured. She wanted to go and ask them to pardon her. And then she thought, if she had her life to live over again, she would do altogether different; and then she sank down upon her knees, and said, "I cannot live my life over again:" but just then, all at once, a heavenly light came over her, and she saw Jesus pleading for her, and that there was such an infinite fulness in the blood of Christ, that, though her sins were piled up mountain-high, they were all removed. He kept her from being angry, and in every way, and all the time; and she asked whether this was perfect love.

Rev. Brother B. said he would read a passage from God's Word, that the sister might determine for herself: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Years ago, he thought this grace could be enjoyed from the Saviour's prayer, "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth;" and there could be no doubt about it if from the heart we could say we were, by the grace of God, preserved blameless.

HALLELUJAH!

Rev. Brother W. was in sympathy with every person here who wanted those who did not now know Christ, their perfect Saviour, to be saved now: all such found a brother in him.

While we were in the midst of the discussion at the preachers' meeting, a brother whispered, "Did you know you said 'Hallelujah!' a few moments ago?" I replied, "I did not exactly know it; but I am used to that kind of expression now-a-days." The joy of the Lord was the strength of his soul. A very able minister said

to him, "I am very much interested in the subject of holiness." He had not so thought of him, and was surprised to hear his statement. "But," continued he, "I must adjust my philosophy to it; we must get a new nomenclature;" and he has gone over to the Unitarians now. What we want is to go down into the valley. It is too late to ask questions about this thing: the time for action has come. Do not fritter away the time asking questions. Take Jesus as he reveals himself. One hour with Jesus is worth more than a mathematical demonstration. Stop asking questions, and praise the Lord. A brother once said to him, "Don't let your mind run in those old ruts of doubt; lift yourself out of them;" and the suggestion helped him immediately. . . . Here is a sister who was in doubt for twenty-three years; and in an hour she overcame them all. Sing an anthem. Do you say "Hallelujah!" now? It shall be a lever that will lift you out of all the ruts. He was now drifting into the general habit of joy; was not now worrying about things as he used to do. The Devil said, "You have not any thing to worry about." But it was not the difference in external circumstances, but the joy of the Lord.

For the Guide.

CÆSAR AND CHRIST.

BY I. N. KANAGA.

"It was proverbially said in Rome that Roman soldiers have nothing to fear so long as Cæsar lives." A great warrior and conqueror was he; but in Christ every truly devoted child of God has a greater conqueror and more glorious friend. A far greater than Cæsar is here. He is true, faithful, and abiding. Christ is round about his people from this time and forevermore. He is their shield, their portion, their fortress, and their eternal defence.

Christ lives, — lives evermore; and, because he lives, we shall live also. What, then, have we to fear? There is no ground for fear, no ground for distrust; none for shrinking or dismay: for Jesus reigns victorious, and through him we shall be more than conquerors. He is our Immanuel, abiding with us, fighting our battles for us, defending us continually by his arm omnipotent. Christ is "the eternal excellency of his people."

NEWARK, N. J., 1867.

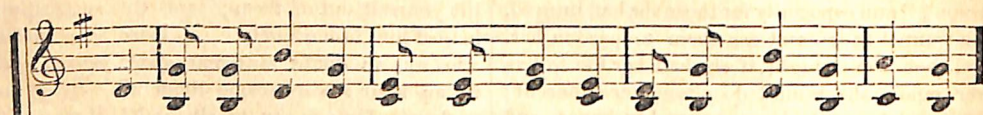
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THE SWEETEST NAME.

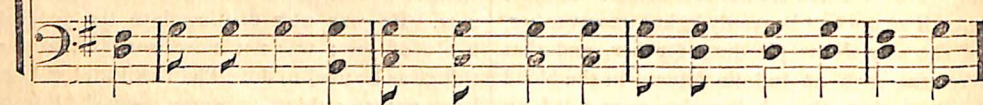
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,



The name before his wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour, given



We love to sing a - round our King, And hail him bless - ed Je - sus :



For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.



2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they called him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us,
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

For the Guide.

PREACHING FROM EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. BOYNTON.

Author of "Practical Sanctification."

I was converted at the age of eleven, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after my conversion I became deeply impressed with the necessity of "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." By reading the memoirs of the most prominent among the early Methodists in the old country, together with the works of Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher on the subject, I became acquainted with the doctrine of sanctification, and in *theory* learned the power of Jesus's blood to "cleanse from all unrighteousness." At this early period of my Christian life, I became fully settled in my views of sanctification as a distinct blessing to be sought, experienced and enjoyed. The Memoir of William Bramwell, especially, which I read over and over again, convinced me that the sanctifying grace of God is an absolute pre-requisite to usefulness, both in the Ministry and Laity.

At the age of twenty I commenced to travel under the Presiding Elder as a Methodist itinerant preacher. And, oh! how much I suffered during that first year, from my convictions of the necessity of purity, and a consciousness that I was not all that God would have me be. Oh! how my conscience smote me when I tried to urge believers to "go on to perfection in Christ Jesus!"

Still I had many happy seasons, and saw many souls converted, and at times

was surprised to hear Christians tell what a blessing some of my feeble efforts had been to them. But, to my shame be it known, that my labors had only aroused them from their slumbers, convinced them of the necessity of sanctification, but left them in the dark as to how it could be attained.

Thus it was for years. There had been, and still was, one reserve in my consecration. Immediately after my conversion I was troubled with convictions of duty relative to the ministry. The older I became, the more pungent were my convictions that at some time I must preach the Gospel, and, although, I had been constrained to give myself up to the work, and had preached for years with a good degree of success, by the grace of God, so far as the conversion of sinners was concerned, yet I had never as yet consented to devote myself wholly to God and his work unreservedly. The truth was this:—"At the age of ten I made up my mind to be a sailor. And if a person ever worked hard to accomplish any thing, I did to enter upon my cherished vocation. I left no stone unturned; I did all in my power; several times 'I secured a birth,' but before the vessel sailed, Providence hedged up my way, and I was still left ashore. And after I yielded to my convictions and entered the ministry, I still desired

"A life on the ocean wave
And a home on the rolling deep."

I was determined to be a Christian, and get to heaven, I loved to preach, and felt a deep anxiety to see souls

saved. But, still I would think I will preach in the conference awhile, then I will settle in some sea-port town, preach occasionally, (just enough to still my conscience), but the most of my time shall be spent in sailing, or in some way I will be identified with the shipping and commerce of our country. Thus you see my consecration was not an unre-served one.

Things passed in this way until July, 1849. I had been absent from home several days. Returning on Saturday evening about dark, Mrs. B. met me at the gate, and exclaimed, "O, my husband! Elder Brakeman is dead and buried!" The shock of an earthquake could not have been more startling. He was my Presiding Elder. I loved him as I have never loved any other man, and he had been more than a father to me. He was thrown from his horse and was killed. His death made a deep impression upon my mind, and I felt at once to pray, "O, that his mantle might fall on me."

The next day I had three appointments, and at each of them was obliged to announce the death of their P. E., Rev. Josiah Brakeman. I was much affected, and so was all the people; and if I ever prayed in good earnest for any thing, it was during that day—that his death might be blessed to me. While on the way to my third appointment I was earnestly pleading with God to bless this heavy stroke to my good, and to make me a better and more useful man, when all at once something seemed to say, "What you need is entire sanctification." I responded, "I believe that, but how can I obtain it?" The answer came, "You might have had it long ago if you had been willing to give up your cherished pursuit, leave the world—leave all—and live and die a devoted, self-sacrificing, minister of the Lord Jesus." I then solemnly vowed that I would not rest until I should obtain the witness that I was fully sanctified. I seemed then to lose sight in part of Brother Brakeman's death, and soon was actually groaning for full redemption. Arriving at my appointment, I felt I could do

nothing but pray for myself. If the service consisted of any thing else, I don't know what, for I never had any recollection of it. I was in the struggle for three days. Those three days are never to be forgotten. How I was tempted! Satan assailed with all his power. Sometimes the world with all its charms, its riches, houses, and pleasures were presented to me, and I was bid to choose them. Then the toils, trials, responsibilities, and sufferings of an itinerant Minister's life was presented, and I was urged to shun these. Then my solemn vows would stare me in the face. Then the horrible punishment that would follow if I should not pay those vows, would pass before me. Then, again, the suggestion, you are converted, and you know it; you see sinners converted under your labors, and why not be satisfied with that, would be urged. Still at heart I felt to say, "VICTORY OR DEATH!"

At length I reached this point. I must now choose between the world and hell, Jesus and Heaven; which shall it be? O, how earnestly, for a few moments, did I struggle, then through grace I triumphantly said with all the heart, "Give me Jesus." O, how the world with its beauties passed from my view; and no sooner had I loosed my hold of the world, than I felt to cry out, "I cannot rest till pure within." Till I am wholly lost in thee."

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee,
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there."

"Believe and it shall be done," was the answer. My heart responded, "I do believe with all my heart." And, O! what a change. I did not feel like shouting, I was in no excitement. But, O! how calm and beautiful! I then asked, "Is the work wrought? Am I wholly the Lord's, and is he mine?" The more I prayed over it the better satisfied I was, and have been ever since.

From that time until now I have never doubted my acceptance, and have

never had the least desire to abandon the ministry for *any thing* and *every thing* the world can give. And, strange as it may seem to others, it is nevertheless true, that all my desires to sail on the ocean were taken away, and I now have a perfect dread and detestation of it.

After I obtained the great blessing, I saw the vast difference between preaching about a thing that we know nothing of, and preaching what we have experienced ourselves. And one strong evidence to me is the fact that never since July, 1849, have I preached or talked on the subject, or even testified that "I know the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness, but I have been blessed in so doing, and it has proved a blessing to others. And I don't know as there has been any time since then that I have been any better prepared to labor with sinners, or with believers seeking holiness, than at others, when my physical condition would admit of my laboring. This I do not say to boast, by any means. No, no! It is all owing to the sanctifying grace of God. Glory to his name!

Yes, the "blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin." I know it. And thanks be to his name that I have ever been able to preach this truth to others, and that I am spared to place my testimony on paper.

Since the first Sabbath in November, 1866, I have been laid aside from my labors, my voice having been reduced to a mere whisper, and having suffered constantly and exceedingly with a chronic disease of the throat. It is evident that my effective work as a preacher is done. During these three months last passed I have been taking new lessons in what is called "Bearing the Cross." This has been a great trial to me, but still I can say, never in my life has Jesus been so precious as during these months of suffering and trial. O, what sweet abiding peace I enjoy! O, what a sinking out of self into God! O, what resignation to the will of God! The Providence that laid me aside amid my abundant labors is to me very mys-

terious; still I feel all the time that it is all for the best in some way, although I cannot see how. O, how full of hope and joy is the sweet witness, that I dwell in God, and that He dwelleth in me!

I rejoice that for nearly thirty-two years I have been able to testify that Jesus hath power on earth to forgive sins; and that for almost eighteen years I have been able to testify that His "blood cleanseth from all sin." Glory be to God for a *present, full salvation*. Kind reader let me exhort you to *seek it, obtain it, live it*.

For the Guide.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

REV. B. SABIN.

Fruit of a Holy Ministry.—A Mother in Israel.—Asa Kent receives the "Gift of Power."—Martin and Calvin Ruter.—A "Reasoner instructed and Sanctified wholly."—Hill Country.—New Pastor's call.—Descent of the Holy Ghost.—Remarkable Case of Healing in Answer to Prayer.

Chesterfield Circuit, New England Conf., was mostly in the South-west part of New Hampshire, where the first society in the State was formed, A. D., 1795, afterwards it was called Ashburnham Circuit, had some deeply pious, growing societies, raised and trained by "good men, full of the Holy Ghost and Faith." Among them was Brother Ruter and his family, the seals of their ministry, who opened their hearts and doors for them to rest and preach Christ to all that would come and hear. Sister Ruter was mighty in faith and prayer for "holiness of heart," which she had experienced and professed. Under her instruction and prayers, the Rev. Asa Kent received the inestimable treasure of "perfect love," and filled with the Holy Ghost for the work of the ministry. She was the mother of Martin and Calvin Ruter, two eminent, useful ministers in the M. E. Church. "They rest from their labors," &c.

A. D., 1799, the Rev. John Nichols traveled this Circuit, then called Ches-

terfield, he was a talented, dignified preacher; after traveling seven years, located, and lived in his native town, Thompson, Connecticut, and there labored and preached for many years, greatly admired and beloved by all, called "a great reasoner," but he did not profess or say much about "entire sanctification," until the Lord took from him a lovely child by death! Then the great deep of his heart was broken up; he heeded the chastening stroke, "entered into his closet, and prayed to his Father in secret," and was rewarded with "purity and power," to profess and preach Christ, "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him," as never before, a divine "unction" attended the word, and demonstrated the part of "entire sanctification," as "our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Amen.

A. D., 1814, it was my happy lot to be appointed to labor on this Ashburnham Circuit with Brother S. Winchester for a colleague, we found it "rocks and hills, brooks and vales," some two hundred miles in circumference. About twenty years since, those worthy self-denying pioneers planted churches in this "hill country" of New Hampshire, their foot-prints were not obliterated, nor the holy fire extinguished. We were encouraged, and in the name of Him, who said, "lo! I am with you always," commenced our labors, and looked for success. In my pastoral work, visiting from house to house, I called on a Brother Warner, who lived quite a distance from the highway, in a log house, surrounded by woods, I found them busy at their work, Brother Warner and his three sons were hay-making, near the house, Sister Warner and two daughters were employed in house work, all of them members of the Church. When I was seated, I opened my mission upon the importance of "Entire Sanctification," they gathered around to see and hear their "new preacher," and appeared interested in the subject, to "hunger and thirst" for the blessing! And as we knelt to pray for it, "the spirit helped our infirmities, and made

intercession for us in groans that could not be uttered," we claimed "the promise of the Father," our faith was "sure and steadfast, entering that within the vail," and as we "all with one accord" prayed, "the Holy Ghost came upon us," and "filled all the house where we were" prostrating; overwhelming, purifying, and making our "robes white in the blood of the Lamb." Two, at least, "abode in him," witnessing his power to save from all sin. Bless the Lord, O, my soul! Amen.

A remarkable incident occurred in a prayer-meeting in this house the year before, 1813, when my predecessor was present. One of the family, a young lady, about twenty years of age, had been confined to her bed, unable to walk, for three years, and could not be helped by physicians, said she "believed if they would unite in prayer, especially for her, she would be restored to health and strength." They did so, and it was done! She arose, and was well, could walk and work as well as ever, and remained so. Praise the Lord! Amen.

HOMER, CALHOUN Co., Mich., Aug., 1867.

CHRIST THE BURDEN-BEARER.

Christ is not only "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," but is the burden-bearer who bids us cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us. Many over-burdened and anxious Christians find their unbelief illustrated in the following:

A poor man, says one, was traveling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he was allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O foolish man," was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able to carry your burden?"

For the Guide.

GRACIOUS RESOLVES.

P. L. U.

In looking over the records of my past experience, I find, that many years ago, I was in the habit of making and recording resolutions,—such as from time to time seemed to me fitted to aid in the divine life. I will copy a few in the order and the precise form in which they stand in the record. They appear to have been written, for the most part; at times of special weakness, trial, or temptation; and may not be of special value to those who are not in similar situations. They tend to show, however, that growth in holiness implies watchfulness and labor.

(1.) Resolved, with divine assistance, never to indulge, even when I have just cause of anger, in strong expressions and in violence of outward manner; but to act with calmness and deliberation; and to see to it always, that the reality of dissatisfaction and anger is attended with the aspect and the manner of love.

(2.) Resolved, in all cases of trial and temptation, both within and without, to be dumb before the Lord; in other words, in imitation of my blessed Saviour, to keep outward as well as inward silence, and to seek and receive consolation from nothing but God himself.

(3.) Resolved, to value much the grace of silence; to say but little, but to maintain as much as possible the grace of inward supplication.

(4.) Resolved, to recognize more and more my dependence on God for right feelings or exercises of heart, as well as for right thoughts and outward acts.

(5.) Resolved, to think much of the office of the Holy Spirit, and to place the highest value on his internal operations.

(6.) Resolved, ever to refer all things to God and to God only;—to know, in every event that takes place, whether prosperous or adverse, God and God alone.

(7.) Resolved, with divine assistance, never to exercise any natural desire, nor any form whatever of voluntary desire,

except in subordination to the divine will, and for the divine glory.

(8.) Resolved, in order to give an import and application to the foregoing resolution, to regard every involuntary desire, which is so strong as to disquiet and agitate the mind in any degree, as a wrong desire either in its nature or intensity; and, therefore, as not originating in the glory of God.

(9.) Resolved, to apply the foregoing resolution, especially in connection with the desire of knowledge.

(10.) Resolved, in the language of Madame Guyon, "to renounce every particular inclination, as soon as it arises, however good the object of it may appear, addressed to the natural desires, [that is, as it is viewed in the natural light,] that I may stand in indifference in respect to SELF, and only will that *which God from eternity* had willed; by being resigned in all things, whether in soul or body, for time or eternity."

 THE ECLIPSE OF THE SOUL.

The moon in an eclipse complained to the sun: "Why, O my dearest friend, dost thou not shine upon me as usual?"

"Do I not?" said the sun; "I am sure I am shining as I always do. Why do you not enjoy my light as usual?"

"O I see," said the moon, "the earth has got between us."

"Why, O Saviour," says the backsliding Christian, "do I not, as in former days, walk in the light of thy countenance?"

"I am sure, troubled soul, I have not changed. The rays of my love are as warm and bright as ever; what can prevent them from reaching thee?"

Canst thou not see, O troubled Christian, that the earth has got between thee and Christ?

Sanctification does not consist in the perfection of knowledge, or the perfection of the natural powers, in lights or in raptures, but in being delivered from all sinful desires and tempers, and filled with the pure love of God.—*Merritt*

For the Guide.

GLORIOUS CITY—WHO SHALL ENTER?

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV., 21st chap., 23 verse.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever."—REV., 22nd chap., 5th verse.

They need no candle there,
Nor moon, nor sun's bright ray!
So glorious and so fair
Are those bright realms of day.
The glory of our God its light!
And there the saved shall walk in white!

No night! no night is there!
No mist of error found—
The glory ever shines
In dazzling radiance round.
All tears are wiped from every eye,
And hushed *forever* sorrow's cry!

City of purest gold!
Transparent, like clear glass!
Whose glittering gates are pearl,
Through which the righteous pass!
Thy gates shall not be shut by day,
But open wide shall ever stay!

O who shall enter there?
Who! who those realms shall win?
Those, who by faith and prayer,
Are saved from every sin!
Through tribulation who have come,
And reached at last their glorious home!

They need no temple there,
Where worship may be done—
No more the trembling prayer,
But holiest, loftiest song!
The Lord himself the temple is,
And blood-washed worshippers are His.

And they shall with him reign,
Forever, evermore!
And strike the joyful strain,
His glorious name t'adore!
In one grand anthem to His praise,
All heaven shall join thro' endless days!

MIDDLETOWN, 1867.

For the Guide.

TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. J. F. WILLING.

"Tempted? Why I thought you people who profess to be fully given to the Lord were away beyond all that."

If you think, my friend, it is possible to get out of reach of temptation, this side of the world of glory, you can't have read your Bible to very good purpose. "The disciple is not above his Lord," who "was, in all points, tempted alike as we are." We are to "grow" not only "in grace," but "in knowledge," and one item of this added wisdom, is given negatively by Paul: "Ye are not ignorant of his (Satan's) devices." When the Christian shall become so used to sweeping the field with the glass of faith, that he can detect the tempter's approach, no matter what disguise he assumes, the danger will be greatly lessened.

"But how does one learn this? I am always sadly puzzled to know what is temptation, and what is suggested by my own wicked heart."

Christians ought not to have wicked hearts, when there is an open fountain for "sin and all uncleanness," and when the Blood of Christ is freely offered, without money and without price, to "cleanse from all unrighteousness." But in answer to your query, I will give a little of my own experience, showing how I was led, unconsciously to myself, through the first unfoldings of this spiritual discernment. In the cumulative light of several years' Christian experience, I was brought to surrender unconditionally to Christ, because I saw it sane and safe to do so—wrong and hazardous to do otherwise. I calmly purposed to hold myself fully consecrated, till the end of probation, whether I had the blessedness of perfect love or not. Then I was led of the Spirit to understand that, having (helped of Him) complied with Christ's terms, the very best I could, I must believe that He did not fail in effecting the wonderful work. Thus, the grace that had so long seemed out of my reach, was, by faith, feebly

grasped. Unbelief had so palsied my religious receptivities, I dared hardly hope that the ten-years' wilderness warfare was ended. But I trusted a little, and "according to my faith" was my evidence of full salvation. Then was the tempter's time to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." I could hardly speak, or even think decidedly, without having the suggestion thrust in my face, "There! that was not right. Don't you see, you are just as proud, and self-willed, and impatient as ever? Why, you were quite fretful about that little annoyance. Altogether incompatible with having the heart cleansed in Jesus' blood. Let me assure you, He does not do his work so miserably."

In my sore perplexity, I was helped by the Spirit, (as I believe,) to use a little religious common sense. Without waiting to spend one moment in worrying, and upbraiding self, I would turn to the blessed, patient Christ, who, I knew, was not out of hearing of the slightest whisper of his little child. "Saviour, I don't know about this, whether I sinned or not; but one thing I do know, there's nobody in the wide universe to help me but Thee. If I wait to weep and struggle six months, I shall have to come at last to get Thee to forgive the sin, (if it is sin,) and wash my heart, so I come now, just as I am, and I know Thou canst not possibly fail me." I have thought the name and presence of Jesus were to "that old Serpent, the Devil," something as ash leaves are said to be upon the head of a snake, he writhes in agony under them, shudderingly reminded of the time when the Conqueror shall chain him in his den of darkness. When we bring the Christ-argument to bear upon him, he flees from us in terror.

"But I can't understand why the Lord lets Satan attack with his accusations and lies, those whose hearts are fully given to Christ. Job was a perfect man, and yet God let the Devil torment him almost to death."

I know. It was not for Satan's benefit of course, for it could do him no good to see how much God's servant could endure. Job's life was an object lesson,

by which the All-Father should teach patience and submissive trust, to all people, through all time, wherever this record is read. Honor enough, surely, to indemnify him from the little span of suffering. You know I am not very wise in the theologies, but I have an idea that Job needed for his soul's safety every stroke of the chastening rod that fell on him. Perhaps his spirit, like a mirror of polished steel, had reflected gloriously the image of the Holy One. But when the people praised his charities, and the flood of man-worship, whose surges the weak and selfish always heave against those signally owned of God—when this flood poured over him, a fine, impalpable rust of self-confidence gathered upon his soul, and the image was dimmed. His deportment was so faultless, and the defect so subtle and hidden, no ordinary means could reach it. Only this fiery ordeal could bring him to understand his utter helplessness. This has been to me the lesson of his sorrow.

I regard my heart a beleaguered fortress, in an enemy's land. Years ago, I struck my rebel colors, and run up the banner of the Prince of Peace. But (so stupid was I) it took many a fiery assault from without, aided by traitors hidden within, to teach me that my only safety was to open the gates again to the Captain of my Salvation, and to ask him to drive out every rival, garrison the fortress with his own forces, and take absolute command in person. He was not slow to do this, when, "self-desperate," I gave the matter into His hands, trusting His "care" for me, and His ability to "do exceeding abundantly what I asked or thought." When I really came to understand that the fortress was clear, and the will of Jesus was the martial law that held everything safe and sure, I rejoiced greatly, fancying, in my ignorance, that there was nothing more to do, but to enjoy and praise. Presently, a fiery dart came hurtling against my stronghold—then another, and another—a shower of them. I had to cry to the Commandant for help. I was astonished. I could not understand it. Looking carefully, I found that Order No. One

read: "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost," and, "Let the mind be in you which was in him." So this temptation was to arouse me to new energy in taking captives for my King. I had been in danger of forgetting that the aggressive was the only authorized ground for Christ's soldiery. Since then, whenever a dart rattles against my fortress, I say, "The Enemy has power to destroy me body and mind but for the Saviour's care of me. He can't hurl a spear at me except the Master lets him. So, each temptation, permitted as it is by my best Friend, means something. Now, what is the lesson of this?" Ah, there is a weak place in the wall. A breach will be made there some night, unless Christ strengthen it. This He will do at once if I ask Him. Blessed be His name! Thus may temptations cease to worry, and may only instruct me, being a part of the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love the Lord;" and "the trial of my faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, may be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

FREEMPORT, ILL.

IS HOLINESS ATTAINABLE?

PRESIDENT MAHAN.

Is it practicable for us, as Christians, to consecrate our entire being, with all its powers and susceptibilities, to Christ, and to live under the continual influence of the all-pervading and all-controlling principle of pure and perfect love—"of faith on the Son of God?"

I use the terms *attainable* and *practicable* with reference not merely to our powers as moral agents, but also with respect to the provisions and promises of the divine grace. If provision is made in the gospel for the entire sanctification of believers in this life, if God has promised to render those "perfect in every good work to do his will," by whom he is required of by faith to do it for them,—then is such a state, in the highest and most common acceptation of the term,

attainable; and we are under the most sacred obligation to aim at that state, with the full and joyful expectation of attaining it.

That it is attainable, I argue from the following reasons:—

1. The Bible positively affirms that provision is made in the Gospel for the attainment of that state, and that to make such provision is one of the great objects of Christ's redemption. Rom. viii. 3, 4, "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." The phrase "righteousness of the law," obviously means the precepts of the law, or the moral rectitude which the law requires. This I argue, 1st. From the fact that the same phrase is undeniably used in this sense in the preceding part of the Epist., chap. ii. 26; "If the circumcision keep the righteousness (the precepts) of the law." Without the best of reasons, we should not suppose the Apostle to use the same phrase, in entirely different senses, in the same Epistle. 2d. Justification, the only other sense ever, I believe, attributed to the phrase under consideration, is never in the Bible called the justification of the law, but is definitely distinguished from it, by being called "justification by faith." 3d. If justification were the thing primarily referred to in this phrase, still the moral rectitude required by the law, that is, sanctification, is also implied in it. For, if Christ should justify, and not to the same extent sanctify his people, he would save them *in*, and not *from* their sins. The phrase "righteousness of the law," then, directly and primarily means, or obviously implies, the precepts of the law, or the moral rectitude required by the law. To have this righteousness fulfilled in us implies that it be *perfectly accomplished in us*, or, that we are brought into *perfect conformity to the moral rectitude required by the law*. This is declared to be one of the great objects of Christ's death.

Such conformity then is practicable to the Christian, or Christ failed to accomplish one of the prime purposes of his redemption.

Again, 1 Pet. ii. 24, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, might live unto righteousness." To be dead to sin, and alive unto righteousness, does not imply soul depravity. That we might be thus dead, and thus alive, Christ "bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Entire sanctification, then is attainable, or Christ failed, in one important respect, to finish the work which his Father "gave him to do."

2 Cor. v. 15, "And he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them, and rose again." In other words, Christ died that his people might be free from all selfishness, and become purely and perfectly benevolent. Did he fail to accomplish his work?

2 Pet. i. 4, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

2 Cor. vii. 1, "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." If to "escape the corruption that is in the world through lust," and to be made partakers of the divine nature," to "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," and to "perfect holiness," do not imply entire sanctification, how, I ask, can that doctrine be expressed? That the Christian may be thus sanctified is the declared object for which the promises were given. Who will deny that they are adequate to this object? Unless they are thus inadequate, perfection in holiness is, in this life, practicable to the Christian.

Under this head I might cite many other passages, equally to my purpose; but these must suffice. On these and other kindred passages, I have one remark to make, to which the special at-

tention of the reader is invited. It is this: We have the same evidence from the Bible that provision is made for the entire *sanctification* of Christians, that we have that provision is made for their entire *justification*. Any principles of interpretation that will show that provision is not made for the former, will be equally conclusive to show that it is not made for the latter.

For the Guide.

COME INTO THE LIGHT.

W. F. R.

What is the reason we do not come into the light? It is not because we do not seek to do so; but it is because, in seeking, we forget the great source of light. Jesus said, I am the light of the world. If we shut our eyes to the sun, we shall never see his bright rays. But can it be that we forget Jesus. Why, his name is in almost every sentence of our prayers. If we do not forget him mentally, yet our *hearts* forget him, else we should come into the light. While we are making a mental effort after Jesus, and speaking his name with our lips, we are all the time shutting the eye of our heart, and complaining bitterly because we do not see the light, when the Sun of Righteousness is shining all around us. Oh, if we would only open our eyes and look at Jesus. It does seem to me that this is all that the consecrated and submissive souls who are now struggling to enter into the full light and enjoyment of pure religion needs, just now, and constantly to look to Jesus.

Keep an infant child in a partially darkened room, never bring it out into the strong full light of day. Its eyes will never become accustomed to the light, and it will never be able to discern objects around it. Keep a babe in Christ constantly looking at the partially illumined darkness of his carnal heart, and he will never know ought of the strong light and power of Jesus' love. Let the infant child look only at the light of the

lamp on the table, and what will it ever know of the glories of the king of day. Let the babe in Christ, look only at the light of Christian experience, and what joy will he ever desire from the light that flows from the cross of Calvary. Tell a blind man of the glories of the sun, restore him his sight, and then take him into a deep cellar to find those glories. Let a young Christian who has experienced a single ray of light from the Sun of Righteousness, go down into the deep cellar of his heart, and look there for light, and comfort, and joy, and he will never find it. But let him climb up from the valley of humiliation and repentance, to some high hill of consecration and prayer, and then look boldly away into the spiritual heavens, and he will see and feel the glory and power of the mighty Sun of Righteousness. Blessed Jesus, thou dost shine for all who will turn the eye of a trusting heart to thee. Shine as warmth to melt the frozen heart. Shine as light to cheer and guide the pilgrim home.

Oh, when will we learn the truth uttered by an eminent servant of God, that salvation does not come from looking at anything within, although that we see there be altogether the result of faith in Christ, and nothing but constant love, joy, and peace, for while we triumph in these, we must keep our hearts constantly fixed upon that which is entirely separate and apart from ourselves, even the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

For the Guide.

"SPEAK LORD, FOR THY SERVANT
HEARETH."

BY R. M. P.

As we look through the telescope of faith into the room of the child who uttered these words, a reverential awe steals over us, and we feel, to some extent, the influence of that spirit which pervaded the room of the little sleeper, roused him from his slumbers, and

clothed him with that humility and obedience which his language expresses. Samuel was willing not only to *hear*, but also to *do* the will of God. The same voice which called him is calling every intelligent being to duty. The true child of God listens attentively, and obeys gladly. But are there not too many of Christ's followers, who do not heed these calls as they should? Are we all ready at any moment, to do the Lord's bidding, at the sacrifice of any and every earthly interest? Do we not too often confer with flesh and blood, and force upon ourselves the belief that it is not the Spirit of God which whispers in our ears? How easy thus to administer opiates to the conscience, from the dangerous effects of which, it is with difficulty aroused. Precious, undying, unsaved souls are all around us. Oh! how necessary that our entire energies be employed in striving to bring them into the Saviour's fold. How blessed to be permitted to work for Jesus. Every hour spent in precious toil for Him, gives additional lustre to the crown awaiting us "beyond the river;" while every moment lost but takes from its brightness. It is a glorious thought that not one of the children of the most High is so feeble but that he may add one star to his Redeemer's crown. But it is an awfully solemn truth, that through the neglect of some duty, we may be held responsible for the eternal misery of some lost one.

Let us, fellow laborers, seek to be filled with the energies of the Holy Spirit, praying that it may permeate our entire being, prompting us ever to be seeking opportunities for bringing souls into the fold of Christ, and, in every possible manner, of advancing his cause. Were the church wholly clad with the armor of righteousness, Satan's host would soon be destroyed, and the kingdom of our blessed Saviour would "extend from shore to shore."

We may count the millenium as not far distant, when the language of every Christian heart becomes continually, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

CYPRESS, WIS.

For the Guide.

JEHOVAH'S ARMY.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

O, army of Jehovah!

In girded strength ye stand,
While sin with swift and giant stride
Encompasses the land.

With song and glad rejoicing,
In Zion's court ye stay,
And thinks, perchance, the battle rings
The while ye praise and pray.

As ye call God your Leader,
And hope to win the prize,
Ye must go forth with armor on,
And fight for victories.

Put on your shining garments,
Your blood-washed robes of snow,
So shall ye more serene and strong,
Nor fear, nor danger know.

With holy zeal and ardor,
And courage born of love;
Though marshalled hosts your way oppose,
Ye shall triumphant prove.

With patience bravely daring
Until the strife be past,
From conquest here to glory there,
Ye shall ascend at last.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL PREACHER.

REV. F. S. MINTZER.

Believing that in more than one sense it is true, that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meat, and it tendeth to poverty; I take up my pen to write for "The Guide," my Christian experience.

I was converted in the year 1842, when I was but seventeen years of age. Soon after, I felt called to preach, but refused—positively—persistently—*refused*, for years, to obey the call. My natural *timidity*, together with my *PRIDE*

prevented me from obeying God in this direction.

None of my family or relations of any kind save an uncle whom I never saw but once—were Methodists. All of my old associates, neighbors and friends, were in sympathy, or association, with *other* branches of the Christian Church. I had given my name to the M. E. Church, lived a tolerably consistent life, and to "come out" and separate myself from the world more fully—aye—to be a Methodist Preacher seemed to be a duty which I had not the gracious disposition, or a sufficient amount of grace to perform. What now! in the midst of my rebellion against God, I was afflicted. ("Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.") In my affliction I consented to do my duty. And soon after, in the Providence of God, I was licensed to preach. I felt now, greatly, my want of fitness for the work assigned me by the Church. And the cry, Oh, my leanness! Oh, my unworthiness! Oh, for power! power! was constantly in my lips.

At this juncture of my religious experience—while an old friend and sister in Christ, in a public prayer-meeting, was pleading with God for the blessing of a clean heart, or "Perfect Love," the Spirit of God convinced me that I ought not to rest satisfied *short of this blessing*. Indeed, that was what I *needed*. I wept, prayed, and "*fasted often*," until at length, in answer to the *prayer of faith* the blessing came to my heart—gentle as the morning light—peaceful as a dove. My mind became as calm as a "summer evening." And I could exclaim!—

"Tis done! thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless,
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

Soon after, in a love-feast, while the congregation were singing,

"Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.,"

I was induced to arise, and for the first time to make profession of the blessing received. I did so amid the shouts of my brethren and sisters in Christ. That

was about twenty years ago, and the way has been growing brighter ever since. I can say truly, "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace."

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood."

PHILA., 1867.

WE heartily endorse the sentiments and appreciate the spirit of the following article, from a minister of the Southern Methodist Church. It comes to hand at the moment our Magazine goes to the press, or we would gladly give our views more at large in regard to the importance of the theme. We are thankful to know that our list of subscribers number more than one Bishop. We pray that not only the Bishops of both Churches, North and South, whom the great Shepherd of the sheep has appointed overseers, but the thousands of both divisions of the flock, whose hearts God hath touched, and who would fain follow the things that make for peace,—may see eye to eye. Oh, that pure loving principles of heart holiness may speedily prevail, and all who profess to believe in the doctrine of perfect love, feel the solemn responsibility resting upon them to follow the things that make for peace.—

EDS.

For the Guide.

PEACE IN METHODISM.

REV. JOHN WILKINS.

A SUGGESTION TO THE DISCIPLES OF "PERFECT LOVE."

MR. EDITOR: It is a truth of Scripture, well attested by experience, that one of the most potential means of "winning souls to Christ" consists in provoking souls to Christ. "See the world around us to exclaim: 'See how these Christians love each other!' And it necessarily follows, that one of the greatest hindrances to winning souls is the provoking that same world to exclaim: 'See how these Christians hate each other!' And the reason of it all is, that "the living epistles" are more

"known and read of all men," than are the written Scriptures. This much by way of introduction to a suggestion I would make to those disciples of Jesus, who have inscribed upon their banners the heaven-born watch-word, "PERFECT LOVE."

It is the peculiar glory of our loved Methodism that she has given distinctness and emphasis to this blessed doctrine of the New Testament. But what becomes of it and Methodism—for they stand or fall together—if so lofty a profession does not bear a corresponding fruit? If this doctrine has not in it moral force enough to preserve a spirit of Christian love between the various members of the great Methodist denomination, then the world will judge the doctrine to be a myth, as they discover that, after all, Methodism is no better than other religious "isms" of less pretensions. Now, we put the question sincerely and hopefully, "Is the element of "Perfect Love" of sufficient power in the various branches of Methodism to leaven the *animus* of the whole denomination with such Christly love as that we shall hear no longer of that bitter hate between Northern and Southern Methodism, which is prostrating to all vital piety in those places of our land where each is brought in contact with the other?

There are thousands in this section, and doubtless thousands in your section of the country, who lament the existence of this state of things, and feel disheartened that there seems no prospect of restraining the ungodly though ecclesiastical strife. Oh! how Satan, and every infidel, and every despiser of spirituality in the land, must rejoice at this luxurious outgrowth of tares in the field of Wesleyan Methodism!

It surely does not need, among those who experience the heavenly warmth of "Perfect Love" in their souls, that one should enter into any argument why this abomination in our Israel should be cast out; it is enough for such to know that the cause of Christ is not prospered thereby but greatly hindered. Argument in this case, defining the measure

of responsibility attaching to each party, would but engender greater strife, and lead to no peace. If we could all join hands in a holy vow of silence respecting the past and renewed devotion of Christ for the future, the world around us would be more ready to receive the gospel at our hands, than if we should spend a decade establishing what each would fain believe: "I am holier than thou."

Now, I would simply suggest, through your valuable journal, that "the peculiar people" of Methodism—that is, those who are made perfect in love—go to work heart and soul to remove this fretting sore from our ecclesiastical body, so that there shall be no longer rung in our ears and in the ears of the world about us, such a horrid cry as "Methodist persecution," or "Methodist Church stealing," or "Methodist mobocracy." To remove this burning shame let them bend all *their* energies and influence in the Church. Let this be *their* specialty till it is accomplished. Our doctrines are worth nothing if they are not reducible to practice. Here is an issue by which to test the vitality of the peculiar doctrine of Methodism. Who will lead? Is it he who has most to forgive? So much the better. Who will carry it from camp to camp till all the tribes of our Israel—those one side the Jordan, as well as those dwelling on the other—shall make peace between each other, and vow henceforth to battle *harmoniously* against a common foe? Is it he who shall have to exercise most self-denial in consenting to forget the past? Be it so. With such champions, we shall be successful, and Methodism will thenceforward do a grander work in winning souls to Christ.

We need not that the two branches of Methodism—North and South—should be re-united into one. The time has not come for that just yet—it would be inexpedient, and is impracticable in the nature of things. What is needed now, and what may be the preparatory step to greater things hereafter, is to remove the fretting friction between the Northern and Southern branches of our Methodist Episcopal Church. There is

enough of "Perfect Love" in both branches to accomplish this desirable result. Already a writer in the *Baltimore Methodist*, and another in the *Nashville Christian Advocate* have been breathing out desires for peace, and propose that, after the manner of recent ecclesiastical councils in Rome and England, the Bishops of the Northern and Southern Churches meet each other for this purpose. I would prefer to see the matter taken in hand by those well known in the connection as examples of "perfect love," and let them with this issue demonstrate the vitality of this power in Methodism. But perhaps all the Bishops are in the blessed experience of perfect love. If so, in Jesus' name, let them take counsel together, that love may prevail throughout all our borders. Those who will move in this matter will have reason to rejoice exceedingly in the upper kingdom, if not in this, for "BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

Come, brethren, don't let "loyalty" (an excellent thing in its place,) hinder this good work. He who reunites the people is now the best patriot. But let us leave to statesmen and political philosophers that which belongs to Caesar. It is ours to win souls to Christ—all other things that are good are sure to follow.

Mr. Editor, speak out yourself—the work of "PEACE IN METHODISM."

Opelousas, La., 1867.

I verily believe there's not a sweeter word in the Bible than the word "Come." I am sure that when it fell from the lips of Jesus, when the Spirit and the Bride uttered it, when it was echoed by the tongues of apostles and saints, and in all these cases was addressed to the weary and heavy-laden—to those who were athirst with spiritual needs—it was so full of grace and truth that it could not be exceeded in preciousness by any word in human speech; and this word "Come" is the key-note of the Gospel. "Come!" with whatever thirst you faint, "come and drink; come and take the water of life freely."

For the Guide.

ORDINATION TO WORK.

J. P. DAY.

Nine years ago last Christmas, the Lord converted my soul. I have never had a doubt about it. Oh, what a blessed hour it was, when, after three weeks' groaning under the burden of sorrow for sin, shedding bitter tears of repentance, and agonizing in prayer, the Spirit showed me that I could not do the work! When I ceased doing, my Master came to me, and all was peace and joy. I remember shouting "Glory to God!" then, for the first time; and it did me good. About two years after this, at the Whitehall Camp-meeting, I was led to feel the need of full salvation. There had been no backsliding in those two years. All the while had new beauties in Christ been unfolded to me. Still, at times, self would rise up to disturb my soul's rest in Jesus. Fears would torment me, even when trying to work for him. I could scarcely believe it possible to obtain relief from these, and be wholly the Lord's. In my own church, I received but little assistance. I felt at times very lonely. Some of my classmates have since realized Jesus' power to save souls to the uttermost, and others are seeking. At that time, I found it was written, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I was enabled to give up all to God. It must be told in this way: it seems very little to give. I was not anxious how the answer would come to my soul. God's promises are true. Faith was given me to trust him fully.

And, when I laid myself upon the altar, it pleased the Lord to send joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The fulness of the river of life was then first made known to me. My face shone with a new radiance: sinners felt its influence. Christians rejoiced in my experience. In this way did my blessed Master "lead me to his banqueting-house; and his banner over me is Love." I am now a free man in Christ Jesus.

The fear of the world is gone. He saves me every moment. And, oh, how he leads me! Not all the while on the mount of vision; yet, if I am placed in the valley, Jesus is there, "as the shadow of a great

rock in a weary land, a present help in every time of need." My highest ambition is to be at the foot of the cross. This is the only place of safety, the happiest spot this side heaven. It is a pleasure to work for God, be it ever so little we can do.

Last summer, at the Morristown Camp-meeting, my heart was burdened for the penitents who crowded the altar. I felt to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and asked to be prepared for the work before me. In answer to my prayer, the Spirit came to me in mighty power, entirely depriving me of strength for a season, prostrating my body beside the mourners' bench. Since that hour, the Lord has permitted me to point many to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." My chief joy is in this work. My pay is sure: it comes in showers of blessing all the while.

In body, it has pleased the Lord to afflict me. I have never walked erect in my life, — the effect of paralysis in infancy: yet I travel a great deal in my poor way; and every step made thus on my knees brings me nearer my heavenly home. Glory to God and the Lamb!

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

For the Guide.

FREE SALVATION.

F. H. WHEELER.

On the banks of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, stands Jesus evermore, crying as in the days of old, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and drink without money and without price." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever *will* let him take of the water of life freely." And still its waves roll on, so deep and wide, that all who *will* may not only drink from the healing flood, but, like the Syrian leper, "wash and be clean."

ERIE, PENN., 1867.

Set a seal upon thy lips, and guard thy heart with the same watchfulness as the ramparts of a city.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

For the Guide.

"NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS."

M. A. L.

In glancing over a little volume, a late publication, entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years," my mind reverted to one "not lost, but gone before." She lived her little span of life, and went home, leaving the memory of her pure life and triumphant death as a precious legacy to her friends, and as an enduring witness to the power of religion to all who knew her.

Nettie L—— was born, lived nineteen years, and died, in the village of M——, Ontario County, N.Y. While in infancy, she was consecrated by pious parents to God, and taught to frame her earliest utterances in prayer. In Nettie's early childhood, her now sainted mother went to her rest, committing and reconsecrating her child to God with her latest breath. When but nine or ten years of age, Nettie sought and found Christ, and made a public profession of her faith, giving the clearest evidence that the work of regeneration may be thoroughly wrought in a child. The earnestness and simplicity of her words, the love and religious fervor that lighted her face, and the consistency and purity of her life, had their effect upon hearts that had been obdurate under every other religious influence. Her tearful exhortations too, and earnest intercessions for sinners, were more than sermons to many.

I shall never forget a Sabbath scene which occurred shortly after her conversion. The Lord's Supper was being administered; and as groups approached the altar, and retired to give place to others, little Nettie sat weeping in her seat. Struggling between her desire to go and a sense of her unfitness in being an unworthy little child, she had delayed; but, as another invitation was given, she went, and knelt weeping at the altar. It so happened that there were no others to go; and the peculiarly impressive scene, as the sacred elements were given to the little communicant who knelt there alone, I can never forget. Said the venerable presiding elder who had known her, and had been instrumental in her con-

version, "I had rather administer the Lord's Supper to this little child than to many an altar full."

Her constant devotion to duty in attending the means of grace was a rebuke to older Christians. I have seen her plod patiently through the wet streets to prayer-meeting, to find but one or two, perhaps, besides herself, who had not excused themselves from duty. Thus she developed into early womanhood. Faithful, consistent, lovely in person and in character, she endeared herself to all who knew her; and, when it was known that Nettie L—— was stricken with diphtheria, the sadness that fell over the village proved how much she was beloved. While suffering the most malignant type of the malady, she was not heard to murmur.

In these days of chastening, two little ones (half brother and sister to Nettie) were taken from the family by the same disease, and with Nettie treading, as it were, the verge of Jordan. God's hand seemed to have been laid heavily upon the stricken parents; but they bowed submissively to his will. Seven weeks from the beginning of her illness, and the fourth week of her convalescence, she was one day attacked with a chill and sudden relapse which proved fatal. A consciousness of her approaching end seemed to be given her; and for two or three hours she was exultant in the thought, and endeavored to comfort her parents with the anticipation of going to be with the little ones who had just preceded her. After a little, a shadow seemed to fall upon her; and in answer to her mother's question, if she was not ready to depart, she replied, "Not quite: I want grace." God had not yet filled up her measure of dying grace. But soon that look of perfect peace, which those who die in the Lord wear, came to her face, and grew into triumph as she neared heaven. She desired much to see all her friends, and especially the beloved minister who had been instrumental in her conversion. "For," said she to her mother, "you cannot know how much I love them, and, O mother! all the world." Calling her weeping friends to her, she brushed away their tears, desiring them not to weep, and wondering how they could do so when her lot was so happy

and glorious ; adding, " I'm going home. I have no tears to shed, and why should you ? If I might choose, I would by far prefer to go." As utterance failed, she begged them to sing. She had possessed a voice of rare excellence ; and, remembering that she could not join them, she said, " I cannot sing *here* any more ; but," pointing upward with a smile, " I shall sing very soon up yonder." When this stanza of " The Land of Beulah " was sung, —

" I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear ;
For I brush the dews from Jordan's banks ;
The crossing must be near," —

she was so exultant and lifted up, that it seemed as if the dark waters of death drew back from her confident, home-hastening feet, and she was passing over dry-shod ; and in her latest moments her rapt face and lifted hands told of glimpses of heaven that she alone could see.

And so our Nettie went home. With her stricken yet resigned father we could say, " It is *His* will : let Him do what seemeth Him good." Her life, though short, seemed full-orbed and perfected. The seed that she sowed with diligent hand " in the morning " yet springs to bear the fruits of righteousness ; yet in the better world alone shall we see its full fruition.

" Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now :
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

For the Guide.

MRS. CELIA E. BRADLEY.

" Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see
God."

Departed this life, March 25, Mrs. Celia E. Bradley, aged twenty years and nine months.

A dear sister has gone home. Though the summons was sudden, yet it found her ready and willing. Death had no terrors for her ; but, with a smile of angelic sweetness illuminating her features, she bade us weep not for her. The bright, beautiful " beyond " seemed opened to her spirit's gaze ere it had left its earthly tenement ; and in joyous exclamations she spoke of the new beauties she saw, and the bliss awaiting her among the blood-washed and white-

robed in heaven. And though our hearts are saddened by the absence of the bright young form we so much loved, though hushed to our ears are the music-tones of that loved voice, yet we *know* that our loss is her eternal gain, and that her songs were hushed here only to swell the angelic choir above. Early in life, she sought and found her Saviour ; and at the age of fourteen was baptized, and united with the Church ; and has ever lived a life of faith and prayer. Love was a strong element of her nature. She loved her Saviour supremely, and all that was pure and lovely besides ; and was beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a young husband, parents, brothers and sisters, behind ; though, as she remarked, " they were just a few steps behind her, and she would be there to welcome them *home*."

Her favorite words were, —

" Let me go ; for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away ;
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart : I cannot stay.

Let me go ; for Jesus calls me ;
Let me gain the realms of day :
Bear me over, angel-pinions ;
Longs my soul to be away."

E. L. W.

WYOTA, MICH., 1867.

For the Guide.

MRS. LOUISA BURGESS.

Mrs. Louisa Burgess departed this life Oct. 29, 1866, in the thirtieth year of her age. She was converted to God, and joined the M. E. Church, in the year 1859. Her conversion was clear and satisfactory. She could say, " Lord, it is enough : I *am* thy child." She was a devoted wife and Christian. During her sickness, and especially her last moments, all fear of death was entirely removed. Calling her friends around her, she exacted a promise from each to meet her in heaven. She passed away accompanied by her precious Saviour. Her last words were, " My Saviour is so near ! " We mourn her loss, yet in hope.

" We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ;
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul."

C. W. B.

LIME SPRINGS, 1867.

Editorial.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

HOW MAY WE KNOW WHEN WE HAVE IT?

What is religion? Dr. Clark says, "The sum and substance of religion is, the life of God in the soul of man." The question has been asked, "How may persons *know* when they are in possession of true religion?" We surely cannot present a safer criterion than the Bible presents. O, that Bible is indeed a more wonderful book than many of us who even profess to believe in it, think for.

Some think that to see some great light, or to hear some voice from heaven, would be far more satisfactory than the still small voice of the Spirit, speaking noiselessly to the heart by the *sure word* of prophecy. But an inspired apostle who was filled with the Holy Ghost, and was therefore unerring in his perceptions of truth, and in all his teachings, did not think so. No, he preferred the quiet, yet mighty teachings of the *ever-speaking word*, the *lively*, that is, the *LIVING oracles—the living word of the living God*. He estimated this beyond any demonstrations *sensible* to the outward eye or ear.

Peter was one of the favored disciples who was with the precious incarnate Saviour on Mount Tabor when He was transfigured. Yet favored Peter, with his fellow disciples James and John, now beheld signs and wonders, when a cloud overshadowed them, and they saw the Man of Sorrows in glistening garments, and saw Moses and Elias talking with him, and heard a voice from the excellent glory, saying unto them, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." But though Peter saw all these wonders, he was not afterward invulnerable to doubt. It was only a little after this that Peter's suffering Master, through the envy of the Chief Priests, was in disrepute, and taken by the rabble away to Pilate's judgment hall, and where is Peter *now*? Did the signs and wonders he had witnessed, exert a helpful influence to his faith and courage? Surely not, if we may judge from the fruit.

And now the question is, how may persons *know* whether they have true Scriptural

religion? Whether it is our privilege to *know* this, no Bible Christian can doubt, for, says the Apostle, "We have received of that Spirit whereby we know the things freely given us of God." When may a person on Scriptural authority believe that he has passed from death unto life? Behold the *WAY MARKS*, written in most legible, living characters here, in this ever-speaking and ever-accessible chart. "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Have you this Scriptural evidence that you have indeed passed from death unto life? It seems to me that some one is now saying, yes, I feel very different now from what I did a few days since. A month or a week ago this time, and I should have enjoyed scenes of mirthful festivity with worldly companions, to a place here with the people of God; time was when I felt no union with earnest Christians, but now I feel that I love their society, and love their ways, and the more they love my Saviour the more I love them.

And now let me ask you, what makes the difference? Why? it is because you have passed from death unto life. You may now be ready to say, yes, I know this, because I now see that nothing else could have produced such a change, but something else seems to be wanting. It is the *witness* of it that I want! Well, it is right that you want this, and *this* you *ought* to have. But let us ask, what is the witness, and how is it to be attained? Now, in all the work of our salvation we are workers together with God. God will not do our part of the work, neither does he require that we should do his. What then, are we to do in order to attain the witness? Why, we are to *believe*. "He that *believeth* hath the witness in himself." Now, you say you believe you have passed from death unto life, because you have the Scriptural marks, or in other words you *know* it because God says so. You could not know this, unless the Spirit revealed it to you, for it is the Spirit alone that can take of the things of God and reveal them. I will illustrate by some things that came under my own observation.

A sister of whom I made the enquiry, do you enjoy perfect love? replied, "I believe I do. Yes, I know I love God with all my heart, but I want the witness of it." Dr. Bangs

was standing near, and I called to him and said, Doctor, this sister says she believes she enjoys perfect love—she knows she loves God with all her heart, but she wants the witness of it. The sun at that moment was shining brightly into the room, and the Doctor said, “sister, the sun is shining there and you know it, do you want the witness of it?” The sister saw the inconsistency of her position, and from that time became a joyful witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. On another occasion a beloved Baptist minister in a social meeting said, “I have laid all on the altar, but I do not get the witness.” As the meeting was very social, I interrupted him, and asked, “Brother, does not God receive you?” I was shocked at the reply, and repeated his answer. “No other evidence than God’s word,” did you say? Suppose you had come in with a friend and told me of an incident that had just occurred, in which I was very much interested, and when you had finished, I should say, and what evidence have you of all this, and you should turn round and say, my friend saw the whole transaction and he informed me of it, and I with a disappointed look should say, “What, no other evidence than the word of your friend?” Would you not think I had greatly dishonored your friend? The brother cried out with a loud voice, “My sin has found me out, my sin has found me out!” Unbelief is a sin. Had the bitten Israelites looked at their wounds instead of looking to the brazen serpent, they would have been getting worse every moment.

God requires confession. This is the next step after *believing*. This is one reason why some have not more light and joy. You will remember when the ten lepers were cleansed, but one returned to give glory to God. The grieved Saviour said, “Were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine?” We do not know where the nine were, but perhaps they were off in some corner, talking among themselves about thus—“Well, some great change has passed over us, certainly; but Jesus did not cure us as we anticipated. He simply told us to go and show ourselves to the priest. If he had come and struck his hand over the place, and made some great ado, it might seem more important that we should tell it, and we might have something more to tell.”

Rebibal Miscellany.

For the Guide.

STERLING CAMP MEETING.

“The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.”

These words came to my mind with great solemnity as I entered the consecrated grove at Sterling, the week before last. We had a glorious refreshing season there. I compared it in some of its features with those I attended some sixteen and seventeen years ago at Eastham—then there were but two ministers who came out boldly and preached the Bible doctrine of sanctification. At Sterling, it was the theme in every tent, and at the stand. Holiness to the Lord seemed floating along on every breeze that rustled through the trees above our heads, as we sat listening to the glorious truth, and I could almost fancy that angels caught the glad echo from many lips, “Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb forever.” Yes, salvation from all sin. We had a precious Love Feast at the stand Friday morning—247 spake—one young sister said, “she felt like a small worm upon a large rock.” Another, “that she thanked God, that rock was large enough to hold all mankind”—a third, “that she rejoiced, there was always sunshine upon it.” I blessed God that under “the shadow of this great rock in a weary land,” I had rested these many years. The rain of Thursday gave opportunity for preaching in a number of tents, thus distributing the talent of several ministers among the people, instead of all listening to one at the stand; this makes one rainy day at camp meeting always desirable. To those who go there for amusement and worldly pleasure, it cannot be an agreeable place—but to those weary with life’s cares, or longing for the strengthening influences of worshiping with God’s people, away from the busy din of the world, it is a little heaven upon earth, and God never sends those away empty, who thus retire for a week to that temple he has made and worship him in sincerity and truth. In our own tent the still small voice was heard, and a quiet holy influence rested upon every heart, and the many prayers offered seemed

but the aspirations of souls talking with God. He heard and answered—souls were saved. Praise his name. S. G. S.

Mass., 1867.

For the Guide.

VERMONT, ST. JOHNSBURY CAMP MEETING.

One of the most interesting and profitable Camp Meetings ever held in Vermont, has just closed. It commenced on Monday, September 9th, and closed the following Monday. Holding it over Sunday proved a decided success. The spirit of prayer prevailed; and the immense congregation was held in awe and reverence. The Holy Spirit was present to convict and convert. Scores were at the altar seeking God, while scores more felt that they ought to have been there.

Convictions, more or less pungent, seemed to rest upon the whole congregation. God's people were "in the Spirit" on this "Lord's day."

The marked characteristics of the meeting was the attention given to the subject of Christian perfection and the children's meetings.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, editors of "The Guide," were with us by invitation; and God signally owned their efforts. They are eminently qualified, by experience and spiritual endowments, for the work God has given them to do. May He spare them for many long years of usefulness in the church on earth before He says, "It is enough!"

The prominence given to the doctrine and experience of Christian purity was doubtless the secret of the great success of this meeting.

Hundreds, including the ministers and the laity, sought this blessing; and many were brought into the enjoyment of it. This brought them into sympathy with Jesus; and they went to work for Him. The result was soon seen in crowded altars—persons crying out, "What must we do to be saved?"

After Friday the names of *seventy-five* were taken, at the stand, of those who professed to be justified, so that *one hundred* is a low estimate of all the conversions during the meeting, including those converted prior to Friday, and in the tents, whose names we

did not get. One hundred souls rescued from the thralldom of Satan! One hundred added to the army of the Lord! How angels must have rejoiced!

The number of those made "perfect in love" must be equal to those justified. O, that all may be faithful to what they have received! If they are, this whole district will soon be in a flame of revival. May the fire burn with inextinguishable blaze!

Another very interesting feature was a children's meeting, held every day, from 1 to 2 o'clock, P.M. In these, the children were seated by themselves in the front seats; and appropriate addresses were delivered, hymns sung, and prayers offered—all designed to help the children to give themselves to Jesus *now*.

We cannot tell what may be the results of these efforts, but have reason to believe they will be glorious. There were as many as 300 children present on Sunday, and from 150 to 200 the other days.

One intensely interesting incident, in connection with these meetings, has already come to our notice. A man prejudiced against Camp Meetings, was induced to come to bring some passengers, and was converted; but we will let him tell his own story. In the love feast Monday morning, he rose and said: "Friends, I have a little story to tell. When I heard of this meeting, I determined not to attend; but was induced to bring some passengers for *pay*. I happened to be on the ground when one of the children's meetings was in progress. I went forward near the stand and saw my own two little boys kneeling in prayer with the rest of the children, and said to myself this is more than I have ever done—the children are getting ahead of their father!"

"I was so affected that I went out behind a tree and wept bitterly, and resolved I would not let my children outstrip me in this race. A minister accompanied me home that night, and, by the grace of God, I gave my heart to Jesus; and the altar there erected by Him has beep, and shall be, kept up by myself.

"O, I thank God for the children's meetings, and for the circumstances which led me to be present at them."

O, that we felt more than we do the importance of seeking to bring the *little* children to

Jesus, and making them acquainted with Him!

The closing exercises were unusually interesting. One hundred and eighty-four witnessed for Jesus in the love feast; and during the sacrament of the Lord's supper Jesus was transfigured in His glory before many a spirit. It was good to be there.

The parting came at last, and many said "farewell" who do not expect to meet again until they strike hands on the other shore. O, what rejoicings there will be when all the ship's company meet "over the river."

H. A. SPENCER, *Sec'y.*

For the Guide.

WILLIAMSVILLE, ILLINOIS.

A Laymen's Camp Meeting, held near Williamsville, Ill., commencing August 13, 1867, was owned and blessed of our kind Heavenly Father.

Like the meeting at Vineland, the especial object was announced to be the "spread of Scriptural Holiness among the people."

During the past winter a deep interest was awakened on this subject in this and adjoining circuits, and a number were able to testify to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin.

With hearts burning with love to God and man, the brethren came together at the place selected by the committee of arrangements.

The grounds were all that could be desired, the weather delightful, and the best of all, God was with us. From the commencement a cloud of glory seemed to cover the encampment. The doctrine of purity was very clearly presented from the stand, and the people urged on to its possession. Old prejudices were removed, and many were led to lay all on the altar, and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The people came and went from far and near, so as to make it impossible to tell the number who were entirely sanctified to God. At least fifty were saved from all sin, a number were pardoned, while many of the brethren were able to take a deeper hold on God.

Hundreds left the ground convinced of the necessity of full salvation. We regard the

meeting as a great success, inasmuch as the work has but just begun among us, and we are looking forward to, and praying for, a great gathering of souls as a part of the fruits of this meeting.

No meeting was ever held in this part of the country that took so deep a hold on the people. The best of order prevailed, and such a spirit of love as was manifested, was indeed remarkable by all classes of society. Earnest prayers, songs of praise, and loud hallelujah's to God was the order of the meeting.

The eighth day we struck tents and went home singing in our hearts, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

To God be all the glory.

THOMAS J. CROWDER.

Williamsville, 1867.

For the Guide.

EAST MAINE CAMP MEETING.

REV. E. DAVIES.

Eternal glory be given to God for His visits of mercy to this part of our State. Northport Camp Meeting was a season of refreshing. The preaching was excellent, and Holiness was distinctly presented in two sermons, and quite a number could testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Souls were converted, and the membership graciously quickened. The attendance was large and the order good.

Windsor Camp Meeting was crowned with success, beside conversions, many of the clearest testimonies were given to full redemption in the blood of Christ. "The power of the Lord was present to heal," and many were recorded in the book of life. The love feast reminded us of Milton's verse,

"Immortal fragrance fills the Circuit wide."

They were, indeed, "quite on the verge of heaven."

Machias Camp Meeting had more than double the number of tents than last year, and was favored with heavenly blessings. Holiness was here presented, and many were

panting for it, and some received it. The general tone of piety was raised, and a number of precious souls were converted to God. The order and weather were excellent.

CHICAGO CAMP MEETING.

A correspondent of "The Methodist," reporting the exercises of this Camp Meeting, gives the following interesting item:

A love feast was held each morning, at eight o'clock, in front of the stand. Many remarkable testimonies were given in these gatherings. The following are specimens:

A noble-looking young man from Chicago said:

"One year ago I came here a miserable drunkard. At that spot (pointing to the altar), God converted my soul. I have not touched, tasted, or handled the unclean thing since. Three months ago, I gave up tobacco; I felt that, as a Christian, I could not use it. I had many trials, but God has helped me, and to-day I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

A man, seventy years of age, said: "Fifty-two years ago I was justified; forty-seven years since, I sought and found full salvation; to-day I am a happy old man, on my way to glory."

Dr. Raymond, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, said: "I once heard Bishop Hedding say, that for fifty years he had not gone to sleep at night without the witness of the Spirit. In two instances in that time he had tried to do so, but could not sleep. I thought at the time (said the doctor) that it was wonderful; but I can now say, that for forty years, save one, I have not gone to sleep without a comfortable assurance, that if I should die before I woke, I should go to glory."

A colored woman, in relating her experience, fairly alive with emotion, closed by saying: "Pray for me, and right early in the morning when the trumpet sounds, children, I'll be with you."

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS AND PROSPERITY.

[Ministers on hard Circuits read this.—Eds.]

It would be almost impossible to place too high an estimate upon the benefits that I have received from "The Guide."

I subscribed for, and read it, last year; theorised publicly and privately upon the doctrines that it advocates, and sought to enter into the enjoyment of them, and suppose I would have succeeded had I not been on so hard a Circuit, that I was not willing to give my pecuniary interest into the hands of the Lord.

I had a hard year of it, felt condemned all the year, did but little if any good, and closed the year two hundred dollars poorer than when I commenced it. I then thought the next year I would trust all to the Lord. But on coming to the Linn Circuit I found but fifty members, mostly poor, and no Missionary appropriation. I began preaching Sanctification as a Bible doctrine, and circulating "The Guide to Holiness." This greatly offended some of our members, who said it was not the doctrine of our Church, nor of the Bible, and would ruin the cause if continued. And some threatened leaving the Church if I did not quit such preaching. But my pecuniary interests still troubled me. The first quarter I only received fifteen dollars, and had a family to support. The next quarter did not prove much better, except in an interest that was being taken in reading "The Guide;" and an earnest inquiry after the way of Holiness.

I was asked how it was obtained, and would answer—it is by faith, and should be expected now. And this seemed more than ever to condemn me, so with bitter agony I cried out in my very soul. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust him." My burden was all placed on the altar, and I was enabled to "reckon myself dead unto the world, and alive unto Christ." And since then my heart has been glowing with the love of that Blessed Saviour who I am more than willing to trust with all I have or ever expect to be.

It has not been quite a month since I gave all to my Saviour, but the Lord has been blessing us all the time. And I have been blessed with the privilege of seeing seventy accessions to our Church, and about the same number of happy conversions to God in this Circuit, and a number enjoying full salvation. To God be all the Glory, while "The Guide to Holiness" has been a powerful instrument in the hands of God in this glorious work.

I have plenty of the temporal comforts and blessings of life now, and hope nothing will ever again separate my Saviour from me.

A. WARREN.

For the Guide.

IS THIS PERFECT LOVE?

I was born May 6, 1842, baptized in infancy, thank God for Christian parents, converted in 1852. My pastors, *then* D. A. McCready, and C. Morrison. I *knew* I was "born again." All nature seemed wondrously beautiful. Every creature seemed to say, "Praise the Lord!" Preached my first sermon at Dayton, Arnis Co., Pa., Feb. 9, 1862. Began itinerating on Georgetown Circuit, April 17, 1864. God and his people have been very good to me. Converted at ten myself, I have been permitted to see scores of children saved on my fields of labor. Believe in getting converted very young. I tell the children Jesus loves them, and is as willing to bless them at *four* years as at *forty*. For years have sought holiness of heart. Have read Wesley, Watson, Peck, Upham, and Mrs. Palmer upon the subject.

April 13, 1860, wrote and signed a consecration vow; but I failed to keep myself upon the altar. Recently have renewed that vow, placing body, mind, soul, influence, time, property, friends, and plans for the future—all upon the altar. God help me to keep them there! To-day, believe I do love God supremely, my brethren more than myself, and my neighbor (everybody) as myself. *Fear* of man—of coming to want—of death—all are cast out. The promises of God have a peculiar preciousness now. Is this Perfect Love? I have little ecstasy; but a constant

peace fills my mind—may it flow on like a river, deepening and widening until lost in the ocean of God's infinite love!

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

D. A. PIERCE.

Canonsburg, Pa.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Perfect love, is loving God with all the heart. In our presentations on this precious theme, we mean nothing more or less than is contained in the first great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If the love of God is perfected in the heart, it makes no difference, *how* or *when* the work was done. The question is, Has the work, or is it now being accomplished? If so, hasten, "Give God the glory due to his name." You could not have perfected the love of God in your own soul any more than you could have created a world. The man that first saw men as trees walking, and then saw all things clearly, saw just as well as if he had seen all things at once. Imagine that he delayed in giving Christ the glory due to his name, because the cure had not been accomplished in the same way as in the case of the man, whose sight was instantly restored at the word of the Divine Healer, "Be opened!" Our brother says, that he has laid body, mind, soul, influence, time, property, and all plans for the future on the altar. And now, brother, have you not GOD'S WORD to assure you that the altar sanctifieth the gift? Are you now saying, I want the *witness* of it. How can you on Scriptural terms expect the witness, unless you believe? Believe *what*? We answer, Believe GOD'S WORD. This, and this alone is the foundation of faith. He that believeth hath the witness in himself. Get that will upon the altar that requires signs and wonders,—*then*, and not till you do this, will you present that, which is without blemish to God. Do this, and then take the next step. That is, profess your faith in God's Word, and then "*hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering.*" Say with David: "I have preached righteousness in the great

congregation :” Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest, I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart, I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy loving kindness, and thy truth from the great congregation.”

EDS.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY OF AN AGED DISCIPLE.

GIDEON JOHNSON.

I write with a trembling hand, at the age of seventy-four, that I love holiness of heart, and holiness of life, and holiness in meetings, and at home, and in the closet, and in every circumstance in which I may be placed. About ten years since I was fully convinced that I ought to make an entire consecration of all to God, and I asked the Saviour to show me myself, and I believe He did, and also the great sin of unbelief. Through the aid of the Holy Spirit I was enabled to make a full and entire consecration of family and all to God, and he did accept of the consecration, and gave me the witness of the Spirit, and I enjoyed far greater light and love and peace than I ever did before, although I had been justified and been born of God, and had bright evidence of a change of heart for forty years before I received the witness of holiness.

Since that time I have been called to pass through many trials; but I have never doubted that God did save me from all sin at that time, and I have endeavored by my life and conversation to lead others to see and enjoy the fullness of the love of God in the soul under all circumstances.

For more than a year and a half past I have had more of constant abiding peace, and a fullness of the love of Christ. By the circulation of tracts, and by speaking to individuals, I have endeavored to lead others to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to lead the sinner to repentance, and the Christian to perfect love; but we are to use the means, and look to God for his blessing.

July 2d.—Since I began this imperfect sketch of my life, I thought I would not send it to you, but in reading “The Guide” for

July, my soul has been so filled with the love of Jesus that I want to bear testimony to all.

O, how I should love to be in your prayer-meetings. There is nothing that the Church so much needs as the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, and I believe it will come, when the Gospel will be the power of God, and the wisdom of God to the salvation of many souls. I have been a leading member in the Congregational Church in York State, and in Pa., for many years, and am now living with my son in Seabrook, Ohio. I am unable to labor much, but wish to do all I can for Christ, who has done so much for me and for a lost world.

I have taken “The Guide to Holiness” many years, but it seems the last is the best. I love all that love Jesus, and I love sinners too.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

BY M. WHITE.

Being deprived of attending the means of grace to-day, on account of bad roads and rain, I have been greatly blessed, and my mind enlightened, by reading in “The Guide to Holiness,” “with a prayerful spirit” the experience of Brothers Allyn and Hibbard, and the piece on “Holiness,” by Rev. R. Hargrave, and while thinking over my own experience the spirit seems to say, write for the encouragement of others.

I was called to seek the face of God when about ten years of age, and for a time ran well, but through following the example of other professing Christians, “who I thought too well experienced to err,” instead of taking the Bible for my guide I became conformed to the world in a great many things, although I never lost the desire to be a Christian, and my continual prayer was, search me, O God, and try my heart, &c.

And my heavenly Father saw fit to try me in ways, “which then” seemed mysterious, but have proved to be for my good, and God’s glory.

About a year ago I was enabled to consecrate my all to God, the sacrifice was accepted, and my heart made clean, through the blood of the Lamb.

Oh, what condescending love for the Son of God, to search for and bring back the wandering sheep, who have strayed from the fold after once being made partakers of his love, and again to wash them in his Blood, and make them heirs with him to his Father's kingdom.

Since my consecration, Paradise seems to have begun below, old things have passed away, and all things have become new; come what will, I am, through grace, enabled to cast my burden on Christ, who according to his promise carries it for me, and thus relieves me of all care and anxious thoughts. I try to discharge my duties faithfully to the honor and glory of God, and leave the result in his hands. I can truly say with the poet,

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;"

But it must be that kind of religion which keeps us unspotted from the world, drives prejudice from our minds, and makes us feel one with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and are trying to walk in the same narrow way of Holiness.

Wis.

For the Guide.

CLEANSED FROM IDOLS.

" Little children keep yourselves from idols."

BY S. G. SHARP.

TALKING with a Brother the other day, upon the hindrances to the enjoyment of full salvation, he told me of a gentleman he met out West, who was a Christian, faithful in his religious duties; but feeling that he lacked something which others had attained. He went to a Camp-meeting determined to seek till he found; he labored and prayed, but the blessing came not. One day this Brother met him in the grove, looking discouraged, I said to him, Now, Brother, is there not something you have not given up yet—any indulgence you still cling to, that may be in the way?—he thought a moment, then suddenly put his hand in his pocket, and took out a piece of tobacco, and threw it in the bushes, then they went on their knees together—soon he was rejoicing, cleansed

from *all* idols, and assured of his full acceptance. In my estimation, the indulgence of this habit is not so small a sin as some think it—but however small the hindrance, if it keeps Jesus from a full possession of the heart, it also keeps us from the enjoyment of that perfect love, which makes the Christian's heaven upon earth, and fits him for that glorious Home above, where the pure in heart shall see God.

For the Guide.

PROGRESSION.

I have been a reader and subscriber to your most excellent "Guide" for nearly five years past; and I must truly say, that it is a *Guide indeed*; and a bold, yet fearless Christian Preacher of the great doctrines of Christian Perfection or Holiness of heart and life; without which no man can enter Heaven; or be *fully* armed and equipped for the conflict, which all who overcome by the blood of the Lamb must endure. I have often desired to pen a few of my thoughts to the readers of your pages; but as often have I shrunk back, knowing my unworthiness when compared with most of the writers in "The Guide." It must be, and is acknowledged, that your paper takes a stand in the front ranks of any other religious periodical in the U. S. or Europe, in respect to "*Perfect Love*." And its spirit and influence are very perceptible in the Churches on this coast.

Some professors are as sceptical, with respect to the possibility of their obtaining this state of holiness on earth, as thousands of *nominal Christians* are with respect to the "*New Birth*," or regeneration of the soul through living faith in Christ. In the unsearchable riches and wisdom of Christ there are lengths, depths and heights, to which Christians will never attain on this earth, nor in that bright world above. But should men on that account stand still? Should the child not learn its A B C, because it does not then understand Latin or Greek? From discoveries in geology and general explorations, and from all the lights of science, we perceive that all things in nature have been in a constant state of progression for countless ages in the past, all tending to a higher

condition, and hence towards perfection. Nothing stands still, nothing is annihilated. God's wisdom and holiness are offered for the guidance and acceptance of all men, and are suited to the capacity and condition of all intelligent persons on earth. And the fact of our ignorance and sinfulness should be no excuse from staying away from Christ; or coming as penitent believers at his feet, who knows all of our weakness and folly.

And if Sanctification be a high and excellent state or condition in the believer's experience; and hence, secondly, to his conversion, why faint at its great height? In ascending a high mountain we go up step by step. In arithmetic we begin with the numerals and progress upwards to the highest knowledge in mathematics. Progression commences with the babe, and continues on and upwards to the full-grown and strong man.

The babe in Christ loves and is beloved of Him; but it must grow and progress in all the things pertaining to the health and strength, and life of the soul. But the soul must have its daily food, and it must grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. Its entire holiness or sanctification is the will of God concerning it. Holiness and happiness are inseparable to all.

Pain and sorrows and death are the lot of all men here, but yet holy Christians cannot be truly miserable here. The martyrs in the fire were happy, while their tormenters were miserable. Regeneration perfected is sanctification begun. And both are apprehended by faith; both progress through faith. It is generally admitted that all persons who enter Heaven must be holy. And if so, why should Christians delay to attain to that exalted and safe state, in which they are fully ready to die, whenever the Master shall call, or fitted and ready to live? There is nothing which God requires of his saints, that are not for their own good here and hereafter. The yoke and cross of Christ sit much easier upon the sanctified person, than on him who is weak and stumbling. Why not then progress by God's aid, from the babe in Christ up and onwards till you can stand on Pisgah's top and see away into the promised land; and live in the land of Buehlah all the while, with your feet upon the neck of your old enemy, the

Devil; and your old Adam and the world crucified, and all your passions and affections brought into sweet subjection to the will of the blessed Jesus? This blissful progression is possible; it is reasonable; it is in strict accordance to all things in nature around us; and God never intended that we should live *at a poor dying rate*—starve for the bread of eternal life, and drag out a feeble and lean existence in the Christian life; but drink at his great fountain of love and holiness, and mount up as on eagle's wings, and run and not be weary, and walk and not faint. And if the Church wake up, and all her members go right up before them, the spiritual walls of Jericho would fall flat, at the shout of the holy ones, saved by grace through mighty faith. God is mightily moving upon the hearts of the people in all lands, and his children must shake themselves from lethargy and slumber; and, as workers together with Jesus, lay aside every weight and every sin, and move on in the holy warfare, conquering and to conquer in Jesus' name.

DAVID NEWSOM.

Salem, Oregon, Aug. 2, 1867.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE.

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at two and a half o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

DR. P.

We sang, "His blood avails for me." Do we all realize this? that His blood avails *now*? If so, then there need not one soul leave this place unsaved. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but through His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Can we doubt God's willingness to save when he has made provision for

doing so, and given us the command, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy?"

Most of those present are professors, Christians, called after the name of Christ. All can look back upon the hour of their conversion, when they were made royal heirs of God. How has it been in your past life? Have you always obeyed God? Some of you know that you have not been holy. But the past has gone never to be recalled, and it may be, the enemy now suggests, you have been so unfaithful, it will take a long time and much effort for you to be fully saved. Ah, we have no time to wait. Now is the day of salvation. To-morrow we may be in circumstances where it will be impossible for us to be saved. Do we believe that *now is the accepted time*? Has God to make any more provision for saving us than he has already made. If we had to do the work ourselves, we might have to wait, but *Jesus is to do it*, and he can do it now. His command is, believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved.

A member of the Friends Society, longing greatly for a higher experience in the divine life, went to a Methodist brother, and asked him many close questions as to experience. He replied, "I have given up working, and am letting Jesus do His work in me. It is God that worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Precious soul, if you would only take Jesus and let him work out His own will in you. Is He yours? He is heaven's gift to man. Gifts cannot be purchased, they are free, and can only be taken. Accept Christ now, and He will save you. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for such provision for poor worms of the dust.

BROTHER W.

This ship's company is safe, if Jesus is the captain. Put yourself into His hands, and all will be well. Some time since I was sailing up the St. Lawrence. The guide book spoke of the rapids, giving a description accompanied by a picture representing a boat passing over the third rapid. This picture made one feel even more than the description, that the undertaking was perilous, almost fool-hardy, and we began to question whether

it would not have been wiser to have gone through the canal around the rapids. We passed the first, then the second, but as we neared the third rapid (it was a stormy afternoon) we saw a wreck, a dead body floating near, which by no means increased our calmness. The passengers asked many questions. Why, do accidents happen often? Is it safe to pass through this way? One traveler replied, "There is no danger if we have the pilot on board." Some do attempt to cross alone and are dashed to pieces. By-and-by an old Indian will come on board who knows all about the rocky places, and will carry us safely over.

After awhile the boat moved slower, as if hesitating for something; then a whisper, it is the Indian; and quick as flash, agile as a young Indian, came that brown-faced fellow on board our vessel. What a wonderful calmness his presence produced. That strong arm which had taken hold of the wheel a thousand times before, took hold of it now, and we did go over the rapids safely.

To-day I have not a flow of joyous spirits. Sunday was a glorious day. You remember it was a day of storm, but I found it difficult not to call it sunshine. It was to me one of what we call "mountain days" of experience. To-day I am walking in the valley, but Jesus is with me. I am pressed with cares outside of self, yet with no personal anxiety.

Yesterday a resolution was presented at a certain meeting, which it was supposed would give offence to some. I thought—do what is to be done, do duty and leave consequences. The trouble with many of us is, we do too much calculating, figuring as to the results of our actions, when the truth is, we have little to do with consequences. We may round corners, cross angular points, to make it easier for ourselves, and gain nothing—find not smooth sailing, the sea is none the less tempestuous. We should be kind, but go on and do our duty. We have no time to spend in excuses, in soft, flattering words—duty calls and we should resolve, I will follow Jesus wheresoever He leads. The vessel in which Jesus sails may be tossed amid boisterous winds on stormy billows, but there is no going down with Him on board. By-and-by He will say, "Peace be still." This has been, and is, the experience of the saints of God,

and the Saviour will be ever repeating it as long as his people are tempest-tossed.

It seems to me there is no one who has had a stormier experience than mine has been, none a more boisterous Galilee, but I would say, not boastingly, that Jesus saves me fully. The storms, though angry, have been allayed—my soul has not been engulfed beneath the angry wave. I find rest in Christ, and to this, precious souls who are troubled, I invite you.

A SISTER.

In 1837, a nephew of mine was converted in St. George's church, Philadelphia. This awakened my curiosity to go to Methodist meeting. I went and heard Charles Pittman preach from the text, "Unto you that believe he is precious." Conviction seized my soul, and at the close of the sermon I went to the altar for prayer. There I was filled with peace, but did not think myself converted, because I was not inclined to praise the Lord with all my voice. My mother, who was a good, pure-hearted Christian, talked with me, and said, "Where is your burden?" It is all gone, but this cannot be conversion—I am only so peaceful, calm and placid. "Not so, child," mother replied, "be thankful for the crumbs."

I went home and retired—my heart was filled with blessing. I knew I was converted, but cried, "never will I rest till my whole heart is all praise; so full of love to God that there will be no more room for Satan." I had never heard of the doctrine of perfect love, not having read religious works, and knowing but little of the Bible, for, though my mother was a Christian, my heart had been in bitter enmity to religion; yet, as I lay thinking, passage after passage of Scripture came to my mind, making me long for more than I had received.

A night or two after, I again went to meeting and heard a discourse from the words—"Whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper." I thought, can it be that I am covering any sin? At the close of the sermon I hastened again to the altar where I had been previously blessed; my heart's prayer was that of an old colored woman of whom I had heard—"O Lord shake the devil's kingdom out of me." It was the night of December 20—snow and

ice upon the ground—but my garments were wet with perspiration, so great was the distress of my soul as I agonized in prayer before the Lord. It was suggested by the enemy, you will be killed in the conflict, then your husband will persecute these friends, these dear Christians. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," was the reply. Your husband and brother will think you deluded, crazy, will want nothing to do with you. "He that keepeth Israel will never slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper," whispered the Holy Spirit. It seemed as if a thunderbolt from heaven would destroy me for my temerity, but I cried—only take my soul, O my God. The power came, my soul was filled inexpressibly full of glory as the words were applied, "I will sprinkle you with clean water and ye shall be clean." They raised me to give thanks, for I had fallen under the weight of glory, but I could utter only a few words. For days the power remained. Some time after, a friend placed in my hand a copy of "The Guide to Holiness;" it was a great blessing to me. I loaned it to others; we had a meeting for the promotion of holiness, in which some were sanctified, some converted. In 1843 we moved to Memphis. There I rested, as I do now, in Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. He saves me now. My testimony has been lengthy. I have tried to condense it, and yet to tell how much God has done for me, as I promised him I would, if ever permitted to attend this meeting.

SISTER B.

I am so happy in Jesus here, what will it be to be with him there, in heaven. The past week I went into the country for a little while, it was so sweet to have Jesus with me—I cannot pretend to tell all the lessons he taught me, some of which came in very curious ways, but were very precious.

Thursday evening, I was riding with a brother; the sun was setting gloriously, and he stopped the horse for a moment that we might look around. He was not very spiritually minded, and probably had not the same impression from what he observed as I received, as pointing to a stream of water, he remarked, "Look at that little brook, it seems to be alive." I looked—it sparkled

beneath the rays of the sun as it went hastening onward. It did, indeed, seem a thing of life.

I did not then think of the lesson, which came to me afterward, with the words of Jesus to the Samaritan woman. "He would have given thee living water." O how I desired more of this "living water," and God has given it me. I am hastening onward. It seemed to me when I was converted I was called to earnestness. Mine was *conversion unto earnestness*. O, I would have my life glorious in its earnestness.

There is much that is simple in my experience. Jesus makes me happy, I said loud enough for myself only to hear, Jesus makes me so happy—O, I used to go to Jesus with a sad heart, and tell him, "I am so unhappy." But bless God, I can go to him now, and say, "I am so happy at last." He has made me happy. He is my love, my happiness, my joy.

SISTER L.

"No spot of guilt remains on me."

What strong language! Can I say, "Covered is my unrighteousness?" Yes! covered with love, infinite love. To-day I was impressed very joyfully while reading Isa. 51; 1.—about "good things to the meek." How simple the character. It seems as though any one could be meek.

While Brother W. talked about Jesus being our captain, I wondered if we have all taken him for ours. The peculiarity of my experience to day is a consciousness of being perfectly safe in Jesus, happy, so happy in him. Mine has ever been a happy experience. I have felt I knew so little that I left myself entirely at his disposal, and there rest, as the brother said, "Looking unto Jesus alone." That is the best remedy for vacillating. When we look to Jesus in temptation we are safe.

My soul has also rejoiced to-day in Isa. 61: 10. "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." He has done this for me, and I joy in him.

BROTHER A.

It is blessed to trust in the Lord, and work for him. It is not that we go forth to labor for souls, and ask the Lord to go with us, but Jesus says to us, "Come with me, and work for the salvation of sinners." While I have

been away in the Institute, I have been trying to do good. I desire to see five thousand souls converted before I go home to heaven; for this I am praying. I keep the names of those I have seen converted, and have forty-two at present. Among them is that of a little girl of fourteen years, who gave her testimony after she found Jesus, Religion is good if you get it in the right way, by coming to Jesus. If you doubt my word, come to him, and try for yourself.

The secret of happiness is working for Jesus. One of the greatest changes the Lord has wrought for me is in making me love missionary work, formerly I felt I could not do it, now it is my delight. I take the blessed word of Christ with me, and it has power. Sometimes I go into liquor stores. Two or three persons have been persuaded to come from these places to Jesus; this is but a small number, but I will not be discouraged.

Not long since, I went into a hotel, first praying, "Lord, use me as thy instrument of good in any way that pleases thee." Going into the room, I found five young men sitting in the centre, smoking, chewing, talking, and took my place among them. They talked awhile, then there was a pause, their theme was exhausted. I began singing:

"Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe."

When the hymn was finished, told them that is what Jesus has done for me, and asked if they knew anything about this Saviour. They were surprised to hear of such things in this place. I begged them to come to Jesus—and as there was to be a prayer meeting in the evening, invited them to attend. We held the prayer meeting; all of these young men were present; and three of them came to the altar, thus publicly seeking Jesus. They were converted that night.

The love of Christ constraineth me. I have given my all to him, yet every now and then I find something I must consecrate more fully. For instance, the other evening, I saw I must consecrate my tongue to God. I had been saying something frivolous—something in which there was no particular harm, there was also no good in it. I asked myself, would Jesus have said this? I think he would not, so I am resolved not to indulge in it.

Publisher's Corner.

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This little volume of 124 pages has passed rapidly through several editions in England. In less than one year several thousand were sold. The author, in her preface to the American edition, says:

"This little volume has passed rapidly through several English editions. Several thousands were issued during the first few months after its publication; and in view of this we will, in the language of the lovely subject of the sketch, say, 'It is all praise for Jesus,' In these days when fictitious religious characters are so redundant, it is due to say that the sketchings of this little volume are not in the least fictitious. Little did our lovely, intelligent young friend, familiarly called 'Our Sweet Mary,' imagine when she was accomplishing her brief life-career that her name would be thus perpetuated. She was enabled to confess Jesus in her young girlhood. While the writer was engaged in precious toils for the Master on the Isle of Wight, 1860, dear Mary was brought into a very near and close union with her Saviour, and by virtue of this union souls were attracted to the fairest among ten thousand and born into the kingdom of grace."

PRESENT TO MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND; or, Entire Devotion, 25th edition, by Mrs. Palmer.

Of this the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "A charming little present for the holidays, * * * A mere announcement of the work will be sufficient to lead many to supply themselves with it." The *Ladies' Repository* says: "This invaluable little work contains nearly double as much matter as the earlier editions. So widely is the beloved author known, that any words of explanation or recommendation would be superfluous." Plain, 40 cts.; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 60 cts.

THE USEFUL DISCIPLE; or, a Narrative of Mrs. Mary Gardner. By Mrs. PALMER.

This work has passed through several editions. The present is much improved, and forms really a beautiful volume of about two hundred pages. It has been republished in the Old World, and met a fine sale. An editorial notice in an English magazine reads thus: "The subject of this narrative was emphatically the daughter of affliction. Born in affluent circumstances, she was, in a very singular manner, made acquainted with experimental religion at an early age. The pictures that follow of her relapses, her rebellions, her recoveries, her usefulness, her faith, her piety, through scenes of affliction, bereavement, hardships, and privation, make up one of the most singular and interesting books of personal experience we have ever read." Published and for sale by Foster & Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House. Price, 65 cts.

Book Notices.

*All books noticed may be ordered of Foster & Palmer, Jr.,
14 Bible House.*

CASE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES; or the Canadian Itinerant's Memorial, constituting a Biographical History of Methodism in Canada, from its introduction into the Province, till the Death of the Rev. Wm. Case, in 1855; by Rev. JOHN CARROLL. Vol. 1st. Toronto. Published by Samuel Rose, Canada Wesleyan Book Concern.

Thus reads the title-page of a new and very interesting useful volume. It abounds in incidents and biographical sketches; throwing light on Canadian, and also, Methodism in the United States, as will make it a favorite on either side of the line. Perhaps we cannot give a better presentation of the design of the volume than by quoting from the excellent author, whom we take pleasure in ranking among our choice friends. Speaking of the design of the work he says: "It is not a history in the ordinary sense, much less a simple biography, nor a bundle of biographies; but a biographical history. The primary design of the work is to give a presentation of one particular public man, the Rev. William Case, and a secondarily one of all the Methodist ministers and preachers who have labored in the two Canadas from the past till the time to which the work comes down, all of whom we have, in one way or another, connected with Mr. Case. His life is the principal stream, and others are the tributaries. The several biographies thus combined, when completed, constitute a history of Canada Methodism from its plantation in the now United

[illegible]

The following Tracts in an attractive style: "My Son, give Me thine Heart;" "Serious Truths for Consideration;" "Full Assurance for the Children of God;" "The way of Salvation plainly set forth;" "Visible Union with the Church of Christ." Four of these tracts are from the pen of the Rev. F. J. Jobson, of the British Wesleyan Conference, which is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the tracts.

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

LITTLE NELLIE'S FAITH IN JESUS.

MRS. L. B. BALDWIN.

Nellie B. was a lovely child—always old for her years—and from early infancy religiously inclined.

Coming into my room one day she began to tell me about a thunder-storm which she had witnessed while with her parents on Kelly's Island, adding, that a little girl, her playmate, was afraid to go to bed because of the storm, and, said she, "I told her to pray to Jesus, and he would take care of her. That's the way I do, and I'm not afraid."

At another time she quietly approached, and taking a seat near me, commenced her little visit by saying, "I'll tell you, Ma," (she always called her own mother Mama), "I'll tell you, Ma, what I think"—I said, "well," and she continued, "I think it's best to be religious, and join the Church."

Brilliant in intellect, beautiful in face and form, she seemed but a visitant to earth, and when eight summers only were numbered, her large, dark eyes were closed in dreamless sleep, and Nellie was immortal.

Last Spring, in apparently buoyant health, she, with another little maiden, went out to gather "April Daisies," none guessing that those flowers, so joyously brought home, were to wither among the folds of her funeral dress. But so it was!

Returned with her flowers, she sat down to learn her lesson for next day's Sabbath-school, but the hand of the Destroyer was already grasping the "silver cord" of her beautiful earth-life, and vain were the efforts of fond parents, and skillful physicians to unloose the grasp; scarlatina developed itself, congestion of the brain ensued, and in a few hours the delicate clay house was in ruins—for the released spirit had flown to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

STREETSBORO, Ohio, 1867.

An example bears to a precept the same sort of relation as a picture to a description.

"THE LETTER."

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ, as a sinner's only refuge, by many, and by his own master among the rest, but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel by writing a note, asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and, holding up the note requesting him to come, said, "The letter! *The Letter!*" "Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you; and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, Sir! *Surely, Sir!*" replied James.

Well, see here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly:—"Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labour," &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasped his large red handkerchief with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he inquired—

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "*If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.*" This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "*He cannot deny Himself.*"

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS !

SOUTHERN AIR.

Harmonized by MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.




1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains O how I love



Je - sus; O how I love Je - sus; O how I love Je - sus, Be -



cause he first loved me How can I for - get thee How can I for



get thee, Lord? How can I for - get thee, Dear Lord remember me

Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1867.

For the Guide.

SUBDUED AT LAST.

"A Crown, but not the one prepared for me."

REV. D. DAILY.

Our brother gives a painful, and, as he says, a chequered experience. The trainings of grace with him reminds us of the admonitory words of Paul, "After ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, settle, strengthen you." How many by their slowness to learn, bring upon themselves Providential inflictions. To such our brother's experience will be a word in season.

Eds.

In reading the pages of the "Guide to Holiness," from time to time, my soul is often blessed, comforted and solaced, particularly while reading over the experiences of those, who have reached that blessed state of heavenly knowledge, and who can say, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." This has led me to pen a few jottings of my past experience, as I think one so chequered and redundant in every point, with the great mercy of God, may tend to inspire some, at least, to press forward and not "weary in well doing," and perhaps it may be read by some with interest. I am now an old man and am feeble in body; my memory is somewhat weak, but I will endeavor to be brief with what I can remember of it. I feel very anxious in my declining days, to leave some small testimony as to the power and willingness of our blessed Saviour to "Cleanse from all sin," and purify the heart even of the most unworthy and disobedient of all his children, if they only yield to be saved by grace divine.

I was born in the year 1803, in the city of New York, my father at that time was foreman in the blacksmithing department of an extensive ship-yard in that city. In this same year the yellow fever broke out with fearful violence, and struck the whole city with terror. The proprietor of the ship-yard being away from the city on business during the raging of the fever, consequently my father could not seek that shelter from the disease, in the pure air of the country, which thousands did, so he ventured to send my mother and her two babes, home to her parents, who at that time resided in Dutchess Co., N. Y. It was the last time my father and mother ever met and parted on earth, for only a few days passed by when my mother received a letter from a friend in the city, that my father became a victim to the fever and was dead. This was a terrible stroke upon my poor mother. She did not return again for nearly a year after this sad event, and then on her return to the city; not a vestige of my father's property could be traced, consequently she was thrown upon a cold world with two orphan babes. At the age of five years I was sent to live with a great-uncle then living in Canada West. I remained with him for five years; my mother then took me from him, and at this early age was sent adrift on the ocean of life to seek my own living. Young and inexperienced as I was, I saw the many and varied wicked influences with which I was surrounded, and no kind hand to lead me to the cross. Yet bless the Lord, he proved to be a father to the

fatherless. I was at this time living in sin. Often have I sat down and wept most bitterly, after being in the company of boys who had happy homes and living parents, while I had no home, no father's house to go to. But in after life I have seen some of those same lads sink into dishonored graves and no hope of heaven.

At the age of thirteen, I first entered a Methodist prayer-meeting, and up to this time had heard only one Methodist sermon. But in seeking the Lord, I found him precious to my soul; for He met me, and there poured out his pardoning grace in the forgiveness of all my sins. I was then enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour. Persecution for the first time assailed me in a very formidable manner. I was the only lad in the neighborhood who professed to love the Lord, and young people around me were wicked in the extreme. I had to contend with very much. But in the midst of all this, I found the Lord to be my help and protector in every hour of trial and peril, and by his grace I was enabled to stand firm. Very soon my young and untutored mind was wonderfully drawn out to preach the Gospel. Wherever I was alone, in the fields, or in the woods, there would I by proclaiming Christ's wondrous love to save poor sinners; for my heart was full of gladness, and I wanted to

"Tell what a dear Saviour I had found."

But as I grew older, I began to look at the greatness of the work involved upon a Minister of the Gospel. It seemed I was called by the divine Spirit to preach, but when I saw its responsibilities, my mind rose up in total opposition to it. Yet my convictions became so strong on the subject, that my rest fled from me.

It was not that I desired to flinch or escape the designs of my Heavenly Father in this respect. Sometimes I thought it was one of the wiles of the enemy of my soul to destroy me. The result of my soul trifling, I lost my religion, and remained in that wretched state for two or three years, when I was again reclaimed at the age of seventeen. Soon the same impressions came upon me again, to "go

and preach the Gospel," but at this time they came with greater force than before, and still I resisted the divine call, and could not think that it was the field in which I was to labor. My continual plea was, that I was a poor ignorant boy, uneducated, even in the rudiments of my mother tongue, and destitute of any qualifications whatever to fit me for the work which lay open before me.

About this time I had a very remarkable dream. I thought I was on my way to an appointment to speak for Jesus, and it seemed, as I was riding along, that I was brooding over my poor qualifications and my ignorance, my want of education, and my inability for the task assigned me, and as I looked up, I saw the Saviour descend from the clouds with the wings of an eagle. He rested as it were upon the horse behind me, and said "Go, and I will go with you." I went, and he went with me. I opened my mouth, and He filled it, and he preached through me. I awoke and felt that this was a sufficient evidence for me. But soon this evidence wore away. I was lead to treat it only as a dream, but to drive my impressions away was out of my power. Some of my friends questioned me on the subject. I refused to give them any satisfaction. Soon I grew cold. Refused to pray in prayer-meeting, and again I lost my religion and became awfully miserable. At this time I concluded to emigrate to the United States and settled down midst strangers. I went to the city of Schenectady, but though I left Canada, I could not get rid of the serious impressions so deeply rooted in me. They followed me in a very powerful manner. In that city I met a gentleman, a merchant, a friend of my father's in his life-time, though I was an entire stranger to him, yet for my poor father's memory he offered to educate, clothe and board me; but no! even this I refused. I had a strong desire to finish my trade, that being one of my principal objects.

To be continued.

It is not the varnish upon a carriage that gives it motion or strength.

HOLINESS, ITS SOURCE.

REV. D. NASH,

"Now ye are clean thro' the word which I have spoken unto you." John xv. 3

Our Lord and Saviour evidently refers here to the sanctifying influence which His doctrine and teaching had exerted upon his disciples. Evangelical truth is purifying and transforming. It reveals the hideousness and deformity of sin in a manner fitted to awaken detestation against it and to produce abandonment of it; it discloses the great realities of another life; it exhibits God in the effulgence of his holiness, heaven in its unstained purity, and the terrible condemnation which awaits the impenitent sinner; it sets before us the fountain that has been open for sin and uncleanness; it is connected with the energy of the Eternal Spirit, but it does this, not independently of Christ, but through him.

He gives to His own truth all its vital and sanctifying efficacy. "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." It *reveals Christ*, and by unfolding Him in His transcendent loveliness, and His suitableness to our wants, the soul is drawn into fellowship with Him and is made a partaker of His holiness. Now, holiness which is the rectitude of the soul, its strength and beauty, is a blessing of unspeakable dignity and value. It is *life, liberty and peace*. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death," (Rom. viii. 2.) It elevates to the noblest life, the life of fellowship with God. It calms the tumultuous passions of the soul, harmonizes what is discordant, and diffuses an unutterable serenity through the inner man, which outward storms and changes cannot destroy. It is the very element of bliss and enjoyment. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace," (Rom viii. 6.) To know that God loves me, to have the consciousness of His love in my heart, and to feel the glow and pulsation of returning love; to know that I am to Him an object, not only of compassion but of complacency; to know that to fit me for the brightest of all worlds is an endeared enterprise with Him, in which He never tires; to know

that if I humbly co-work with Him, He will bear me to the highest point in the universe, and will never rest until in the very prodigality of benign benevolence He says, "Son thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine." This, this is *life*. Those who are spiritually minded become exquisitely sensitive to the presence of God. Lines of sympathy are established between the believing soul and God, along which flow continually peace and joy. No wonder that the peace of the sanctified believer, is a peace that passes all understanding, for it is a great wave from the infinite ocean of peace. No wonder that his joy is unspeakable, because it wells up from the fountain-head of all joy, in the heart of God. No longer is there forgetfulness of God. The desire of the soul is to the name of God, and to the remembrance of Him. See how life and peace are combined in the true believer, a life and peace which expands beneath the genial, fertilizing rays of the Spirit of God.

Inward holiness is the soul's health, as holiness the seed of sin's disease is expelled from the moral nature. Vigor and beauty succeed to weakness and deformity. A divine loveliness adorns the soul, not always perceived and appreciated by the vulgar and carnal, but having a real existence notwithstanding. It is God's own image impressed upon the renovated nature. Holiness is the brightest ornament with which human nature can be adorned. The blaze of jewelry, the adornments of attire are not to be compared with it; these are coarse and vulgar things, fit only for fools to admire. The beauty of the face, the hue of the complexion and the gracefulness of the form, are not to be mentioned with holiness, they are mere surface ornaments, soon to fade or perish, and even intellectual accomplishments are unworthy of a comparison with holiness. The blaze and glitter of the one will at no distant period be eclipsed in the shadows of the sepulchre and the darker gloom of hell, if they are not sanctified by the grace of God, but the other will survive all changes and calamities, will outlive the dissolution of the heavens and the earth, will emerge

in splendor from the ashes of the universe, and will flourish fair, beautiful and immortal in the paradise of God.

Let all the readers of the "Guide," seek holiness in communion with the Triune God, and they "shall be Crowns of Glory in the hand of the Lord, and royal diadems in the hand of their God."

SOUTHPORT, Conn.

CHRIST OUR TEACHER.

REV. JAMES MUDGE.

When of the world I am weary,
Worn with its sorrow and sin,
When all endeavor seems futile,
Souls for the Master to win;
How may I labor with patience?

Whither for strength can I turn?
Sweet fall the words of the Saviour,
"Sit at my feet and learn."

When an impetuous spirit
Prompts me with harshness to speak,
Chiding severely the erring,

Giving offense to the weak;
When rises fretful rejoinder,
Words that would fester and burn,
How, blessed Lord, shall I help it?
"Sit at my feet and learn."

Pride, with insidious footstep,
Steals on my heart unaware;
Trusting in self I am vanquished,
Driven well nigh to despair.
Oh! that I might gather wisdom,
Deeply my folly discern!
What say'st thou, O meek Redeemer?
"Sit at my feet and learn."

Oft I am rocked by the tempest;
Earthly foreboding and dread
Whelm me beneath their wild billows,
Cover with anguish my head;
Fain would I rest from commotion,
Knowing no care or concern:
Can I attain it, dear Jesus?
"Sit at my feet and learn."

Grant, tender Shepherd, to fold me
Safe in thy bosom to rest;
Let all the mind that was in thee,
Firm on my heart be impressed.
Banish the burden and weeping,
Never again to return;
While I, thy words of grace keeping,
Sit at thy feet and learn."

For the Guide.

COMMUNION WITH JESUS.

H. MATSON.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." And even thus, does the Infinite One now speak to his people. To every one who has cut off the right hand that offended; who has separated himself from the world, and chosen Jesus alone; unto such an one the Lord does and will speak "face to face, and as a man speaketh to his friend."

The fact is no less wonderful, than when Moses was called up into the mount, and there beheld the brightness of God's glory; but the sacrifice of Christ, has made it universal, extending to all who have complied with the simple conditions which have been made. In all ages of the Church, God has favored his people, with direct, open communion with himself. Jacob wrestling at Penial—Moses upon the mount—the vision of Isaiah—and the sweet, trusting intimacy of David. These are instances, with many others, throughout the whole Scriptures, until we come to the beloved disciple, unto whom in his last days were revealed such great things, that the record of it is called, by way of eminence, "The Revelation." And since then, what an innumerable company, who have lived and died in the Lord, of whom it may be said, "The Lord spake unto them face to face."

And how barren must be a Christian's life, who has none of these precious communings with Jesus; who, after the words of peace, and forgiveness of sins, are first spoken, hear no more that blessed voice, but settle down into a life of formality and inactivity; thinking to live always upon the single blessing once bestowed. As well might we think to receive light and warmth from the sun that shone a year ago, but is since withdrawn from us. No, it is a present, daily, loving, intimacy with Jesus that the soul craves. For this it hungers, yea, panteth after, "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

Jesus—Jesus only, is the soul's cry, and until he comes and fills the soul,

there is an emptiness, which cannot be described. This famine of the soul; this intense hungering after God; and panting for living streams, always precede an enlargement of soul; an abundant blessing, for "then shall ye find me, when ye seek for me with all the heart."

And this *finding of Jesus*. Ah! who can tell what it is. Rev. John Fletcher has said that "the tongues of men and angels want proper words to express the sweetness and glory with which the Son of God visits the souls of those who cannot rest without him." Neither angels nor men can describe how God communicates himself to the willing soul. We cannot tell of the overshadowings of his presence—of the profound quiet into which our souls are hushed, nor of the sacred awe that rests upon us. But we "speak that we do know and testify that we have seen," when we say that here on earth is given us a foretaste of glory; that, however, begins in our souls when the baptism of the Holy Ghost is received. Then is revealed to our wondering hearts things unutterable—then righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, flow as rivers through the soul. This is fulness of joy—yea, an overflowing measure, which we can by no means contain. O! it is wonderful, that Jesus thus visits us; filling the room with his glory; gilding the walls with his brightness, and rendering the place a very Bethel. In the still watches of the night, He comes to us in the early dawn, and at noon-day we are still resting and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.

And thus does Jesus come to each one who *forsaketh all that he hath*; who, in the precious blood of Christ, cleanseth himself "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Unto such only is this close communion granted, for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" is as truly verified in this present life as in that which is to come. O! that all who bear the precious name of Christ could indeed know of the abidings of his presence. One who had known much of God

while here, said, when on his dying bed, "I have been better acquainted with Jesus than with any other friend." Blessed testimony, how soon would it be ere "the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," if all who profess Jesus had such an acquaintance with him.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, Ohio.

For the Guide.

"WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?"

REV. E. DAVIES.

These are the precious words of Jesus, to the man who lay at the pool of Bethesda, waiting for the troubling of the waters, with no one to help him in. For thirty and eight years he had been afflicted, and the Great Physician looked upon him with infinite tenderness, and asked him the gracious question, "*Wilt thou be made whole?*" And me thinks I can see the same adorable Redeemer looking down with gracious compassion, and saying to every sin-sick soul, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The word *ugieys*, rendered whole, means well in health, and may be used in reference to the body or the soul. We would use it in the latter sense, and in the name of our Master who has infinite power and skill, we ask the gentle reader, "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Wilt thou be restored to perfect spiritual health?"

1. To the perfection of all the Christian graces, to perfect faith, perfect love, perfect peace, perfect joy, perfect patience, and perfect humility. Your past experience tells you that those graces are not perfected in you; your humility has been mixed with pride; your faith with unbelief; your patience with irritation; your peace has not been settled and abiding, and your joy has often turned to sorrow. Now, my dear reader, will you allow the blessed Jesus to enter your heart and inspire you with an implicit faith, and fill you with a peace passing understanding, and make you complete in all the will of God. O, what a blessing awaits thee!

2. To be made whole means that every faculty of the soul should be sanctified to God; the understanding filled

with holy light; the conscience filled with holy sensibility, the slightest touch of sin to feel; the imagination pervaded and filled with holy conceptions; the memory filled with divine recollections; the affections filled with holy love, and the will filled with sweet submission to the will of God. Wilt thou in these respects be made whole?

But I hear you inquiring, "Can I be made whole?" Yes, verily! you may be made whole. Jesus is able to accomplish the mighty work. There is nothing in the nature of God or in your nature to prevent it. And there is no lack of virtue in the blood of Christ, or in the energy of the Holy Spirit. The precious blood can fully cleanse, and the Holy spirit can fully sanctify. O, doubt no more? It can be done. The prayers and promises of the Bible declare it. The blessed experience of thousands declare it can be done. How desirable it is that you should be cured fully of all your moral diseases. How desirable to be cleansed from all sin, which in nature and principle is rebellious; from that which turned angels into devils and hurled them down to eternal damnation, and, alas! which has sent so many souls to the abyss of woe. How desirable to have your whole nature brought into blessed harmony with God; that you should bear His image and reflect His glory.

But I hear you inquire, "How can I be made whole?"

1. Are you fully convicted of your need of it, that you must be made holy or never see God. You must have a penetrating and abiding conviction of its necessity.

2. You must fully resolve, at any expense of effort or sacrifice, that you will be made whole, that you will rest short of nothing less.

3. You must make an entire consecration to God of the members of your body; the faculties of your soul; the whole of your property, talents, time, influence and interests, for time, and for eternity. Thus you will become *strictly honest*, and render to God *all* that belongs to him. And when you have made the entire sur-

render and your whole sacrifice really touches the altar, Then

4. With the most implicit and child-like confidence, you must confide in the promise of him who cannot lie, and say, "Thou canst. Yea, thou *dost* save. Thou dost this moment make me whole. I am saved this precious moment through faith in His all atoning blood." The simple, all confiding faith, claims this moment the perfect cure. Is it not so? Do you not this moment feel the healing power? Then praise God for a *present and full* salvation.

But the doubting one says, "I wish I could be made whole, but my heart is peculiar and my circumstances are not like others, and my temptations are very strong. Can I be made whole?" The Master says: "Wilt thou be made whole?"

"I am unworthy, and I have been unfaithful, and I have once been made whole." These things and many more may be all true. Still Jesus says to each, "Wilt thou be made whole?" This moment, without the least reserve, cast yourself at his sacred feet, and look up into his loving face, and with a confiding heart say, "Yea Lord, I would at this moment be made whole." So shalt thou prove the complete efficacy of his saving power.

For the Guide.

SAVED BY DIVINE GRACE.

EXPERIENCE OF A PRESBYTERIAN LADY.

Desirous of doing something for the honor and glory of my blessed Saviour who hath loved us and washed us in His own precious blood from our sins, I thought I would contribute to "The Guide" a portion of my experience, that others might know of the goodness of God to me.

Thirty-six years ago, in the village of —, I had the happy privilege of attending what was then called a "Four Days Meeting," in the Presbyterian Church, which, I think, was then the only church in the place. There I was invited to take the anxious seat, and there I gave my heart to Christ, and

to Him I ascribe all the praise. O, how precious my Saviour was to me, the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. Man nor Satan could not make me believe that I was not justified. I enjoyed much of my heavenly Master's presence for a long time. But not having the means of grace that I needed to keep the love of God continually burning on the altar of my heart, alas, like many others in the church, I allowed pride, and the spirit of the world to grieve the Holy Spirit away.

Eleven years afterward I had the privilege of hearing Revs. Messrs. Hill and Belden preach at a protracted meeting in the Congregational Church of the same village, on consecration and entire sanctification. It appeared to me but reasonable that I should consecrate all to God, and believe for purity of heart. They explained this doctrine so clearly and pointedly that I was enabled through grace to consecrate myself and all I had to Christ. Then I enjoyed much of the divine presence, but not having any one to confess it to, and hearing many say, "No one can believe what those ministers preach," (referring to Bros. H. and B.) I neglected to keep all on the altar, and thus brought leanness to my soul, yet I have ever felt the necessity of just such a work of grace.

Through several years I sought it by my own works, reading books that I had procured, and otherwise trying to make myself worthy of that great blessing.

At length I heard Rev. Mr. McLean, a Methodist, preach frequently on perfect love, and through faith I sought it again, believing that though my sins were as scarlet, yet Christ's blood could make them white as snow. I promised, if he would give me the witness he accepted me, I would do every duty, take up every cross, and its "crucifixion bear." I was like doubting Thomas; but Christ enabled me to see him on the cross, bleeding, groaning, and dying for unworthy me, and bid me put my fingers in the print of his nails, and thrust my hand in his side, that I might not be faithless but believing. I now bless his holy name I have that love the world

cannot give or take. How easy it is to trust in Christ, and believe the promises of His word which in no regard whatever shall ever fail. Glory be to God I am enabled to keep all on the altar. I can say I love the Lord with all my heart. I live not unto, but above the world. I have a friend to lean upon when all friends fail. When I have been called to part with near and dear ones, I have been enabled to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." Those who have gone over the river of death, and those who remain have been given up to God, and He is able to keep all I commit to His care. O, how sweet to trust in Jesus! Reader do not delay to give yourself up to Him who has done so much for you. He shed His own precious blood that we may be saved, not in our sins, but from all our sins. Glory be to God for such a free and full salvation. Nothing will satisfy my soul but this that I am owned and accepted of Christ. Dear reader, if you are young, do not bury your talent as I have done, but use it to the glory of God, that you might gain other talents. Do not hang your harp upon the willows, but may the Lord ever help you to have it tuned to his praise. Ever walk in the light as he is in the light; if not, we must bring darkness on our own souls, and great will be that darkness. May your light shine that others may glorify your Father in heaven. O, dear reader, shall we not begin the song here on earth that we shall sing around our Father's throne in glory? O that we may sink deeper, that we may rise higher, rise to all the life of God. My soul is lost in wonder, love, and praise. When I think of His goodness to me, my prayer is that I may be one with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: then I shall be prepared to honor and glorify him. Then shall I be a fit temple for his indwelling. "If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." What a rich inheritance is this for all who faithfully love and serve our heavenly Father, and obey all his commandments!

H.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE
JEWES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES,
BY THEIR FRIEND,

PROF. ROY, OF BROOKLYN.

דברו אל כל עדת ישראל לאמר

Speak to all the Congregation of Israel, and say:

שמע ישראל

ישוע בן דוד משיח אמת

"Hear, O Israel," Jesus the Son of David is the true Messiah.

About the time Christ was born, a general opinion prevailed all over the Roman Empire, that a prince should be born in the East who should have universal dominion. (*Tacitus.*) This was the Prince of Peace. At the time of his birth there came *inspired men* from the East, saying, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him." These were holy men and prophets, and well versed in the Scriptures, or they would not have worshipped him; for God commanded them to do it, and you and I have to do the same.

At his birth, Herod and all Jerusalem were greatly excited or troubled. The Jews believed the time had now come for their deliverance from the Roman yoke, and Herod meant to kill the young prince, lest he should become king of the Jews; and to accomplish his purpose, he murdered two hundred little children, and his own son (through mistake) among the rest. But both Herod and the Jews were deceived in his character. His kingdom was not temporal but spiritual, a kingdom of peace on earth and good will to men. Luke ii. 14.

You admit that Jesus was a good and a great man. If such, he could not be a deceiver, nor a false prophet. He was your brother according to the flesh, and the greatest, best, and holiest Jew that ever lived. You should therefore love and serve him. If a Gentile, the world would have worshipped him. Hear then his own words, and what the persons who knew him personally say of him.

"Before Abraham was," says he, "I am." "He rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it (by faith) and was glad;" and

you may see it in the same way. John viii. 56.

He declared himself to be the Son of God by his resurrection from the dead, and also by raising a dead man to life after he had been buried four days. Matt. xxvii. 63, 64; John xi. 44. None but God himself could do this.

"To him gave all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth in him should receive the pardon of all their sins;" and Abraham your father declares that "if you believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would you believe though one rose from the dead;" and Christ says, "he that rejects me and my words, shall be condemned at the last day." John xii. 48. "He came," John says, "to his own, but his own received him not; but as many as received him (of both Jews and Gentiles), to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them who believed on his name." John i. 11. Paul observes, "Great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." 1 Tim. iii. 16. Before this man (Paul) got converted, he persecuted the Christians unto death; but when Jesus appeared to him out of heaven, and cried out, in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" he exclaimed with astonishment, "Who art thou, Lord?" And he replied, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest!" He then fell like a dead man to the earth, and neither ate nor drank for three days, until God converted him. He was then willing to die, and did die, for the name of Jesus. He was beheaded by Nero, and thousands died martyrs for the name of Jesus under this wicked and barbarous Emperor; and the more the Christians were persecuted, the more popular they became, until finally the Roman Empire embraced Christianity.

While on earth he taught the religion of Moses, the (Torah) law and the prophets, and he declared "he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it." Matt. v. 17. And he wept over the wicked-

ness of the people. "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" says he, "thou that hast killed the prophets, and stoned my messengers whom I have sent unto you, how oft would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not come to me; but now these things are forever hid from thy view; and behold, thy house (temple) is left desolate unto you." Matt. xxiii. 37, 38. You are afraid of persecution if you should become a Christian; recollect "that he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart in the spirit, and not in the letter (or flesh), whose praise is not of men, but of God." And he who is not willing to give up all for Christ's sake, cannot be his disciple.

We shall now prove from Jews, Gentiles, and Christians, his friends and enemies that he is the true Messiah. Josephus (A-ye-hoo-de) says:—"He was a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; a just and upright man, a doer of many wonderful miracles. He drew over to him a vast number of Jews and Gentiles. He was the Christ."—Josephus, Antq., Book 18, Chap. 3.

Pontius Pilate pronounced him a just and holy man, and washed his hands out of his innocent blood. And the Jews said, "His blood be on us and on our children." Matt. xxvii. 24, 25.

The Jews of America would not, I am sure, do this. They are a far better generation of men, more wise, pious, and learned.

Josephus declares Jerusalem at that time to be more wicked than even Sodom and Gomorah; and if Titus, says he, had not destroyed it, God would himself do it with fire and brimstone from Heaven."

Isaiah declares that Jesus of Nazareth (Yith-tain eth re-sha-im) *gave himself up to the ungodly*, but (kiv-ro we-eth) *his sepulchre* (a-sher be-mo-thav) *was with the rich in his death* (Joseph of Aramathea), because (lo-ha-mas a-sah) *he had done no injustice* (mir mah be-piv) and there was no deceit in his mouth. Isa. liii. 9.

"He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and

separate from sinners, and exalted above the heavens." Heb. vii. 26. And Luke, the physician, assures us that "God hath exalted him with his right hand (like Joseph) to be a prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to his people Israel." Acts v. 31. And the Jews themselves admit that "he was a great and good man." If such, he would not be a blasphemer, for he called himself the Son of God, and pronounced forgiveness of sins in his own name. Luke v. 21; John x. 36.

The Talmud gives the whole history of his death and suffering, and the hour of the day in which he was crucified. The hour in which Christ was crucified (bain ha-ar-ba yim), "between the two evenings," 3 o'clock, P. M.; also the names of his disciples, and his wonderful miracles. Tal. Bab. Shan. Chap. vi. 4, fol. 43. Here it is, from the "Journal of Commerce":—

THE SENTENCE PASSED ON THE SAVIOUR.

A correspondent of the *Notes and Queries* writes:

Can any of your correspondents inform me whether the enclosed extract from the *Kölnische Zeitung* is based on sound authority, and what that authority is? also, where and when was this *Kölnische Zeitung* published?

CORRECT TRANSCRIPT OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED AGAINST JESUS CHRIST.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the journal *Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now I am not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

PONTIUS PILATE, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the Presidential seat of the Prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, be-

tween two robbers. As the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove—

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy of the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude of people carrying palms in their hands.

Orders the first centurian, Quibilius Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are—

1. DANIEL ROBANI, Pharisee.
2. JOHN ZOROBABEL.
3. RAPHAEL ROBANI.
4. CADET.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournai.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commissaries of art in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. DENON had a *fac simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord HOWARD, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.

ANTIQUARIAN CURIOSITY.—On the 24th ultimo we copied from a German paper an extract purporting to give an account of the trial of our Saviour before Pontius Pilate, and his crucifixion, all of which was said to have been transcribed from a brazen tablet supposed to be a thousand years old, found in the kingdom of Naples, Italy. The German editor remarks that this inscription was never before in print, which is undoubtedly a mistake. Our attention has been called to Dr. Roy's Hebrew Dictionary, published in the year 1848, giving a full narration of these facts, from the Jewish Talmud, Jerus. Schab., fol. 14. 14. Tal. Babyl. Sanh., fol. 107, 2.

Tract. Avoda. Sara. fol. 16. The whole is translated in Dr. Roy's Hebrew Lexicon, pages 373-4, and forms an historical reminiscence of great interest, being substantially the same with the ancient inscription referred to above.

We come now to what the *inspired tongue*, or Scriptures, say of him. The first prophecy of him is in Genesis (Be rai shith), chap. iii. 18. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, destroy his (the devil's) power and dominion over all men." The *na-chash* means the devil, and not a serpent. He did not come to bruise the head of a serpent, literally. See Rom. xvi. 20; Rev. xx. 2. "Hence, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him who hath the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 14, 15.

Isaiah (Ye-sha ya-hoo) refers to this promise—"The virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Im-ma-nu-ail—God in our nature." Is. vii. 14.

This very Son was Jesus of Nazareth, Matt. i. 23. הַעֲלָמָה (ha al-mah) means the virgin foretold; from עָלַם (a-lam), the lad, boy of fourteen or fifteen, add the (ה) hay to it, and it means a girl of the same age. If not a virgin, Esther was not such. Esth. ii. 7. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is a remarkable prophecy of the death, suffering, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and will apply to no other person but him. Acts viii. 35. Isaiah did not, or no other person, die for the sins of the whole world, verse 6, but for his own sins. Isaiah did not atone for sin, but Jesus Christ did. V. 15. Isaiah did not lay down his life for sinners, and take it again; but Jesus did do it. John x. 17. "He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." But there is still a more remarkable prophecy in Isaiah of him, chap. ix. 6. This prophecy cannot refer to David nor Hezekiah. David was a prince of war and bloodshed, and Hezekiah was not A-ve-ad, the eternal Father. "A child shall be born to us

(in Bethlehem of Judea.) A son shall be given to us (by Elohim) and the government (of the upper and lower worlds) shall be on his shoulder, and his name shall be pe-le yo-aitz, the miraculous counsellor, minister, advocate, the all-wise, all-powerful, and everywhere present prophet, priest and king, ail giv-bor. The God man, a-ve ad. The Eternal Father, sar-shalom. The Prince of Peace who conquered the world *by love* and not by war and bloodshed. He had no army or navy, no men or money, powder or ball, sword or pistol, rifle or cannon, and yet he brought the whole world into subjection, but it was by pure love, and can you, my dear brethren, reject and despise him as your fathers did? God forbid. You may be ashamed of *your sins*, but not of *his sufferings*. He came to save and not to destroy life. "My kingdom, says he, is not of this world, if it were, my subjects would fight for me that I should not be delivered to the Jews," John xviii. 36. Your fathers rejected him because he did not come with pomp and splendor as a king, and at the head of a vast army to deliver them from the power of the Romans. Oh, no; but "he came meek and lowly, riding on an ass into Jerusalem;" but when he appears a second time it will not be with a crown of thorns on his head as at Pontius Pilates' bar, but a crown of glory; "He will come with ten thousand of his holy angels to take vengeance on the wicked, and on all them who will not obey his holy gospel, and they shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of God, and the glory of his power for ever." "Therefore, worship the Son lest he should be angry with you, and you perish from the way when his wrath is inflamed but a little. Blessed are all they that trust in him." Ps. 2. 6.

The third prophecy is in Gen. (be rai-shith) chap. xlix. 10. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a governor from between his feet until Shiloh (Ma-she-ach) come, and to him the people shall be subject." When Jesus of Nazareth came into the world both the civil and the religious power had de-

parted from the Jewish nation. The priests exclaimed: "We have no power to put any man to death." John xviii. 31. And we have no king but Cæsar, and what is very remarkable, Pontius Pilate believed him to be such and wrote his title: "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," verse 19. This was as much as his life was worth if Cæsar had known it; but God Almighty caused him to do it, and he could not resist it. Acts xiii. 46. Here then Pilate published his real character to the whole world, that of the spiritual king of the Jews.

The fourth prophecy is in Deut. (de-va-rim) xviii. 15. "The Lord thy God shall raise up to thee a prophet like unto me (a man) him shall ye obey, and whosoever shall not obey him and my words which he shall declare in my (God's) name shall be cut off." He was therefore superior to Moses for the people disobeyed his commands and were not cut off; but the nation who would not hearken to Jesus was destroyed by the Roman army. You are now without a city, nation, prophet, priest or king; without a temple, altar or sacrifice; despised and rejected of men, yet the set time to favor Zion has come. The Rabbins say that until Gog and Magog are destroyed the Messiah will not come; but Gog and Magog your worst enemy is subdued, therefore, "the (go-a-le) redeemer will now come out of Zion, and turn ungodliness away from Jacob." Amen!

The fifth prophecy of Jesus of Nazareth is in Ps. (the-ha-lim) chap. xxii. 16. "They shall pierce my hands and my feet, they shall divide my garments among them, and cast lots for my vesture, all of which has been literally fulfilled in reference to Jesus. Matt. xxvii. 35.

The sixth prophesy of him is in Job (e-yov) chap. xix. 25. "I know that my (go-a-le) redeemer liveth, and in the latter day he shall stand on the earth, and after my body is consumed I shall see Elohim made of my flesh, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not a false redeemer, though

my reins be consumed within me." When Christ was crucified "the rocks were rent, the graves opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and went into the holy city and appeared unto many." Job no doubt was among them, and this was the time he saw God in his flesh. This is called the First Resurrection.

The seventh prophecy of him is Zech. (ye-char-yah) chap. xi. 12, 13, 14. "They shall weigh out for my price thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord said, they shall cast them into the Potters' field, and they did do it, Matt. xxvii. 35; and after this was done the prophet declares "that the bands of brotherhood between Judah and Israel should be broken or utterly destroyed," and they never have been united since.

The eighth and last prophecy of him is in Daniel, chap. ix. 26. He was the most wise and learned of all the prophets except Isaiah. He puts the matter beyond all doubt, that the time for the Messiah to appear is past 1867 years since. "After sixty-two weeks shall the Masheach be cut off;" but, says he, "not for his own sins, but for the sins of the people." (See Isaiah liii. 11.) And after this *the little horn* (young prince,) *Titus Rasha*, the heathen man idolater (Paul calls him the man of sin, 2 Thess. chap. ii. 3,) shall besiege Jerusalem, destroy the mighty and the holy people, cast down the sanctuary, cause the daily sacrifice to cease for ever, and take the captives back (as Moses foretold) into Egypt to be sold for slaves." Deut. xxviii. 68. The wickedness of that generation was so very great that Elohim destroyed them for it. Isaiah i. 21, 22, 23, 24.

Now then, can Jerusalem ever be built again with the holy temple; and can the daily sacrifice and the priesthood, and the scattered tribes be restored; and if the Messiah should now appear in Jerusalem would the Jews or the majority of them return there and live under the Messiah? You say, "no, this is our country, we will live and die here with our wives and families." Well, my brethren, you need not go to Jeru-

alem to see him, for he is here, "where two or three," says he, "are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" to bless them." Matt. xviii. 19, 20. Amen!

For the Guide.

HARVEST TIME.

BY MISS A. MILLS.

Lord of the harvest help me,
Some sheaves, to gather in,
O! give me souls for Jesus,
From the broad fields of sin.
I'll bear the heat and burden,
Of all life's harvest day,
In strength divine I'll glory,
Nor faint along the way.

With love, O! let me gather
From childhood's happy throng,
Such as are learning early
To chant redemption's song.
I'll bring them to my Saviour,
An offering, pure and bright,
Such gained his earthly blessing,
And gem his crown of light.

Help me to pluck the erring
From ways that lead to death,
I'll tell them of the gladness,
In wisdom's pleasant path;
I'll bear the scoffs and jesting
Of those in Satan's snares,
And seek anon to pluck them
From place among the tares.

O! for this mission fit me,
Let me be pure within,
Give the divine anointing,
And free me from all sin,
And then in Heaven crown me,
Grant me a robe and palm,
Amid the blood-washed harpers
Who praise th' atoning Lamb.

They only are the true soldiers of Christ, who are not afraid to bear about in their bodies their Master's wounds.—*Zwingli.*

Those men who are of the noblest disposition, think themselves the happiest, when others share their happiness with them.

PEACE.

For the Guide.

BY MISS A. MILLS.

"My peace I give unto you."

What rich legacy bestowed by the Redeemer of ruined men upon the redeemed. "My peace." This was not the sluggard's rest, nor the idle sloth of the ease-loving. It was not that exemption from labor and care which wealth brings; neither was it such peace as arises from harmony with those around us.

He who went about doing good, found no time for unnecessary repose. He who came to do the will of His Father, was not prompted to undertake the mission of saving man by an ease-loving spirit. He who for our sakes became poor, so poor as to declare that the foxes and birds had more of worldly comfort than He, knew nothing of the *poor peace bought by gold*.

He that was tempted of Satan, and despised and rejected by those whom He came to save, knew that the spirit of the world was enmity with God.

Still, He was possessor of a peace unknown to any but himself and those upon whom he has bestowed it,—a soul-peace that had remained unmarred amid all the disturbing forces surrounding him, and it is such a peace he has promised to his followers.

He maintained this peace amid the greatest conflicts, and now, as the "Man of Sorrows" is about to leave his disciples, He says, "My peace I give unto you."

Relying upon our own heroic spirit, our self-control, or the calmness of our nerves, we may fail; but if the peace of God rules in our hearts, there will be calm amid storm; rest amid toil; trust amid darkness; joy amid sorrow. What turmoil and unrest fills the soul when Satan controls the passion. But when sin's dark pall is lifted, how sweet the peace that accompanies the pardon sealed.

But oh! if we would know the untold wealth of this great gift, we must bring a heart all emptied of self and sin to the Saviour, then shall this sweet guest be sent to nestle in every corner of the soul

and to fill all its lengths and breadths, all its heights and depths.

Surely it is not strange that we should hear such a heart exclaim, "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

It is a peace that abides with the pure in heart, that increases and becomes more and more a part of their being. The land of Beulah is a land of rest and peace where many rich foretastes are given of what the Prince of Peace has prepared for those who believe on him. O! who would not straightway go up and possess this goodly land, and claim this gift of Jesus. We have dwelt in inquietude and unrest long enough. Now, with a fresh consecration of every power of soul and body to Him who waits to rid us of all that has caused the waves of the soul to cast up mire and dirt, we come and wait in faith to hear the voice of the master saying, "Peace be still." If he seems to sleep, yet we know that none ever perished calling upon him.

He will arise for us; then how great a calm the spirit feels.

MT. CARROLL.

For the Guide.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

A PLACE for me! O, joyous thought!
It lifts my soul—it thrills my heart—
Those words with living truth are fraught.

How beauteous, then, my home shall be!
How glorious, when prepared by thee,
For me! for poor unworthy me!

What though my lot be lowly here;
What though few friends my pathway cheer;
Since thou dispellest every fear.

Sweet Comforter! I lean on Thee!
For Thou hast truly come to me!
I shall—I shall thy glory see!

And where Thou art, there I shall be,
And dwell with Thee eternally!
Thy word declares it unto me.

O, hallelujah to the Lamb!
Dear Saviour! all-sufficient balm!
I soon shall wield a conqueror's palm!

MIDDLETOWN.

For the Guide.

FAITH NOT EMOTION.

G. W. H.

For about nine weeks I have been praying and wrestling for the blessing of entire sanctification, weeks of most intense desire. Confined to my room mostly, by reason of a very painful affliction, I possessed ample time for prayer. I endeavored to keep before me in glowing pictures the *usefulness, blessedness, and necessity* of the higher Christian life. Considering the past, present, and future, I concluded that it was simply impossible to be satisfied without the blessing. Such was the intensity of my aspirations that almost every waking moment was spent in prayer, I was *as thoroughly in earnest* asking the blessing of perfect love as I was in seeking the blessing of pardon five years before. From the very first day I thought I could appropriate the words of the poet and say,

"Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will." &c.

All this time Jesus was *so* precious, *so* near, and *so* willing to bless—this I felt. But the enemy was near too. He would sometimes say to me, "If you have committed *one* sin during the five years of your Christian life you have lost your justification,—better seek it again first." Looking unto Jesus, I immediately exclaimed, "If a man sin we have an advocate with the Father." Such a thrust with the "sword" he could not withstand. I was within a step of the Fountain, and when about to take the step, it was suggested that I had no right to believe "without evidence." Again and again I would attempt to "stretch forth my hand," and as often the enemy would say "but you have no feeling." Then, again, I would fall at the feet of Jesus and *trust him*—yes, trust him—and what a calm, sweet peace filled my soul! Just then the enemy tauntingly asked, "Where is that overwhelming manifestation which is the evidence of the work wrought? Presumption! Presumption!" Not knowing that it was the

voice of the deceiver, I began to wrestle again for the blessing.

I was conveyed to a meeting where Christians and unbelievers bowed together at the mercy-seat, crying for pardon and holiness. I bowed among them. God's "little ones" endeavoring to point out the way to me, but I could not see it. They told me that the "Altar" Jesus "sanctifieth the gift." That the blood of Christ made the offering "holy and acceptable." That I was to trust Jesus to save me "*now*." "Ah," I thought, "my dear friends, I *know* all that—have known it for weeks—but that does not help me any." The meeting closed, and I retired disappointed.

At another time—the next day but one—I approached the altar. The same scene was enacted, and as I was retiring in a sort of despair, Dr. Palmer came to me, and affectionately inquired whether I had obtained the blessing. I answered in the negative. After using several illustrations without effect, he related this incident: "My wife's sister was seeking the blessing of perfect love. On a certain day she wrote these words, 'I, from this day, reckon myself to be dead, indeed, unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Thus the matter rested, till after some days, Rev. T. Merritt said to her, you enjoy the blessing do you not, sister? She answered I do not know but what it is presumption, but since last Thursday I have dared to reckon myself to be dead unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. While she was with the 'mouth making confession unto salvation,' God manifested himself to her in such a wonderful manner that we did not know but He would take her to himself."

Ah, now I could see the difficulty. Like a flash the truth burst upon me. Nine weeks I was like one "beating the air." But now, in the light of the incident related, I perceived at once that the powerful manifestation which I thought to be, in part at least, the Spirit's testimony, was entirely separate and distinct from it, and that it was not essential to the blessing proper.

The relation of this part of my experience is the mere recitation of the experience of a thousand others. All they say is upon the altar. I am willing to give up all, including "memory, mind, and will," while in their minds they have prepossessions with regard to the work, how it is to be done, what effect will be produced. Thus they are, unconsciously, it may be, marking out a plan for the Almighty to work by. Now it is manifest that though all else be upon the altar, the *will* is not.

Having arrived at such a happy understanding with regard to the whole matter, I then and there, by the grace of God, did "likewise reckon myself also to be dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God (not through weeping and fasting, nor through prayer, however agonizing it may have been), but through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Did I then secure that outward manifestation that I had expected? No, nor anything like it. God taught me to take him at his word—just because he has promised. At first I "hung upon his word," then I stood firmly upon it, and soon I seated myself very comfortably upon it, and rested *satisfied*. I said, "Father, here I am content to remain; thy Word is all I want. Upon it I will rest any number of years without any manifestation. I am willing to die without it." What a gift of faith I received. I was astonished. Every promise that presented itself to my mind was for me. If the Almighty had spoken from his throne in thunder tones I would not have been more satisfied. I have praised *God ever since* that he did not give me the blessing in the way I had expected, but that he requires me to rest some hours solely on his Word.

Some hours after, while praying for others, I felt my soul's capacity to enlarge and fill with unutterable love to God and man. It was wonderful! How I was filled with wonder, love, and praise at the efficacy of the atonement to save a world of sinners! O, it was glorious! It has been glorious ever since that hour. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his

own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father," and "is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

For the Guide.

LITTLE CRUMBS.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

It is a great deal better to think we are loved than hated—the influence is best upon ourselves—love, is gracious in its power and kindles its warmth in our hearts. Some have so much of the love of God in their souls that they do not think they have an enemy—that is losing our enemies.

A dying youth said, "I have not an enemy in the world;"—not one that he would know as such.

Oh, the blessedness, the virtue, the power of prayer—it is the communion between God and man. If we have no time to pray we are in a sad condition—and without an inclination to prayer, in a worse state still. The intimacy of prayer must be cultivated by the ever-ready retirement to the closet, in times of care as well as in times of trial. Jesus knows every Christian's closet, and *there* waits to meet him. Be faithful to these obligations.

When the lamp of the soul is lighted we must so place it that it may shine out on all around.

The friendship of Jesus is a faithful tested friendship.

Love is the balm of Gilead, always healing in its nature.

An hour passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or in conflict with, and the conquest over, a single passion or a subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.

Only those who walk in the ways of heavenly wisdom can find true enjoyment even in this life.

"SEALED."

For the Guide.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

I am thine own, O Christ,
Henceforth entirely thine;
And life, from this blest hour,
New life is mine.

No earthly joy shall lure
My quiet soul from thee;
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heaven to me.

My little song of praise
In sweet content I sing
To thee, the note I raise,
My King, my King!

I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know thou hast my heart,
And I have Heaven.

O, peace! O, holy rest!
O, balmy breath of Love!
O, Heart, divinest, best,
Thy depth I prove.

I ask this gift of thee,
A life all lily fair,
And fragrant as the gardens be
Where seraphs are.

For the Guide.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

MRS. M. E. M'CALLISTER.

That God is not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness we know, and as the experience year after year is revealing to us more and more of the mystery of godliness, again and again, in plainer and yet plainer characters, do we set to our seal that "*God is true.*"

A formerly dry and barren soil was being visited with a gracious revival. Streams of living water were all around us gushing forth; and "the wilderness and solitary place of sin was blossoming as the rose;" but Satan's kingdom, which has so long had dominion, is in danger, and infidels and spiritualists must needs go to the rescue. Who shall triumph? Shall the few followers of the lowly

Nazarene expect to be victors when the contest is so unequal? But we hear the command of our Captain, "*Go forward,*" and knowing in whom we trust we obey. Evening service arrives, and a crowded house with but a few to stand up for Christ, betokens the need of special divine help. One sat in the congregation, whose faith was in unison with the faith of him who had it in charge, who had learned the worth of prayer, and as that ambassador of Christ arose to plead with sinners to be reconciled to God, these words to that one were presented: "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions desired of him;" and with it the inquiry—"Have you the faith to ask for present victory over these opposing persons and a new impetus to this work?" For a moment faith wavered. The tempter reasoned—"circumstances are against it—the crowded house—the presence of those who so earnestly oppose the work;" while the spirit whispered—"But it is in accordance with the will of God that salvation come to this house to-night; that the word be so clothed with power from on high that *present* fruits be the result," and the power is yours, of every disciple of Christ, to claim it." Not daring the non-exercise of this power of faith we stepped out upon the promise. From that moment access seemed given into the audience-chamber of the Most High, and steadily we held our petition, presented in the name of Jesus, before the throne, awaiting results; saying to the flesh which cried, "it cannot be;" "keep silence before the Lord," until the answer came in the burning words of truth that fell from the sacred desk, in the commanding manner of him who spake in honor of his Master, "who spake as never man spake," and in the rush that was made at its close for the altar of prayer. One grey-headed man who sat near the centre of the congregation, who but a few evenings previous had in anger left before services closed, arose, and facing his former friends—the ene-

mies of the cross of Christ—in a manner which thrilled through the audience, said, "*The spirit and the bride say come, and I am going; come with me!*" and then hastened to the altar, followed by nine men of influence, mostly heads of families; and we bow with them, presenting their case to the Father, knowing that our God heareth prayer.

For a few days the work moves steadily on, then again we behold the enemies of the cross in battle array. A text is given from which the minister of Christ consents to speak, and pains is taken to have one, previously not an attendant on the meeting, present; one in whom these earnest workers for their master "the great arch-deceiver," have confidence as a leader and helper. He spends the evening taking notes, while the two-edged sword—the eternal word of truth given by themselves, is wielded against them. Again we flee to our Rock of Defense, presenting the word which abideth forever, and again claiming its fulfillment. The result is he from whom they had expected so strong a reinforcement remains to pray; and night after night finds him with the people of God contending for the truths of our holy Christianity; and again, as we look upon him, are we led to exclaim: "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Again, it is Sabbath evening. We are met with a few of the disciples of Christ for social prayer. Worn and weary in body and mind, the adversary seems ready to withstand every onward step. We opened our mouth in prayer but moral power seemed lacking, power to prevail with God; and with a feeling of unrest of soul we arose to our seat. We were earnest for the desire to make all these means of grace steps in the way to lead us nearer God and heaven, and, therefore, were led to ask of the Lord to cause even the experience of this evening to result in His glory, and asking calmly and confidently an increase of the power of a life of faith in the soul, arose to testify for Christ, expressing present experience and our present petition and expectation of its fulfillment.

The coming week was one of unusual spiritual conflict, causing the exclamation—"Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?" The adversary oft suggesting the inquiry—"Where now is the answer to your petition?" Sabbath morning came and we repaired to the house of God. During the opening prayer, while not drawn out in any unusual manner, our soul was suddenly filled to overflowing. The baptism of the Holy Spirit is upon us, and we are constrained to give vent to the fountain within in expressions of praise and flowing tears. Wondering at such condescension, why we are fed so bountifully, we look up inquiringly to the Giver; and quick the answer—"This is the answer of your petition of last Sabbath evening."

Thus, as we onward urge our way, are we permitted to realize the answer to the prayer of faith in "*new creations*" in our own and the souls of others.

"This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall :
Jesus hath died for you and me,
Believe and conquer all."

LEROY, Mich.

For the Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CANAAN.

O. R. GURNEY.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest,"
Heb. iv. 3.

ARE you hungry, weary pilgrim,
Hungry for the "Bread of Life"?
Are you weary of earth's tinsels,
Weary of her noise and strife?
Do you crave the milk and honey
Flowing in the promised land?
See you not the wondrous pillar
Guiding hither Israel's band?

Are the sands so hot and dreary
That you shrink aback with pain?
Suffering comes before the triumph,
Toiling comes before the gain;
Cast aside your golden idol,
Leave behind your cherished sin—
Earthly weights you must not carry
If fair Canaan you would win.

Are you weary? Holy Canaan,
 With its palms and gushing streams,
 With its purple-fruited vintage
 Shedding there delicious gleams,
 Lies so near you, that the fragrance
 From its flowery hills and vales
 Folds about you in the morning,
 Greeted you on the evening gales.

Standing on the burning desert,
 Does the heavenly-freighted air
 Bring you pictures of such glory
 That you're longing to be there?
 Wherefore tarry that side Jordan
 With the Holy Land in view?
 You may wander o'er these mountains,
 Rest beneath these skies of blue.

Come, our Jesus bids you hasten!
 Faith will bring you safely o'er;
 Glory waits you—joy and gladness—
 Wherefore tarry on that shore?
 Give yourself, your all, to Jesus,
 In his word by faith abide;
 You will cross the tide in safety,
 Rest among the sanctified.

Here no more the sun will smite you,
 Here our Jesus ever reigns,—
 Guides us by the springs of waters,
 Leads us over verdant plains.
 Victory crowns our every conflict,
 Rest succeeds to all our pain;
 Land of promise! Land of glory!
 Earthly pilgrim's Canaan!

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

A poor but very pious woman once called to see two rich young ladies. They, too, loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their splendid drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity and said, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

For the Guide.

LABORS TO PROMOTE PERFECT LOVE.

Extracts from Letters written at the time.

BY MRS. LUCY PRESCOTT.

Dr. A. C. George gives us some precious extracts from the letters of a correspondent, which breathe so sweetly the spirit of Him who went about doing good, that we take pleasure in spreading them out before our readers. As we perused them and noted the unctuous spirit enlivening the sentiments, we thought of a precious sentiment uttered by the beautiful author, Adelaide Newton, writing to a friend. She says, "Jesus is our wisdom, and our words are His spirit breathing through our lips." The experienced believer who thus virtually apprehends Jesus as an indwelling power will need no explanation, in regard to these glorious verities. The Christian's heart is Christ's temple where he lives, walks and works, using the hands to minister for Him, the feet to walk, the intellect to devise, and the tongue to speak. We know one who, as she goes about as a worker together with Jesus, often breathes out the longings of her soul to the Lord her Redeemer thus, "O! Jesus these lips are thine, and now as I open them for thee, thou wilt speak through them." [EDS.]

This family is interested on the subject of perfect love, and introduced it in conversation at once. The Lord helped me, and will, but oh! how I need "a fresh anointing." I need to abide in the shade of His almighty love, to be able to do His will. But perfect love is not a gift in the clouds, giving us glimpses of celestial light; it is a pure and steady light shining from a clear sky. * *

This morning I call upon all that is within me to praise the God of love. to think that He should fill my heart with his love, and make this birth-day morning the most joyous in my whole life. Blessed be His holy name. I rose this morning at daylight to praise the name of Jesus, and I shall continue to praise Him through all time.

I am astonished at my boldness, but Christ gives it to me, and I will do His whole will.

O! that every moment I might be useful to those I love. You know God will use the weakest instruments to show his power! * * * *

Last night the Lord poured "floods upon the dry ground," clearing away

impurity, and this morning the birds are singing their songs of praise; the air is fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and all nature seems as joyous as it did twenty-two years ago, when I went into life a happy bride, giving my husband all that I had in my heart, from that day living only for him; even my most religious act of devotion being performed to please him. I lived and moved, and had my being in him. * * *

The gates of heaven were left ajar, and broad earth ne'r saw so fair a child as came to our embrace; he called her Mary, "and Jesus loved Mary." In less than two short years, father and child went to him. I shed no tears; grief was too deep. In the solitude of my own heart, I said, "Pitiful Father 'tis just." That moment He took me into his everlasting arms, folded me to his compassionate love; sent sweet tears to my eyes, taught me what joy in the Holy Ghost is, and when weeks after Bishop W. said, "Do you feel resigned to the will of God?" my heart replied, "fully, entirely."

I believed that the fairest offering we could hang upon the urn above our dead, was the fruit offering of good deeds to the living, and, looking to the strong for strength, I endeavored to do something. But oh, how little!

During all these years, while Jesus was my constant friend, and at times very near, there was a yearning for a higher life, which by the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon your faithful preaching, I was convinced was perfect love. After long parleying and debate with the enemy of my soul, I found "Holiness to the Lord" was the command. To serve with a perfect heart was duty. To love God with all my heart, soul, mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself was the highest privilege. Day and night with strong cries and tears, I sought it as a distinct blessing, taking up every cross and using all the means within my reach. When my consecration was complete, and by simple faith I believed the blood of Jesus had power to cleanse from all sin, I received the "indubitable seal," the inwrought evidence that the

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit had taken full possession of my heart. Ever since he has kept my eye single, and my whole body has been full of light.

"Thee I would be always praising,
Serve thee as thy hosts above:
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love."

* * * * *

There were about thirty here. It was a social party, but we had singing and prayer, and I spoke to every unconverted person in the room, and to many Christians of the "more excellent way," of which they knew little, and wished to hear much. * * *

Mr. B. told me Saturday, of a young man who was dying of consumption, an infidel, refusing to see a minister, his mother in some degree sympathizing with him, I came to my room and asked the Lord to open that house to Bro. S. (Methodist minister), and if it was his will to me. Sunday, he sent for Bro. S., was deeply penitent; said to him, "That foundation won't do, Jesus is the right one. If there is rest to be found I want it." Yesterday, he requested that I should visit him to-day. This morning Mrs. B. and I went. He greeted me with a smile. I said, "It is the love of Jesus makes your face so bright." "Partly," he replied; "I am not satisfied." We talked and prayed together, all the family touched by the spirit—a brother, leading a very wicked life, weeping all the time. The sick one became very happy, asked me to come as often as I could. The weeping one said that he would commence at once to seek the Lord with his whole heart, and read his Bible. The mother said she was trying to regain what she once had. We went away, feeling that the spirit of the living God was in their midst in great power. * * *

Glory be to God for his great love to us. He is still pouring out his spirit, Yesterday, the prayer-meeting was better attended than at any time before this spring. They asked me to lead. I read the third chapter of Ephesians; then, as I felt "Help or I perish," I read that hymn. M. never sang more touchingly.

After I prayed I told them I had never held a meeting but twice in my life, but I could tell them something of the love of Jesus. Jesus came among us, and every heart felt his presence. I. E. told her experience since yesterday morning. Mrs. T. said she had enjoyed the blessing when she was young, with Baptist parents, and friends who did not believe in it, lost it. She then had just such rest as I spoke of; knew that there was reality in it, and was seeking it again. Mrs. M. said she had never enjoyed it, but felt that she must have it. Mrs. H. was sure all was consecrated to God, and she could not rest without the assurance that the perfect love of God was in her heart. * * * *

I have met you at the mercy seat, united with you in claiming God's promises for us and ours, for this day's needs, according to His will for Christ's sake; felt the burden of Zion more than ever before; loved my own home church and saw her great responsibility as it never appeared so clearly at any previous time, and laid all, all, at Jesus' feet, with an entire consecration to work for him, forevermore. * * * *

Mrs. A. said she had been many years trying to be a Christian, but she had never felt so much like it as the past week. Presented friends for prayer. Sister P. gave a glorious account of God's dealings with her for forty years. He had touched her in many tender places, but the same hand upheld her, and with triumphant faith she looks to Jesus still.

Quite a number of new voices in prayer. M. offered the closing prayer, and got a strong hold on God. As sister P. was brushing the "dews on Jordan's banks," the "Land of Beulah" was sung, and meeting closed; but four young ladies were so distressed on account of a lost opportunity to bear the cross that they wished me to remain. Three of them prayed; all three comforted; one M. S. (presbyterian), greatly blessed. O, the Lord will give me all my girls! Bless his holy name.

Brother S., after prayer, and thanking the Lord for the revival that had com-

menced, said they should vary the exercises, and have experience. Sister P. would excuse him if he called upon her first, and any others might follow, specially those who had been lately blessed. I told them something of how the Lord had led me, but did not speak loud enough for the old people to hear all. Jesus was with me. Next time he will give me more courage and voice. Let that be a point in your prayers for me.

Brother B. did not understand so clearly about this "perfect love," but he thought he had nothing between him and his God.

Two or three gentlemen rather sceptical.

M. felt her need of it so sensibly that she knew she could not retrace her steps and be happy where she once was. She had sought it, as a distinct blessing, after she had consecrated all to God, and received it. If God could keep her in it four weeks, he could keep her for four years and a life time; so from this moment she consecrated her life, her all, to his service, asking his blessing upon everything, every thought and action of her life.

Mrs. B. told of the good being done at the afternoon meetings.

I. E. was glad to give her testimony for perfect love; though it had been a short experience, it was a glorious one. When M. B. came from St. Louis into our prayer-meeting like an angel of light, she was convicted; then brother G. was sent to preach it, the first time she had ever heard it so definitely preached. She could not praise God enough for it, and wished everybody would receive what was their privilege.

Brother B. said, "Trying to talk and pray with Mr. W. made him think of death, and of the necessity of a preparation. He believed in the doctrine of perfect love, but could not say he was seeking it yet, with the expectation of receiving it." Charley B. thanked God for what he had done for him. "If Jesus was a perfect Saviour why not receive him in all his fullness.

To be continued.

Editorial.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

On the 23d of October we went to Philadelphia, in answer to an official call from the Central Church. On our arrival, we entered upon the services of a home camp meeting, holding three meetings daily, which were most graciously owned of God in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. Having remained the stipulated time, the rising interest and daily increase of the work seemed to demand that we should prolong our stay, but an engagement to spend Saturday and Sabbath in Trenton, N. J., made it necessary that we should leave, though we were induced to promise that we would return on Monday. Our meetings on Saturday afternoon and evening, and during the Sabbath, at Trenton, were seasons of memorable interest and much spiritual profit. Our home was with Rev. B. S. Sharp, who, with his devoted helpmate, seem to be living in the inner sanctuary of the divine presence, and, with united purpose, are endeavoring to lead the people forward into the same blessed experiences.

On Monday we were again with our beloved friends in Philadelphia. Our home, as on the preceding week, was at the house of our long cherished and highly esteemed Brother, J. B. Longacre, Esq., and his excellent daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Keene. Here the ark of the Lord has long rested. For many years past, at 1206 Spring Garden street, a meeting has been held on Tuesday afternoon. It is largely attended, and similar to the one held at 23 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Our time being limited, we will give an extract from a letter to a friend, which will present a sketch of the progress of the work during our second week's labor: We had been absent from the city on Saturday and Sabbath, which had caused a little pause in the work on Monday evening, when you were with us; but there was a most precious meeting on Tuesday morning, and a marked rallying, both in power and numbers, last night.

The house was largely filled, people standing both below and above—the altar

crowded with seekers, and others kneeling at the front seat. Twelve new cases of conversion were reported, and three, I trust, were sanctified wholly. Others went away comforted; but, not being fully satisfied, their names were not recorded. And in a manner somewhat similar to this the work has been going on ever since we came. It is just two weeks since we commenced our labors in Central Church. Up to Friday we had afternoon meetings, which were attended by hundreds. The altar and all its surroundings was filled when we gave the invitation to seekers of purity, and we trust the day of eternity will reveal that many have found their way to the cleansing fountain through the services as a whole. Brother Halsted had been holding evening services the week previous to our coming. The number who have received the sanctifying seal has not been recorded, but some effort has been made to take the names of converts, which amount to over one hundred and twenty, that stand written among the newly-blest. This surely is enough to cause rapture through all the realms of glory, and ought to raise the shout of gladness through all the ranks of the redeemed in the Church Militant.

The morning meetings, though not attended by hundreds, as the afternoon and evening services, have been greatly honored by manifestations of the presence and power of Jesus. Many memorable answers to prayer might be recorded. This morning's meeting may be given as a sample of others. Our order in the ten o'clock meetings are special thanksgivings for special prayers answered, and the reception of further requests. One note read about thus: "J. H. W. and F. B. B. return their thanks that prayer has been answered in their behalf. They praise Almighty God for His infinite mercy. We were sitting in the gallery a few days ago, and I, J. H. W., was laughing at a penitent; but the spirit of God took hold upon me, and I have now given myself to the Saviour, and am endeavoring to serve Him."

Another returned thanks that a young man whose case had been made a special subject of prayer, was at the altar last night, and most graciously converted.

An old gentleman desired that public thanks be returned to the All Merciful for the

rescue of an inebriate, who had been a subject of special prayer at the morning meeting, was now a changed man, and seemed to be sitting at the feet of Jesus. A lady returned thanks that two young men, who had been made subjects of prayer, had both been converted.

A city judge, now retired from active service, rose and desired to give hearty thanks to the God of all grace for the great blessings received during the progress of these meetings. For some time past he had been looking at the dark side of the picture, but during the past few days he had learned to look to Jesus, and life's picture was all changed to brightness and glory. I might repeat others equally interesting, but time will not allow. Surely, special prayers do bring special answers, and special answers demand special thanksgivings, and for this we have abundant cause. Special and united prayers was asked for an unconverted husband away from home on business. A letter was received from that husband, stating that he had never before felt so concerned about his soul, and begging that his wife would pray for him.

A note was read, asking the prayers of the meeting for twelve inmates of the Howard Home. A few days after, thanksgivings were presented that nine out of the twelve had penitently bowed at the altar of prayer, and found redemption in Jesus. Glory be to God in the highest!

NO COMPROMISE.

A Holiness that admits love of the world, love of money, covetousness, or sin after any fashion, is not the Holiness of the Bible. A good sister recently said, "We need a Holiness that makes no compromise with the world." We say *Amen!* There is not a plainer declaration in the Bible than this, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." St. James, writing to his brethren, says, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God! Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God. Is there anything that authorizes the idea that we may compromise with the world in these direct passages. But we hear one asking: In what

does conformity to the world consist? Where is the

LINE OF DEMARKATION?

Who shall fix it? Shall we adopt the opinions of this or that Christian brother or sister, however devoted, wise, or prudent? The Lord forbid. "Who measuring themselves by themselves are not wise." To the law and the testimony. Let those who love the world remember that it stands written, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." How authoritative and well defined the standard! Surely it is not difficult to try one's self by it. Let those whose minds are more occupied with the accumulation of earthly gains, than in the one great life-work of the Christian, that is, "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," not forget that it is a Divine command, "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal."

Certainly, Christian men and women ought to think more of these palpable admonitions, divinely inspired, with such directness and timely warning. "For the

LOVE OF MONEY

is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." With what pity do we regard the poor degraded heathen, as he bows down to gods of his own creation made of wood and stone. But not so much to be pitied are the heathen in benighted lands, as men and women in a Christian land, who take upon themselves the name of the Crucified, and yet bow down to a god of their own creation, that is money that they have hoarded up for the glorification of themselves and family, "*Covetousness, which is IDOLATRY.*"

But says another it is a compromise to the world in

DRESS

that I feel impressed to talk most about. Well, this we will also acknowledge is a serious wrong. But does it betoken a state of heart more virtually wrong than any of the above named errors? We think not. If half the time were taken in loving, prayerful devisings toward getting the *heart* and

mind conformed to the will of God, that some well meaning people spend in chiding sayings, and doings, toward getting the exterior conformed to their own ideas of right, we believe more good might be done. But does not the Bible forbid conformity to the world? It does. But

WHERE IS THE STANDARD?

asks my friend. How thankful we should be that it is not left to the ever varying fancies of fallible people to fix that standard. Unerring wisdom has set a standard that is equally binding on all Christian women of every sect. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be in the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

What! are we to put on no *apparel*, says one. You mistake the meaning of the Apostle, my friend. He says, "Whose *adorning* let it not be that *outward* adorning," &c. That is do not put on these things for mere outward display and think far more about the *interior* than *exterior*, more about the hidden man in the heart—that is, *Christ in the heart*,—a meek and quiet spirit, than about costly outward adornings.

But does not any one that puts on a gold watch break an express command of God, as given in this passage? We answer,—Any man or woman who wears a gold watch, or any other appendage of gold for mere *adornment*, does trespass. But let us remember that it is things worn for adornment, and *not for use* that are here prohibited. We would pity the vanity of that individual who would wear a watch for mere adornment, rather than for the purpose of regulating his time. God says, the silver is mine, and the gold. There are purposes to which these metals may be properly appropriated. If we should see some well-meaning professor, whose life adorns his profession, wearing a gold watch, what should we do? Condemn him. Nay, "who art thou that judgeth another man's servant, to his own master he standeth or falleth, yea he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand." Pray, brother, read the 14th chapter of Romans. "Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this

rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." We once received a letter full of reproachings from one who acknowledged that in former years she had been blest through our labors. But though thus aided in her aspirations after perfect love in former years, she had now assumed the attitude of teacher, and how severe in *her* chidings! What had we done! Why she had *heard* that we wore a gold watch, and, therefore, though *she* professed that grace, *our* teachings with her had been nullified and we were anathematized as *un-christian*, because of what!

A MISTAKE!

The fact is that we were *not* wearing a gold watch, neither do we now. We were once presented with one. Had we worn it, it would not have been for *adornment* but for *use*. But we love the blessed cause, better than friends, or life itself. So we changed our precious little gift for a silver one, believing, with the self-sacrificing Paul, that it is good neither to eat flesh or drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. The same principle will hold good in regard to the duty of openly sustaining by our example, name and influence, Temperance Societies and all other projects calculated to bless the world.

Revival Miscellany.

REVIVAL AT GREENE STREET, N. Y.

The Lord is graciously pouring out His Spirit on His people in this charge. A large number of sinners have been converted, and many of God's people have entered into the enjoyment of perfect love. The work of conversion and sanctification has gone forward with great steadiness for the past eighteen months. In every instance when there has been any special work among the ungodly, it obviously has followed an unusual interest in the minds of believers upon the subject of holiness. As believers have cried out "create in me a clean heart," sinners have exclaimed, "What must I do to be saved?"

Our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, called at one of our meetings a few weeks ago, and gave us much encouragement to look to God

for a glorious revival. The spirit led them to consent to labor with us three weeks in succession. Scores were converted, and the whole church was greatly quickened. The work continues, and the Lord still "makes bare his holy arm."

The conversions occurring during this period were of the most clear and powerful character. The converts seemed at once to possess "a mind for the work," and commenced laboring with great success to bring others to Jesus. In every case, almost, some remarkable incident transpired to stimulate the zeal and strengthen the faith of the church.

Many of our people were led to pray for certain persons and it was truly astonishing how their prayers were answered. True, it was just as we might and should have expected it to be. God is always pleased to honor our faith and fulfill his "exceeding great and precious promises." Some of us were prompted to make out a list of names and present them before the Lord. In several cases these lists included persons the least likely to become the subject of religious influence. But prayer was heard and scores were converted.

The work of holiness among believers was also graciously revived. Many who had long and earnestly sought "full redemption" were enabled to "press onward," and numerous additional witnesses were raised up to declare the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb. We shall long and gratefully remember the visit of these "evangelists." The Lord has evidently called them to labor in the vineyard. O that we had many more such "co-workers." The effect remaining on the minds of the congregation is excellent. It is a general conviction among us that religion means *work* rather than *emotion*, and if we would maintain our Christian character, we must ever keep in mind that we are "ordained" to "bear much fruit." Hence the almost universal inquiry is "What shall I do for Jesus?" The results which must follow this state of things we can readily discern. We have had seasons of refreshing, and are looking for showers of salvation. To God be all honor and praise.

J. S. INSKIP.

Oct. 29, 1867.

VINELAND, N. J.

Brother Andrews favors us with the following very interesting note: "Please to say to inquiring friends that the work of the Lord is still progressing in Vineland. The coming of the National Camp Meeting to our town last Summer was like the coming of the Ark of God to the house of Obed-edom—it had a blessing in it, and the blessing still continues with us. The holy influence of that meeting upon our Church and community has not been 'like the morning cloud or the early dew that goeth away, but like the dew of Heaven, and like the dew that descended upon Mount Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for ever more.' Since camp meeting, some sixty have joined our Church on probation, and a large number have professed entire sanctification. On Tuesday afternoon, meeting for the promotion of holiness is well sustained, and is doing much good. Presbyterians and Baptists freely mingle with us, seeking and professing the blessing of perfect love. The work on our new Church edifice is being rapidly pushed forward to completion, and we hope to dedicate this Fall."

EAST WASHINGTON, D. C.

For eight weeks a wonderful revival of Religion has been progressing at this charge. It commenced with a series of sermons on Holiness, by the Pastor. It still goes on. About 140 have been converted thus far; also a number (about 25) have given testimony that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." We hope to continue the work during the Winter.

Rev. J. A. Wood is laboring with great success at Wesley Chapel, in this city. Large audiences and a crowded altar each evening. The pardon of sin and work of cleansing from inbred sin go hand in hand. May this salvation become universal.

GEO. V. LEACH,
Pastor, East Washington M. E. C.

THE revival in Beaver street, Alleghany, Rev. J. W. Baker, pastor, has resulted in upward of sixty additions to the Church. The revival spirit still lingers in the Congregation.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AT PHILADELPHIA.

Since the editorial notice of "Our Work for Jesus," passed through the printer's hands, a letter giving further notice of the progress of the work from Mr. J. B. Longacre has been received which, though not designed for publication, will cheer the friends of Jesus. [Eds.]

I wish you could have been with us at Central M. E. Church, last night and this—to have witnessed the gracious manifestations of the Spirit with which our worshiping assembly has been visited.

I was not without apprehension when you left us, that there might be an abatement of the interest previously shown in the work, and until last night this apprehension was not removed. In the Providence of God, Brother John Thompson, of St. Stephen's Church, Germantown, who was with us as Pastor five years ago—was so circumstanced as to be able to comply with the request of our brethren, to come and help us.

Last evening, after a brief but earnest and fervent exhortation, at his invitation to the altar, seven young men came forward together, and knelt at the altar for prayer—the altar was soon crowded, and penitents kept coming as long as I was able to remain. They were of a character to elicit the liveliest hopes—the young men first mentioned were mostly members of the Pastor's Bible Class.

This evening the work was even more intense; there must have been nearly, if not quite, thirty souls around the altar, seeking to know the Saviour's love; and a large number of them had joined in the songs of praise with the Lord's host before the services closed.

Brother Thompson is a plain, but earnest and faithful preacher, and harmonizes in spirit and sentiment with the truth upheld the week before in the same place—he remarked this evening that "one soweth and another reapeth," and the Lord had blessed him in sending him to reap where the seed had previously been sown.

Thinking that the progress of the work would be of interest to you as it appears thus far, I have been drawn into this communication.

One interesting incident this evening was the conversion of a father and son; the son,

a young man, first went forward, apparently, as I learned, with the assent of the father, unconverted himself: one of our brethren (who told me) spoke to him, saying that he ought to have led his son to the altar, that it was quite as important for him now to embrace the offers of mercy as his son. He replied, "I believe I will," and followed his son to the altar, where both were blessed, and I saw them returning arm in arm from the place of prayer, rejoicing in God.

As nearly as I can gather, there have been one hundred and fifty conversions at the altar, since our extra meetings have been in progress, and I have rarely witnessed a better state of feeling throughout the congregation than has prevailed—with solemnity and devotion; the body of worshippers appeared to partake of the power in our midst. To God be all the praise.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

WATCHMEN SEEING EYE TO EYE.

MEETING FOR HOLINESS.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER PALMER:—The closing exercises of the "Fox River Union," the oldest Congregationalist body in Illinois, which convened in the college chapel in Wheaton, Illinois, on the 8th instant, were of such special interest that I judge a brief notice of the same will serve the cause of Christ. A public notice of the meeting, officially endorsed by the "Union" as "a meeting for salvation and sanctification," was held in the college chapel on the evening of the 9th instant. President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, opened the meeting by reading appropriate portions of Scripture, and speaking of Sanctification as a distinct and definite work of grace following regeneration—closing with an earnest appeal to all to seek this higher Christian life.

The exercises were interspersed with prayer, singing, and relation of personal experience. The key-note struck by President B., and which vibrated through the whole assembly, was "Sanctification." The Holy Spirit was manifestly present. Such oneness of feeling, such clear convictions of duty, such honest

confessions, such earnest desires expressed, and longings after higher life, I seldom if ever witnessed. We felt as did the disciples on the mount of transfiguration. It was good to be there. May the holy fire continue to burn, widen and spread, until the whole church and the world shall be illuminated with the glorious light of salvation and sanctification.

L. W. MILLS.

WHEATON, Illinois, Oct. 18, 1867.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

JOHN J. BINGLEY.

At the age of thirteen years, under the preaching of the Rev. James Caughey, in the town of Leeds, in England, from the text, "And thou mourn at the last," etc., I was seriously convicted of sin, and with fifty or sixty others, found my way to the altar, and there found the presence of God verified, that "They that seek me early shall find me." For several years I enjoyed peace with God; but losing the restraints of home, and my lot being cast among wicked associates, I forgot God. For years I wandered, under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, but resisted its strivings.

While upon that ill-fated steamship, City of Glasgow, in 1853, in mid ocean, I solemnly promised God, if permitted again to land, I would devote myself to his service. But, alas, how soon I forgot! In a strange land, among strangers, I failed to fulfill my vow. I removed to Virginia in the winter of 1854, and it pleased God there to roll a deep concern over my soul. I knelt at the altar—I tried to pray—but words failed me. The meeting closed. I went home—not to sleep, but to wrestle with an offended God; and at midnight it pleased the Holy Spirit to enlighten my mind as to my lost condition, and I was enabled to lay hold on Christ, and again received the gift of adoption, whereby I could cry, Abba Father.

I joined the Methodist Episcopal church, was appointed Class Leader, which to me was a very great cross; but I bore it in the name of Christ. Yet I felt constantly that my soul longed for more of the life and power of Christ. I prayed for a clean heart; but for want of light on the subject, I ceased to seek until one year ago I attended Shrewsbury Camp; and there, thank God, the light broke

on my soul. When Rev. A. Cookman gave his experience, it was so applicable to my case, the way was so plain, that I resolved on my knees in the great congregation to consecrate my all to him. But at the close of the experience meeting I retired to take a smoke before preaching. The Spirit immediately suggested—You like this better than Christ! Then commenced the desperate struggle.

I tried to argue there was not much in it, it was a small matter—but the spirit said, a full consecration. The warfare continued until next day, when I saw clearly I must lay it upon the altar. I retired to the wood. My pipe and tobacco I buried there, and endeavored to take the first step of entire consecration. But I could not exercise at the time that faith—implicit faith—but in my distress, and while praying for light, I took out my hymn-book, and with streaming eyes I opened to this hymn:

"This day the covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and perfect peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since sealed with Jesus' blood it is."

Glory be to God, with such a bond my doubts were all removed. A flood of light and glory filled my soul, and I was enabled to realize that the blood of Jesus Christ saved me, even me, from all sin. Alleluia, glory to the Lamb!

Bro. Devilbiss lent me two copies of the Guide, asked me to read them, and if I liked them to subscribe for it. I read them, and I bless God for the Guide. I got five subscribers last year. The Lord made them a great blessing to us. This year we sent a club of eleven, and we hope to increase the number. We hold weekly meetings for the promotion of Holiness. The Lord is very precious, and I feel that his precious blood saves to the uttermost.

For the Guide.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

I am a Baptist clergyman, and a living witness to the precious doctrine of holiness. To me it is the *great central idea* of Christianity—the great central column on which the whole Christian fabric rests. The "Guide to Holiness" is a "gem, set in pearls."

S. R. HERRICK.

For the Guide.

CHARLESTON CAMP MEETING, MAINE.

"Complete in Him."—Coloss. ii. 10.

I WOULD say a few words about our Camp Meeting. It was a pleasant and profitable season, and to me long to be remembered, as it was the time and place where I first heard persons publicly declare they were cleansed from all sin.

After sermon, I saw and heard a dear brother in Christ, in the preacher's stand, witness for Jesus; and every now and then, as he exhorted the people, he repeated, "And ye are complete in him." Complete in Christ. Oh, how glorious it sounded! What a glorious theme, full salvation through a blessed risen Saviour! Lord, Jesus, help me say,

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!"

And in the tent prayer meeting, at noon, our heart was with the sister, as she, with a soul filled with love, repeated,

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

Lord, send out thy light and thy truth.

A. E. D.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

BROTHER B.

I am especially interested in the experience of that one who says she does not know where she is spiritually. Sailors out at sea always like to know their latitude and longitude, they dislike what they call a "dead reckoning." So should we wish to know where we are; and to that one who is perplexed about this, I would say, take the Bible, God's book, and look for passages such as this; "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "If we walk in

the light (and the sister says she has light and is walking in it), we have fellowship one with another, (that is with God,) and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If the sister can say, that is my experience, then she should note this as indicating her longitude. Then turning to the prayer in 1 Thess. v.—"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." If this prayer has been answered to her soul, it would be well to enter it as her latitude, and casting anchor here, *know where she is*. Would it not be right to call her experience entire sanctification?

Now, a word as to doctrine and experience. In coming to God we should rest fully upon the name of Christ. The name highest in heaven, on earth the only one given whereby we may be saved; the name whose merits alone find favor at the throne of God. In this name alone we should come entirely discarding every other.

At a certain bank they had made the rule to receive no check without an endorsement. A merchant presented his paper not endorsed and was refused. Indignant that his word was not taken, he left, saying "I'll get it endorsed." Going into one of the principal streets of the city, he succeeded in getting about fifty signatures, and taking the check back to the bank again presented it. The president looked at it, quietly glanced at the long list of names, then crossing all but the first, said, "That is sufficient." But *one* name, struggling soul! Don't seek any other name than Jesus on any application to the throne of heaven. Dependence on that alone is what is implied in coming to Jesus, so easy, yet so hard to human nature. In this coming we need the help of the Holy Spirit. He is present in power to give this help—to inspire the petition, to reveal Jesus to the seeking soul.

I found this to be true, very specially, a week ago in my own experience, in trying to get near to Jesus; it seemed difficult to pray, but remembering that the Spirit itself helps our infirmities, I asked His assistance; it was immediately given and prayer became easy, I found access to God.

SISTER L.

Enoch walked with God—Shall it be said of me, of each one here, he, she, walked with

God. It may be. It is blessed to walk with Him. Truly

"Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart."

Glory be to God, we are taught how to let Jesus come in—are told to open our hearts and he promises to dwell in them; saying; I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, so that we may boldly say the Lord is my helper.

It is settled in my mind that we who are weak may be made strong by "looking unto Jesus." He is the strength, the power of God in us. I am glad that in my experience I have been compelled to depend on Jesus only, more simply than many do.

While here I have been thinking of a remark made by Dr. — before going to India. He had heard about this meeting and felt desirous to come to learn what kind of a meeting it was. After being here, he said, "I know what it is—a glorification meeting." Yes, we glorify Christ here, and love to do so. Let us glorify him more and more, and if there is one who has not let him have all their heart; let that one now yield to him, now open the door, now loosen the last bolt that hinders Jesus from taking full possession of the heart.

BROTHER B.

In the same chapter where God says, "I will sprinkle you with clean water and ye shall be clean." It is also written, "Not for your own sakes do I this, but for my name's sake."

So you who are tired of your own nothingness, guilt, pollution, weakness come to Jesus for the fulfillment of his promises to cleanse and fill you, on the ground of his own word—"For my name's sake" I will do it for you.

Children's Corner.

A LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIBLE.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

It is said that we never forget that which we learn in childhood, and so a good mother thought she would lay up in her children's memory the best of knowledge. Last year

the oldest of her little girls committed for the Sabbath School two thousand verses, and carried off the prize from the Christmas tree. She has learned the four Gospels, and is now at the Psalms. It is beautiful, when their father at the evening family worship does not read, to hear these little girls repeat, without mistake, a whole Psalm, or divide it between them.

Once an old gentleman of quite a respectable standing in society, asked a person if the ten tribes revolted in the days of Abraham. That same gentleman would have felt a false shame if he did not know the last novel that was published. Poor man! he was without the knowledge of God and his Book, and yet not an infidel. A really good woman once asked her friend who wrote the Old Testament? She loved the truth, but was without the knowledge she should have possessed of its holy authors, inspired by the Spirit of God.

We tried to puzzle the oldest of these little girls by questions in the Bible, but we were surprised by her clear understanding of the Word of God, and its order in her memory. The mother of these dear children does not leave their instruction alone for the Sabbath-School teacher, but on the afternoon of the holy day sits down with them and their Bibles, and they all learn and ask questions, and give answers together.

This little girl handed a penciled note to her mamma, asking forgiveness for a fault, and said she had asked Jesus to forgive her. This was not long ago.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

In the October number of this excellent periodical is a most timely and judicious article on the theme of Entire Sanctification, by the Rev. L. R. Dunn, of Jersey City. Though the crowded state of our columns, from a pressure of most desirable original matter, forbids our copying much from other periodicals, yet we hope to make room for occasional extracts from this truly excellent article. Brother Dunn, in writing on the subject of Entire Sanctification, evidently "speaks from that he knows, and testifies of that he has seen."

